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RHYMES  
OF  
CULTURE, MOVEMENT,  
AND  
REPOSE.

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BY  
WILLIAM D. EMERSON.

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CINCINNATI:  
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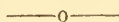
BY WILLIAM D. EMERSON,

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## PREFACE.



THE following metrical essays are respectfully offered to the public; being a selection from a variety of articles, with the composition of which the author has amused some of his leisure hours, during nearly forty years of diversified labor and study. A few of them have been published in newspapers and magazines; others, contained in a small volume printed for private circulation about twenty-three years ago. But by far the greater part were never before in print. Where the date is appended, it shows the time the article was substantially written. Most of the articles, however, of late, have undergone careful revision. Many shorter pieces are interspersed, generally at the foot of the pages, without titles, and therefore do not appear in the table of contents.

The author hopes that what has cheered him so much in writing, may cheer some one in reading.





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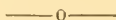
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# RHYMES OF CULTURE.



ATHENS, OHIO.

---

Sweet Athens! the home of learning and beauty,  
How I long for thy hills and thy rich balmy air;  
For thy wide spreading greens, smiling sweetly on duty,  
And the valley beneath, and the stream winding there!  
On the North the high rock, on the South the lone ferry;  
The ville on the East, and the mill on the West,  
The lawn where the gravest at play hours were merry,  
And the walks by the footstep of beauty made blest:

The old college building—where Enfield and Stewart  
Oft found me ensconced in the cupola cool;  
While I glanced now and then, mid the study of true art,  
At the names graven there by the pocket edge-tool;  
Oh, time has diminished the strength of my spirit;  
The visions of youth are my glories no more;  
But still one estate from thee I inherit,  
The old right of way to the stars and their lore.

What eloquence rang from yonder broad staging!  
Old Cicero's spirit was certainly there;  
And there was some youthful Demosthenes raging,  
Or Chatham or Webster was sawing the air:

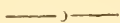
Our essays—the teachers endured them how meekly,  
As well as our sermons on virtue and truth ;  
But they heard not, as we did, the doggerel weekly,  
The talk of smart fellows and promising youth.

Then the fun of the blunders at each recitation !  
The roasting coal fire beneath the blackboard—  
The hard lessons darkening anticipation—  
The way idle scholars were scolded and scored—  
The answers from book where the coat-tail concealed it,  
The drawings of genius that stole o'er the slate,  
The awkward excuse, when a side view revealed it—  
The broad hint Professor gave lazy eyed Late.

And then our Societies, oh how we boasted  
Of what we would do, and of what we had done !  
How oft in debate were our opponents worsted !  
What golden opinions our literature won !  
What a fuss we were in at th' examination—  
Pitty-pat went our hearts, and our faces turned red !  
What a shout on the stairs, just before the vacation !  
What a funny life through interregnum we led !

Sweet Athens ! o'er thee love and light hold dominion ;  
They poured their rich harmony full on thy breeze !  
Oh, would but some gentle dove lend me his pinion,  
How soon would I perch mid thy soft locust trees !  
But where is his reverend form, who presided,  
Alive with strong intellect, feeling and power ;  
Whom we loved and revered, and in whom all confided,  
The Washington guiding through danger's dark hour ?

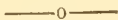
Bright Athens, farewell ! if thy green slopes should never  
Loom up in the distance to welcome me more,  
Thy scenes are engraved on my heart, and forever  
Shall memory faithfully keep them in store ;  
I think of thy rills, and my blood, richly flowing,  
Leaps freshly as erst through every vein ;  
And thy landscape, with distance and time brighter growing,  
Seems all made anew in the heavenly plain.



## MARIETTA.

Here, where two meeting rivers fringe the plain,  
O'er which the semi-circling green hills tower,  
The "Pioneer City" stands : its streets a chain  
In graceful folds, of cottage, tree and flower.  
Here Learning loves to build her shady bower,  
And, like a magnet, draws the mind from far ;  
Giving that mind its own magnetic power ;  
Freighting the mental and the moral car,  
And sprinkling all the West with many a radiant star.

1836.



## SCHOOL-HOUSE STANZAS.

The rose of the morn  
Entrances the sight,  
And the Spring in her dawn  
Seems an angel of light.  
So the cheek has its roses  
Of beauty and youth ;  
And each one discloses  
A heavenly truth :

Oh, brighter than morn with its rosy light  
 Are the visions that glitter in childhood's sight ;  
 And lovelier far than the dawn of the Spring,  
 Is the flight of the soul when it first takes the wing.

The bird who, so fair,  
 Dipped his plume in the sun,  
 Quitteth beauty for care ;  
 To his nest he is gone.  
 Go thou to the skies,  
 Wrap thyself in their glory ;  
 Then brighten young eyes  
 With the robe they fling o'er thee :

And richer by far than the beams of the sun  
 Is the light which the embryo spirit has won  
 And higher than ever the lark hath flown  
 Is the flight of the soul, when its wings are grown.

That stream was a rill—  
 A raindrop of the mountain—  
 And would have been still,  
 Had it ne'er left its fountain :  
 That oak was an acorn,  
 Alone in the wood ;  
 There the eagle has taken  
 Her nest and her brood :

That soul is a drop and that mind is a grain ;  
 The eagle shall follow its soarings in vain ;  
 'Twill be strong as the oak and wide as the river ;  
 Flow onward, and widen and deepen forever.



## TEACHER'S MELODY.

I like my little scholars,  
I like them every one ;  
The little lass with the lily face,  
And the poor man's ragged son.

As they sit upon their benches,  
They seem like rows of flowers ;  
And as I watch their busy eyes,  
How sweetly pass the hours.

There's something in the faces  
Of freshly blooming youth,  
That is the very portraiture  
Of innocence and truth.

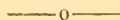
And as I watch the sparkling  
Of a mildly beaming eye,  
I seem to be a gazer-on  
The pure millennial sky.

And if there is a paradise  
Upon this guilty earth,  
'Tis in a school where Virtue leads  
The song of genial mirth.

Oh, what is there which minds one  
Of Eternity's long day,  
Like the bursting of the mental bud  
That ne'er shall know decay.

## THE RICH.

'Tis he thro' whose deep-channelled soul  
The steady stream of Time shall roll,  
And leave its gold and gems behind  
To fill the coffers of the mind ;  
Who has a home in every clime,  
A heavenly friend in every time ;  
Who calls the blooming earth his mother,  
And every son of Earth his brother ;  
Heaven keeps for him a golden niche—  
He has the world, and he is rich.



## THE SCHOOL MASTER.

Oh, who is so merry as the merry school master ?  
True mirth is his fortune, and none spend it faster ;  
Tho' his cheeks may be hollow, his locks may be gray,  
He lives to his last 'mid the dawn of the day.

Tho' the flowers of the field bathe our eyes in the light,  
'Tis the bloom of young faces enraptures the sight ;  
The one may breathe fragrance, the other breathes soul,  
How it gleams thro' the eyes that bewitchingly roll !

Oh, give me the rose—the sweet rose that can blush,  
And the blossom that weaves a bright thought in its flush ;  
Oh, give me the eye like the sun on the lake,  
And the ripples of life o'er the features that break.

Full many a day o'er the rusty old stove,  
Have those features been lighted with life and with love ;  
While the whistling of Winter came thro' the thick walls,  
And the music of storm from his cloud covered halls.

Tho' the earth should seem melted to mud and to water,  
As sure as the sun, comes the dear little daughter ;  
And when the whole sky is falling in snow,  
With a wool-covered back pops in little Joe.

For their lessons to learn is more fun than sleighing,  
And to read about kitty is better than playing ;  
And the praise they receive for perfection in spelling,  
Soon puts them above all conceit of rebelling.

At recess they frolic like birds on the wing ;  
How thrilling their shout as they chase around the ring ;  
When they catch out each other while playing old cat,  
And the ball is sent back by the broad-pointed bat.

Then the loud and long call, or the bell or the rap,  
Each bows at the door as he pulls off his cap ;  
Then hush their loud mirth, and with faces too red,  
They sit o'er their lessons as still as in bed.

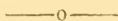
Yet never a nod, or if there should be,  
The sleepy-head's waked by the laughing, you see ;  
While his big eyes roll round 'neath the weight of their  
    lids,  
He grins at the sport he reluctantly heeds.

Then out comes a class, and in turn or together,  
They read of the world, or the wolf, or the weather ;  
Some clear as a flute, and some soft as a rill,  
And some with the tones of a clarion shrill.

And as for the rest—the cyphering, writing,  
The spelling, the scolding, the occasional smiting ;  
'Tis the pepper and salt to a school master's dish,  
To be a school master then pray don't you wish ?

In a school you will live in perpetual youth ;  
Your companions, sweet innocence, beauty and truth ;  
On your deeds will your own world around you be fed,  
And you live in a thousand hearts when you are dead.

ILLINOIS, 1838.



### MY POCKET-BIBLE.

My little Pocket-Bible, I would not part with thee,  
If thou couldst purchase all the gems at the bottom of the  
    sea ;  
For that one word—that single word—on which I dropped  
    a tear,  
As I gave my heart to Heaven, I'll hold thee ever dear.

When wearied out with vanity, my spirit sighs for home,  
I open thee, and hear a voice, “Come, heavy laden,  
    come ;”  
The load falls off my shoulders, I feel the strength of  
    wings,  
And with its lowly place content, my raptured spirit sings.

All glory seems ascending to God from whom it came,  
And gratitude seems burning in every starry flame ;  
All loveliness and beauty, the truthful and the grand  
Shine on thy pages, like the streams and hills of Canaan's  
land.

Thou art the tongue of Heaven that speaks to mortal ear  
In tones of love and pity, yet faithful and severe ;  
That warns us from the steep which hangs o'er wickedness  
and woe,  
And bids us follow yonder star of brilliant eastern glow.

The star that shines so bright on earth, how much more  
bright in heaven ;  
The Sabbath of the week of time that sanctifies the  
seven ;  
Where eyes too strong for mortal gaze, like eagles search  
the sun,  
And wings of ecstacy ascend toward the Eternal throne !

ILLINOIS, 1838.

—o—

## THE CONSUMPTIVE.

A brother and three sisters came to school ;  
They were the children of adversity ;  
Their manners easy, quiet, kind, yet cool ;  
Their chastened spirits never rose to glee ;  
A something like entreaty filled their eyes ;  
Their virtues seemed above their years to rise.

A tender mother was their only staff;  
The father was an invalid for years;  
With resignation's smile they learned to quaff  
Contentment's cup, half sweetened by their tears.  
To nurse a growing cough, the boy at home  
Remained, and soon his sisters ceased to come.

Again they came with paler cheeks, but staid  
Scarce half a week; for now the mother saw  
His illness was a lingering death delayed;  
And tho' the book ceased not his heart to draw,  
He still loved play, and as he chased the ball,  
Would often stop, with sudden cry, or fall.

So kept at home, he read while mother spun;  
And oft she stopped the loom to mark his tears;  
While little Martha's eye was often won  
By an unearthly look of his, and fears  
Of something she knew not would touch her heart,  
And she from waking dreams would shuddering start.

A little garden long had won his care—  
A nursery round it, and a vigorous tree,  
Just twice his height, but not of age to bear,  
Was in its midst; he loved to sit and see  
The yellowing leaves now dropping one by one,  
As if he sympathized with bloom so nearly gone.

One day his eye grew brighter, and he seemed  
The portrait of returning health. The sisters thought  
That never had his face so sweetly beamed,  
And by unwonted animation sought  
To keep his spirits up; they gathered round,  
And talked of all that once had made his heart to bound.

He smiled upon their fondness ; mother smiled ;  
Even the father's ghastly features lit ;  
But while John's eye grew bright, 'twas growing wild ;

“ Sister, my little garden, tend it yet—  
“ When the first apple from my young tree falls,  
“ Then listen, and believe 'tis John that calls.

“ Mother, this Bible I give back to you ;  
Let Martha read for me—to father ; when”—  
Here he stopped short and sunk—it was too true  
His features marble—ne'er to change again ;  
Astonishment first kept their eyelids dry—  
Then burst the mother's, then the sisters' cry

Two days had passed, when slowly came a train  
Of bending forms, and pensive downcast eyes,  
To that green spot upon the wooded plain,  
Behind the nook whereon the school-house lies ;  
The children stood around the grave, and wept  
O'er him who in that long red coffin slept.

No more in social play or study, he  
Whose cheek is ghastly, cold and pale, shall join ;  
The coffin lowers in the grave, while she,  
Who held him dearest, utters one deep groan ;  
A brother's feelings in each young heart swell,  
And every eye expresses a farewell.

Then fell the clods upon the coffin lid,  
And every stroke thrilled thro' a mother's heart.  
A mound is soon erected o'er the dead ;  
A roof of poles laid on with rustic art,  
To guard the sleeping place from vulgar feet,  
While head and foot-boards make the bed complete.

No funeral service o'er the grave was spoken,  
No pompous mourning dresses flaunted there ;  
But every saddened feature was a token  
Of the deep mourning feeling hearts can wear ;  
And when, the burial o'er, the crowd had gone,  
'The scholars sung a little dirge to John.

Farewell, brother, we have laid thee  
Underneath the lofty oak,  
That last summer used to shade thee  
From the Sun's meridian stroke :  
Did we think while 'neath its cover,  
Here we read our lessons over,  
Round thy grave we soon should hover ?

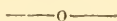
Could we think, when lovely morning  
Found thee at the school-house door,  
With its rose thy cheek adorning,  
Soon that rose would bloom no more ?  
When to Teacher we recited,  
Would his smile so bland have lighted,  
Knew he thou would'st soon be blighted ?

When at noon we used to call thee  
To the base, or hole or den,  
Had he told what would befall thee,  
Would we have believed him then ?  
Sure to strike, and quick to parry,  
Brisk at play, though seldom merry—  
Rest thee, brother, thou art weary.



Could we go but half way with thee,  
To the place beyond the tomb,  
We with farewell flowers might wreathe thee,  
Catch a glimpse of thy new home.  
Fare thee well—a spirit blooming,  
Hither should'st thou e'er be roaming,  
Brother, tell us of thy coming

ILLINOIS, 1838.



### A SITE FOR A SEMINARY.

From all the settlement the paths converge,  
To one rich grove upon a central spot,  
Through which the teamsters ne'er the oxen urge,  
In which the feathered songster ne'er is shot ;  
No girdled trees decay, no lofty oak  
Rebellow to the woodman's sturdy stroke.

But there sweet quiet breathes among the trees,  
That whisper to the zephyrs as they fly ;  
And he, whose broken spirit inly grieves,  
There nurses pensive dreams his tears that dry ;  
There meditation finds a cheerful home,  
Devotion gazes on the azure dome.

The plain swells gently to the centre, where  
A modest building rears a lofty spire ;  
Its form is full, and its complexion fair ;  
Its front door faces Phoebus' earliest fire ;  
The short side ranges with the northern star,  
And Phoebus mounted on his noonday car.

Around the roof extends a walk, with seats ;  
And from its elevation one may see  
A boundless prairie country, with its streets,  
Its charming groves, each like one spreading tree ;  
Its painted mansions, and its sea of flowers,  
The sport of breezes thro' the summer hours.

While on the north a snow-capped mountain gleams,  
A rich cloud hanging from the heavens to earth ;  
Hill after hill declining from it, seems  
The staircase to the halls of heavenly mirth ;  
With beauteous swells abounding, and with groves,  
O'er which the eye enkindles as it roves.

And on the east is seen a lovely lake,  
That every morn is plated o'er with gold ;  
Whose stillness no intruding tempests break ;  
A mirror for the sky, in which are told  
The stories of the stars and sun and moon,  
Varying their loveliness from night to noon.

While on the south, a broad, meandering river  
Sweeps off an hundred steamers to the sea ;  
Winding in graceful majesty forever,  
Like Time in chase of vast Eternity ;  
And their hoarse thunder, softened thro' the wood,  
Is like a low wind speaking to the solitude.

Afar is seen a city, whose rich hum  
Floats on the wings of the south-western gale ;  
And Nature in her noonday slumbers dumb,  
Smiles as if hearing some sweet spirit's tale ;  
The stream winds round the plains so neatly drest,  
As if it clasped the city to its breast.

But when the eye is tired of far off views,  
It rests with calm content on scenes at home ;  
The armies of young corn, all bright with dews ;  
The giant oaks, where rich voiced singers come  
On morning colored wings to chant their joys,  
Whose merry sports no fowler e'er annoys.

Around extends a yard of lovely green,  
Fenced in by double rows of locust trees ;  
Where, as the Sun's fast shortening shade is seen,  
The children play ; their minds and hearts at ease ;  
Their faces flushed with warm and cheerful blood ;  
Their joyous laugh long ringing thro' the wood.

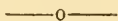
Behold that slender form instinct with mirth,  
Now bent to aim, and now to shun a stroke ;  
Then straightened up to pride, as if his worth  
Were doubted, or his word—he never broke ;  
Suddenly fired against his dearest friend,  
But softened by a look to former bend.

Then mark that sweet blue eye, those saffron locks—  
A speck of heaven amid the golden clouds ;  
How gay in yonder vine hung chair she rocks !  
While round her hear the rich tones growing loud ;  
The songs, that speak the spirit's reckless glee,  
Are measured by the pend'lum swinging from the tree.

But who is that fast striding up the path,  
Marking the new born flowers, the new tuned birds ?  
Whose face and eye are apt for smile or wrath ;  
Sweetness and strength are mingled in his words ;  
He waives his hand, and bows, and bids good morn,  
While all to him and to the school-house turn,

And there he rules a little realm of thought,  
 The faithful gardener of life's opening flowers ;  
 He gains a glory, glory knoweth not,  
 Touching the spring that moves all human powers ;  
 A world of love is gathered in that room ;  
 Is he not happy in his heart built home ?

1839.



### TO A LOCUST TREE.

I love thee, locust tree,  
 Where'er or when I see,  
 Not for thy form in which I trace  
 The gently curving lines of grace ;  
 But for those forms of glee  
 Thou bring'st to memory,  
 My earliest playmates 'neath the merry locust tree.

I love thee, locust tree,  
 Not for the breezes free,  
 That play with thy velvet-fingered leaves ;  
 Nor the fragrance thy rich blossom gives  
 To the ever busy air,  
 But for those faces fair—  
 Bathed in the locust's cooling shade—again I see them  
 there.

I love thee, locust tree,  
 For the song that rung from thee,  
 Like an angel choir, when the morning beam  
 Awakened me from a glorious dream.  
 The song it came unsought  
 Thro' the window of my cot,  
 And roused a thrill of gratitude for my happy, humble lot.

I love thee, locust tree,  
For my mother seems to be  
Now at my side, as wont of yore,  
When she taught me nature's noblest lore ;  
I see her now as oft,  
With hand and voice so soft,  
She pointed through the boughs of green and bade me look  
aloft !

I love thee, locust tree ;  
My father, where is he ?  
When the thunder roared, and the lightning came,  
And wound the locust with wire of flame,  
How sudden was my cry !  
He searched my frightened eye,  
“ Son, fear the voice of Him who thunders from on high.”

I love thee, locust tree—  
'Twas a mournful day to me,  
When 'neath the shade in front of our cot,  
My sister's coffin was slowly brought ;  
And a dying leaf did fall  
From the locust on the pall,  
And I wept as we bore her clay—not her—to the narrow  
funeral hall.

I love thee, locust tree,  
Thou seem'st a family,  
That I may never see again,  
Till the car of Death bear us o'er the plain ;  
But if a landscape sweet  
Our meeting eyes shall greet,  
In another, happier world, 'neath a locust may we meet !

## A PEEP THROUGH THE BACKWOODS.

Out West, a certain edifice is built

In one day and a half, by twenty men,  
Of black oak logs ; and half the cracks are filled  
With fence rails, mud and mortar ; now and then  
A hole is left to let in light of day—  
The other half are filled in the same way.

A something called a chimney, at one end,

Is reared of rock, clay, shingles, laths and logs ;  
And these in strata regularly ascend ;  
Two chunks of rotten wood may serve for dogs ;  
A door will whine on wooden hinges, and  
Yon bench is built so high, to sit—will be to stand.

A roof is weighed with several cords of wood ;

The shingles fastened down without a nail,  
Thro' which the storms occasionally intrude,  
And save the lugging water in a pail,  
To wash the floor, which is by no means tight,—  
The windows have no glass to dim the light.

To make these airy openings water proof,

Long boards on hinges of sole leather play ;  
The lizards walk the rafters, nor aloof  
Big spiders stand, almost as big as they ;  
The mice, too, have a race path on the chinking,  
At which the little scholars oft are winking.

The furniture—a kitchen chair—split-bottom—  
Which answers Pedagogus for a throne ;  
The benches—wonder where the people got 'em ;  
Unbacked, they seem saw-horses overgrown ;  
A bucket, tincup, and six nails for hats ;  
A swallow's nest—now occupied by rats.

A county road meanders half way round  
The Seminary yard ; the noise of cattle,  
The oaths of drivers, and the rumbling sound  
Of passing chariots, and the ox cart's rattle,  
Serve to relieve the tedious eight hours' study—  
But oftener to interrupt a body.

The inmates of this model backwoods college  
Are twenty barefoot youngsters of all sizes ;  
Who give their time by halves to corn and knowledge,  
And leave their trundle beds ere Phoebus rises ;  
You see them dropping in from seven till nine,  
And some who come from far remain to dine.

Their raiment is not, more than they, of silk ;  
Yet think not that their hearts are cold as pone,  
Nor yet their faces sour as buttermilk,  
Although their dinner pails nought else may own ;  
They keep, by rubbing them from morn till night,  
Their hoes, their hearts, their heads, their honor bright.

## FASHIONABLE LITERATURE.

The miserable 's the modern true sublime,  
And reckless vice the shortest way to reach it ;  
Plunge into ruin, you can plunge in rhyme ;  
Learn by experience, and you can teach it ;  
Poet of passion, you will popular be,  
Since men are wretched, and want company.

Some writers with the powers of good and evil  
Claim like acquaintance ; they are cicerones,  
Ready to introduce to God or devil ;  
They make but slight distinction 'tween the thrones ;  
Their hobby is effect, and so you are  
Their followers, will lead you—don't care where.

While others gather flowers from every land,  
And for the richest jewels search the sea ;  
For golden dust sift History's moving sand,  
To deck their goddess, sensuality ;  
On worthless objects ruin mental worth,  
And if they could, would turn heaven into earth.

To Virtue pay a compliment to-day  
And then to Vice a neater one to-morrow ;  
To all the meaner passions make a bow,  
And whine the rest of life in reckless sorrow ;  
Or build, like Egypt, a most splendid pile,  
For what? A temple to a crocodile.



Again our criticism is sometimes this—

Talent was only given to be displayed ;  
 'Tis not the crime to aim wrong, but to miss ;  
 No matter what you do to help your trade ;  
 The end is chaff, when ripened well the means—  
 The end is but the pod to hold the beans.

Rich men make great expenditures, and shave  
 The poor, not for their own, or others' good ;  
 But just to show the world how much they have,  
 (Since cash or no cash makes refined or rude ;)  
 So geniuses may cut all Nature's rules  
 To show that they can handle fine edged tools.

Some clever soul a knowledge of the world  
 Will give you, if you only buy his book ;  
 But ere long in his fancy chariot whirled  
 From scene to scene, for something else you look ;  
 Perchance you find—too late—his trade to be  
 To lead you into bad society.

You novelist shows how pretty a thing is vice,  
 And that a rascal is a right fine fellow ;  
 That knowledge should be had at any price ;  
 That one may be devotional and mellow ;  
 Incense to heaven he sometimes offereth,  
 But even then you smell a drunkard's breath.

We wish well to our country, but such lore  
 For hope is far from palatable food ;  
 And yet a time is coming, when no more  
 The darkness shall be light, or evil good ;  
 When Truth and Right become sublimity,  
 Then, and not till then, man is truly free.

## THE WEST.

The West! the West! the sunset clime,  
The last, the loveliest path of Time;  
Where glory spreads his loftiest flight,  
Ere Fate shall bid the world good night,  
And Spirit rises high and higher,  
Above the old earth's funeral pyre!

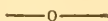
The West! the West! the favored East  
Has spread for thee her treasured feast;  
Her commerce brings that science here,  
Which cost a dozen centuries dear;  
And Liberty, that fled her shore,  
Rises on thee to set no more!

The West! the West! where is the West?  
'T was here—'t is on the prairie's breast;  
It follows the declining Sun  
Along the banks of Oregon;  
It will be where he lays his pillow  
Upon the wide Pacific's billow.

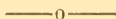
The West! the West! and o'er the sea,  
Fast as the Sun the shadows flee;  
Religion, Learning, Freedom high,  
Their mantles drop while passing by;  
On China's towers their flag is gleaming,  
And wakes whole empires from their dreaming.

The West ! the West ! still onward West ;  
 And now the Earth indeed is blest ;  
 Lo ! here the spot where Eden stood,  
 And there where Jesus shed his blood !  
 The morning star above suspended !  
 The East and West together blended !

CINCINNATI, 1847.



The sky is an infinite True ;  
 To the green world that darkens before it,  
 Bringing down the old and the new  
 From the Mighty whose wings are o'er it.



### HUMILITY.

Who is the humble ? Is it he  
 That yields to man, but dares his God !  
 A slave to slaves consents to be,  
 But slights his mighty Master's rod ?  
 Or he who knows himself a man,  
 And begs to give, of Him who can ?

Who is the humble ? Is it he  
 That stoops from Duty's path to creep,  
 Or clips the wing, or bends the knee,  
 That he may have a chance to sleep ?  
 Or he whose thoughts, once set on fire  
 By love, to glorious deeds aspire ?

Who is the humble? Is it he  
That droops beneath a weight of pride;  
Well pleased that men in him should see  
Such lowliness and meek outside?  
Or is it he whose sunlit soul,  
Lightened of self, can reach its goal?

Who is the humble? Is it he  
That makes humility a blind?  
Who fawns to all the powers that be,  
That he the way to power may find?  
Or is it he whose active zeal  
Prefers to his, another's weal?

Humility—it is the sky—  
The simple azure of the soul;  
The giving up of little I,  
To share Creation's boundless whole;  
The quiet eye, so clear, so bright,  
That yields itself to truth and light.

## A RHAPSODY.

Oh, could we hear each voice that soars above,  
In prayer or praise, from church, or cot, or wood ;  
And mark each saintly look, engraved by Love  
On count'nances with tears of joy bedewed ;  
Could we, this moment, in a million eyes,  
Behold a million images of Jesus rise ;

And call each voice, each cheek, each eye, each heart,  
A father's, mother's, sister's, or a brother's ;  
What ecstasies of gratitude would start  
From these o'er burdened bosoms ! Every other's  
Best gifts would be the heirlooms of each soul ;  
(Tho' not possessed entire, till clay has turned to coal.)

Then wrought into each other's being, we  
Would die to self, and live to wage the strife,  
Who should by serving most, become most free.  
Did we but die indeed, oh, what were life !  
Did we but live indeed, oh, what were death !  
Who would not, then, exchange for Heaven a single  
breath ?

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, 1850.

## . THE CORN FIELD.

## I.

Long ere bold Europe's daring gained thy shore,  
Land of the free, the red man reaped his field,  
Though rudely tilled, of Indian corn, whose store  
Supplied the food the forest could not yield;  
And yet it was not he that deigned to wield  
The clumsy hoe, best fitted for the drudge, his wife;  
His heart to toil's serenest pleasures steeled,  
He nerved his arm in war's unceasing strife,  
Or in the burning chase he wore away his life.

## II

But he is gone, and she who toiled for him,  
Far to the wild unconquered by the plow;  
The fierce light of his watch fire waxes dim;  
Sadness has shown the terrors of his brow:  
Behold him, desolate and nerveless, bow  
To fate, and drown his sorrows in the bowl;  
But some there are in whom the Indian now  
Lives on, and some that strive for that same goal  
Which they pursue that vain improvement's car would roll.

## III

Whence came the Indian with the golden maize?  
Or came he with it? History is mute.  
But not to him who spends his priceless days  
Destroying, where he eats not—life's best fruit;  
And lends no hand to help the rising shoot  
Up to communion with the Sun and air,  
Doth mild eyed Nature give in charge to root  
In a new soil the stem so tall and fair,  
Whose arms are full of grain whole nations seek to share.

## IV.

Perchance some wanderer from a Southern clime,  
Laden with produce from a taller stem,  
His pathway took amid the plains sublime,  
In which the florist finds his brightest gem,  
Hoping to gain some lesser diadem ;  
And thus along his path a winding row  
Unconscious dropped, till where the forests hem  
No more the prairie ocean ; thence to flow  
A mighty sea of blades wide rolling, sure and slow.

## V.

When first our broad Alluvials saw the Sun,  
The bounteous soil supplied an ample store ;  
Altho' the plow did slender furrows run,  
In which the corn was dropped and covered o'er ;  
The rich mould scarce required disturbance more ;  
Earth gave and asked not ; what she gave was all  
The many cared for ; not to look before  
Had been their wont ; but soon a long, loud call  
From beggared hungry land was heard in farmer's hall.

## VI.

Then not too soon he started and awoke  
From dreaming that his land would last forever ;  
The heart of Earth, he now saw, must be broke ;  
Nor could she always be the bounteous giver,  
Receiving not ; that Nature's great receiver,  
The soil was made, while she retained the sway ;  
That pouring Rain and Rill and rolling River  
Her laborers were ; her treasures night and day,  
Scattered with equal hand, for flower and fruit made way.

## VII.

Oh, spiritual Air, whose constant breath  
We draw ; the plants innumerable in thee  
Breathe too, until their fruit is ripe in death ;  
For the chief elements of stem and tree  
Thou art a store house vast and ever free ;  
The snow, the rain, the dew, are thine, oh Air ;  
Thine all Earth's children give thee ; happy he  
Whose soil with ever open heart can share  
Those gifts which thou to give all round the Earth dost  
bear.

## VIII.

Oh, holy Rest ! restorer to the soil  
Of what her vegetable children take away ;  
Angel of mercy to continuous toil !  
Thou givest Nature's energies full play ;  
The fruits and flowers change places 'neath thy sway ;  
Earth takes from Air and fattens ; seasons roll  
Their cargoes in her store-house ; night and day .  
Fill up her purse again, until made whole  
In rich and bounteous growth we see her generous soul.

## IX.

Then flies the furrow from the glittering share ;  
Deep sinks the double plow ; Earth's coat of grass  
Thick woven in the soil, bursts out to bare  
Her bosom as the panting oxen pass ;  
We see Earth breathing, as the torn up mass  
Smokes freely, till the harrow's iron jaw  
Grinds all to powder ; then of floating gas  
The soil drinks deeply ; while the zephyrs draw  
Its timely gifts ; with joy fulfilling Nature's law.



## X.

Decay and Waste ! ye, too, have bounteous stores,  
Which man may give to the impoverished land ;  
Sometimes transported from far distant shores,  
But oftener sought and found on every hand ;  
Ye are dissectors of th' innumerable band  
Of forms that life deserts ; when Autumn shakes  
Earth's carpet and lays by, the great command,  
Receive and give, man heeds ; of yours he takes  
And scatters to the soil, which the young Spring awakes.

## XI.

To equalize is thine, oh, Culture ; thine the task  
To bring the buried talent up to light ;  
The parched and worn out soil, no more to bask  
In the Sun's rays, thou turnest under ; Night  
Throws up full many a moist, fresh clod to bright  
Companionship with Day, and Air and Dew ;  
Dissolving 'neath thy hand, they thus invite  
Rich laden airs to visit them, whose true  
Bounties descend ; meanwhile the soil turns up anew.

## XII.

Month after month, the Winter holds his plow,  
Deep in the land ; at first compressing all,  
And then dilating ; thus the gloomy now  
Preparing for the bright hereafter ; fall  
His sheets of frost all over this great ball ;  
With blanket snow he warms the slumbering grain ;  
He gathers sweet from each decaying gall ;  
Fills up the reservoirs of healthful rain ;  
And thus prepares the realm for spring to rule again.

## XIII.

The latest snows have melted quite away ;  
The grass is peeping from its ample bed ;  
The moments hasten round the lingering day ;  
While further North the twilight shows its red ;  
With many a stranger wind the air is fed ;  
The ground sends up its fresh and wholesome breath ;  
The robin in the tree top bobs his head,  
And sings triumphantly the winter's death,  
As Spring's first opening flower its sweetness gathereth.

## XIV.

The polished plow is bright ; the harness shines,  
And vigor sparkles in the horses' eyes ;  
The driver holds them firmly by the lines ;  
The magic words " Gee, Haw," the plowman tries ;  
The long wedge enters and the furrow flies ;  
And as th' inverted ground sends up its steam,  
Beating the air, the long, long whip he plies ;  
And still with cheer, he urges on the team ;  
Meanwhile their plump round sides with perspiration  
gleam.

## XV.

Onward it speeds, the swift, yet weighty plow,  
The plowman singing to the obedient span ;  
In yonder corner see them land, and now  
Quickly he wheels the share as plowman can,  
Turning right angled, like the bold, broad man ;  
Then smooth and straight, he cuts the long, long line ;  
Nearing the center everytime ; we scan  
At last a shape not easy to define,  
And which the waving plow shall quickly undermine.

## XVI.

And now the harrow comes upon the scene,  
Geometry's best figure, set with teeth ;  
The big adhesive clods are crushed between  
The iron spikes acuminate beneath ;  
And so the mellowed soil has room to breathe  
The air of heaven, and drink the healthful rain,  
Rain that is sleeping in yon cloudy wreath ;  
But mark the courses lapping, as the train  
Is smoothing down the face of yonder torn up plain !

## XVII.

And now the roller, iron cast or wood,—  
One line that ever changes, moving on,—  
Crushes the soil, the vegetable's food,  
And leaves the plant a bed to grow upon,  
Smooth as a garden that reflects the Sun ;  
And thus the ground more mellow still becomes ;  
A crust is formed that keeps whate'er is won  
From God's distributors, that have their homes,  
In yonder sky where all that feeds existence roams.

## XVIII.

Meanwhile with eyes bent down where vermin lurk,  
And bills half opened, pointing to the sod,  
The early risen fowls have been at work  
Seizing the worm uprooted with the clod ;  
His little home where strangers never trod  
Ere the late revolution ; easy prey  
To hungry bird he falls ; the lazy toad  
Unhoused and sometimes mangled, hops away  
To find a dwelling safe beyond the light of day.

## XIX.

The smaller plow has left its resting place,  
    Beneath the roof and boldly takes the field ;  
There many a shallow furrow does it trace,  
    Straight, parallel and smooth, with room to wield  
    Four feet or less the lively hoe, and yield  
The future horse and plow an ample street ;  
    Then crosswise is the tier of furrows wheeled,  
Cutting the ground in squares, and where they meet,  
The shining kernels haste their mother Earth to greet.

## XX.

Thro' every realm of Nature's wide domain,  
    One truth stands boldly out ; the first well sown  
Will have the deepest root ; the boundless plain  
    Of human intellect will ever own  
    The earliest influence longest ; nor alone  
The realm of thought ; more truly will the heart  
    Yield food to plants that have been earliest grown ;  
While youth to age its vigor will impart ;  
And loveliest Nature walk thus hand in hand with Art.

## XXI.

Thou, Mental culture, may'st behold e'en here  
    Why seeds of truth should have a burial deep  
In the young soul ; tho' late the fruit appear,  
    More sure the plant its constancy to keep ;  
    And when their floods life's pelting tempests sweep,  
The stem more firmly to the soil they bind,  
    And serve the well extended roots to steep  
In nourishment ; nor can Time's grasp unwind  
Thoughts that give birth to acts with all the soul entwined.

## XXII.

Men of full stature, mighty, tho' but few,  
 Make a great nation ; not vast hordes half grown,  
 Half cultured. Thou, oh, Greece, what men could do,  
 Small numbers with great hearts, hast taught ; alone  
 Thou art not there ; who laid the corner-stone  
 American greatness rests on, they were men ;  
 A few whose every soul on its own throne  
 Reposed, men equal. Citizens, oh when  
 Will ye be such ? When great and equal—not till then.

## XXIII.

Dwarf not the many that the giants may  
 Strength over-grown possess ; if equal right  
 The masses claim in theory, oh Day  
 Of opportunity upon the night  
 Of poverty and ignorance the bright  
 Dawn quickly bring ; or else unequal power  
 And grasping selfishness the rule of might  
 May fasten upon right, till Freedom's flower  
 Die without fruit ; the tree fast withering hour by hour.

## XXIV.

Tell not the millions they must be mere bones,  
 That a few hundred may become all brains ;  
 Nay, feed the brains of millions, tho' the thrones  
 Do crumble ; make not men to grind out gains  
 Machines—toil's bondmen, bound by custom's chains ;  
 Else will the starving ne'er their outcries cease.  
 Hunger and War ! why live they on the pains  
 Of dying races ? Feed the brain, release  
 The fettered ; men and means together will increase.

## XXV.

All things in right proportion is the good  
The man should seek, and nation ; wrong doth mar  
The land where population scants the food.  
Remove the wrong ; bring light from near and far ;  
Discovery and plenty have no bar  
But ignorance and sloth ; wake up the soul  
To all that Nature places on a par  
With human reason ; and the storms will roll  
Abundance 'neath our feet within each man's control.

## XXVI.

So equal right in moving toward true bliss—  
Yes, equal right in progress toward a State,  
Equal in fact as well as theory—'tis this  
A great and true Republic aims at ; great  
Indeed that nation that first opes the gate  
To greatness real, equal and diffused,  
Where good hearts move great minds, nor idly wait  
The masses to be moved ; no life abused  
Or scorned, the workers live ; no men as tools are used.

## XXVII.

The soldier's coat ; that scarecrow ; worship base  
Paid to the purple, and the hat and star,  
Still warn off the vast millions of the race  
From freedom and from greatness. See afar  
Where the proud castes, the growth of centuries, bar  
One-fourth the human race from lore and light,  
Or where time-honored superstitions mar  
The deep, broad lessons man would learn from Right,  
Or where wealth worship leaves the masses in the night.

## XXVIII.

The Summer's crop is buried in the ground ;  
The tree-toad from the bough begins to sing ;  
O'er yonder blue the busy light clouds bound ;  
The air grows moist, a rain is on the wing ;  
Onward the breezes all their armies bring ;  
In scattered groups the sky they range at first,  
While yet the storm in doubt is hovering ;  
It gathers and it blackens—see it burst !  
As if at once to sate Earth's overpowering thirst.

## XXIX.

And now the Sunshine pours upon the scene,  
That smile which Nature lends to all the earth ;  
The meadow weaves a carpet work of green ;  
The earliest flowers are springing into birth,  
The birds fill all the air with music mirth ;  
And lo ! the blade is springing from the soil,  
Fresh as young soul, and sweet as modest worth ;  
E'en now is seen the recompense of toil,  
Young beauty—oh fell Drought, come not thou to despoil !

## XXX.

That tender blade, an emblem of our life,  
Frail in its birth, and hastening to its end ;  
Nursed by the elements, and yet at strife,  
Oft with the nurse, its future to defend ;  
Pointing to Heaven as the truest friend ;  
See its young fingers, soon to be the leaf,  
Lungs to its loving heart ! the dew to send,  
And air and light thro' all its being brief,  
Till on the pining stalk comes fruit, its joy of grief !

## XXXI.

The growing corn its infant robe has burst ;  
The three formed harrow from its resting place  
Is now drawn out ; the tooth in front is first  
Withdrawn ; the well fed horses by the trace  
Are firmly chained, and fieldward made to face ;  
The center of the harrow on the row ;  
On each side walks a horse ; a lively chase  
The shining teeth will give the team, and throw  
A smoothness round the blade that makes it joy to grow.

## XXXII.

And thus the invading weed, with mangled root,  
In its first weak approaches is destroyed ;  
So that the Earth brings forth a single fruit,  
And vegetation rises unalloyed ;  
So Nature's toil for man is best employed ;  
Her favorites from the robber plants are saved ;  
The water and the light of heaven enjoyed,  
By healthful appetites most rightly craved,  
Till noble harvests smile on labor timely braved.

## XXXIII

And now the tender blade puts out its leaves,  
And draws a richer verdure from the sky,  
And wider still the beauteous network weaves  
To catch the flying air ; a gentle sigh  
Is whispered to the breezes hastening by,  
Accompanied by quiet, graceful motion ;  
The upper blades like little streamers fly,  
The signals of their cruise o'er Being's ocean ;  
And all is full of life, life wrapped in sweet Devotion.



## XXXIV.

A little family in every hill,  
Springing at equi-distant intervals,  
It seems a young Democracy, whose will  
One and well knit, is stronger than its walls ;  
While each on Heaven, great freedom giver, calls  
For health and life ; oh ! 'tis a beauteous sight !  
A colony well ruled in Nature's halls,  
Planted by Order, that great source of right,  
Which Sun and breeze and storm shall soon build up to  
might.

## XXXV.

The liveliest horse is taken from the stall,  
And steadiest, to draw the neat, light plow ;  
Young Jock, of graceful figure, strong and tall,  
Well trained, well curried ; long ago as now,  
No stranger to the oats ; he makes his bow  
As the firm bridle clasps his brain and ear ;  
Th' inverted collar slides adown his brow ;  
The hames are tied, the traces are brought near,  
And hooked securely, bright along his sides appear.

## XXXVI.

A leathern band upon the horse's back  
Expansive, ties the traces well together ;  
The singletree of tough wood, on the black  
And hinge-like clevis swinging, at the nether  
End of its axis locked by thong of leather  
To ploughbeam, while the tree's each willing hook  
Invites the ring of trace-chain. 'Tis the weather  
The plough loves best ; so seize the reins ; one look  
Give all things ; then turn up the leaves of Nature's book.

## XXXVII.

And now the field the plowman moves upon ;  
He speeds, not screaming at his horse, nor till  
Th' occasion calls, the sturdy whip lays on ;  
Between the rustling rows he guides the will  
Of panting Jock with all a master's skill ;  
The plow bar next the corn ; and then returns  
Between the selfsame rows, that he may fill  
The middle space with that which mellowing earns  
The air, the dew, the heat, that blows, distils or burns.

## XXXVIII.

Softly the plow will pass the tender root,  
And touch it not ; yet near enough to throw  
The caking earth away from springing shoot,  
And leave it on a ridge of loam to grow ;  
While alternating swiftly, Jock will go  
Backward and forward till the journey's o'er,  
From hill to hill fast followed by the hoe ;  
Each stalk receiving from the upturned store ;  
The heavy clods are crushed and weeds can rob no more.

## XXXIX.

The shining corn has reached a goodly height,  
The blade is deeply green and bravely wide ;  
The stalk erect and grateful to the sight,  
Wearing the mien of modest, decent pride ;  
The four young brothers standing side by side,  
A beauteous family, enchant the view ;  
To social harmony so near allied—  
How would the ideal perfect near the true,  
If order such as this Humanity but knew !

## XL.

Again the plow is winding toward the corn ;  
The bright swift horse is walking on before,  
Fresh from his breakfast mid the dew of morn,  
Supplied from yonder barn's abundant store ;  
See where the polished share, that briskly tore  
The soil away from those two verdant rows,  
Returns it to them ; dashing round the core  
Of every hill the mellow soil, that throws  
The nets that catch the food wher'eer the rootlet goes.

## XLI.

And thus the infant weeds are covered up,  
Giving their riches to th' absorbing corn ;  
And thus the green blade with the sun can cope,  
Nor will the tender roots be rudely torn,  
If skillful hands the light plow have upborne ;  
Far down the roots have dug ; concussion slight  
Disturbs their bed ; the naked and forlorn,  
Left by the storm, are sheltered from the bright  
Of noonday, till their eyes can bear his piercing sight.

## XLII.

Go ask the skillful farmer what is first  
Among his pressing duties ; slightly bowing,  
(A farmer's bow by no means is the worst ;)  
The answer of his first thought may be "plowing ;"  
And what is second, harvesting or mowing ?  
"Plowing," he answers, as his eyelids close ;  
And what is third ? His steady voice endowing  
With tone more confident, and well he knows,  
"Plowing, the door thro' which comes every grain that  
grows."

## . XLIII.

The bending farmer in his heavy shoes,  
Now sits astride the fence to view the corn ;  
His feet upon the middle board, his toes  
Well pointed downwards, and his elbows borne  
By far projecting knees ; his hand of horn  
Veiling his ruddy face ; his steady eye  
Thrown widely o'er yon field, the pride of morn,  
So early in its vigor ; need he sigh,  
Like office hunters who the fence political try ?

## XLIV.

But one sad thought still burns within his breast,—  
Where is Lewellyn ? He the bright and brave ?  
Hath secret sorrow brought him to his rest  
Where no kind parent weeps upon his grave,  
Beneath some far-off sod or ocean wave ?  
Or if the Sun still lights him on his track,  
Lives there within him all that Nature gave ?  
Hath honor's soul within him ne'er grown slack ?  
Then why for these long years comes there no answer  
back ?

## XLV.

Rest, faithful plow, the corn is laid aside ;  
The color of the blade is deep and pure ;  
E'en tho' the drought should cut away its pride,  
Faith tells the man his crop is now secure ;  
The stalk, well taught the tempest to endure,  
Is strong and hearty, tall and branching far ;  
The rain comes bounding, and the summer's sure :  
If hungry beasts their beauty do not mar,  
What heaps of golden grain will await the Autumn car !

## XLVI.

How grateful to the soul the summer scene !  
The healing water to its aching eye ;  
Still bringing from its waving wealth of green  
The myriad fingers pointing to the sky,  
As witnesses for Him who rules on high !  
On countless pipes of one great organ play  
The joyous breezes as they hasten by,  
While giving fragrance to the merchant Day  
In barter for the rain, and genial heat and ray.

## XLVII.

Among her children animate and dumb  
Is Nature's commerce ever going on ;  
All Nature tends to equilibrium,  
And final justice must by all be won ;  
For this the planets journey round the Sun ;  
For this the billows of the ocean boil,  
For this the clouds upon their voyages run ;  
For this the never wearying zephyrs toil ;  
For this the Spring creates a world from every soil.

## XLVIII.

What mysteries of life in every stalk !  
How doth the grain at first send forth its shoot,  
The efforts of its hungry foes to balk ;  
Each with a claw so slender and acute,  
To gather food and drink for infant root ;  
And how doth flow the sap within the stem,  
The law of gravitation to dispute ?  
And how is formed the flowery diadem ?  
And where, when fruit is ripe, is borne life's precious gem ?

## XLIX.

But now the sunshine pours upon the scene  
That beauteous face of Nature, whose delight  
Is well reflected from the joyous green,  
And comes from fields and woods to hail the sight ;  
Oh, holy Sunshine. lovely in thy might !  
Thou seem'st the presence of a power divine,  
Making the world with life and beauty bright ;  
Thou art to soul, the truest, purest wine ;  
Oh, that would come with thee, heaven's inner world of  
shine !

## L.

The fields are playing with the gentle wind ;  
They seem engaged in converse sweet and low ;  
As if they shared the banquet of the mind,  
While waves of changeful green continual flow ;  
With gratitude and love their faces glow ;  
Musicians sweet, they ever leap for joy ;  
Their own rich pipes the curling leaflets blow ;  
No mildew spirits dare the plant annoy ;  
No tempting serpent may their Paradise destroy.

## LI.

But what the wind's low converse, or the green  
Rolled into seas of beauty, waving there,  
To that fond hope that something yet unseen,  
The guerdon Nature gives to toil and care,  
The coming fruit, may turn out rich and fair ;  
Stalk, leaf and flower rise, fall for this one end ;  
Their lifetime is one toil, the seed to bear ;  
All mysteries, all motions, jointly tend  
To strike a golden coin posterity to lend.

## LII.

This living truth, the law of Nature's laws,  
Is written on Creation's every page;  
The language of the wires the Great First cause  
Sends down to electrify age after age;  
To simple heart revealed, or mighty sage,  
His laws are truth, love, order and increase;  
Shall He, whose one word stills the tempest's rage,  
E'er fail his purpose? Nay; tho' Time do cease;  
A new Time shall be born to fill all worlds with peace.

## LIII.

He traced this chart of life, he sent down youth,  
The spirit's blossom, pencilling the man;  
Bright fancy to perfect the germ of truth;  
The wings of hope the cheek of love to fan;  
Pure reason's aim the ranging thought to span;  
The form to be the exponent of the mind;  
So when the hair is gray and cheek is wan,  
And in his grasp the limbs old age has twined,  
The heart grows ripe for worlds where love is unconfined.

## LIV.

Say not that childhood's pleasures are in vain,  
Altho' so quickly they must pass away;  
They flourish, fed by Nature's bounteous rain;  
The stalk, the leaf, the flower so pure and gay,  
Beneath the shine of life's delicious May;  
These pleasures soon may form the golden seed  
The wise call wisdom; and the livelier play  
The young heart keeps with elements that feed  
Its feelings and its powers, the richer is the meed.

## LV.

And this is education, to unfold  
The senses, feelings, faculties with skill;  
To warm the stately intellect too cold;  
To regulate the workings of the will;  
Desires corrupting in the bud to kill;  
To stir the soul to every generous strife;  
The dew, the air, the light of heaven t' instil,  
That heart with hope and wonder may be rife,  
And with its opened powers seize every breath of life.

## LVL.

Blest schools and colleges, wherever truth  
Sincerely, tho' in human weakness taught,  
Has fertilized the soil of earnest youth,  
And to the growing world's help timely brought  
The flowers of fancy and the gems of thought;  
From whence a Milton and a Newton came  
With all the honors of true learning fraught;  
Still o'er our land renew the genial flame,  
That like the rosy morn lights up the sky of fame.

## LVII.

But oh! the family is God's own school;  
And whose more purely than the farmer's may  
For the young soul's true destiny bear rule?  
There lessons practical and varied play  
With all the faculties that ask the day  
To ripen their young dawn; they nerve the hand;  
They rouse the heart from dreams and pastimes gay,  
The secret of itself to understand;  
They bid one hold his place in the great social band.



## LVIII.

The mild, sweet mother, and the noble sire ;  
The affectionate first born, the merry Jane ;  
The elder brother, full of deeds and fire ;  
The younger full of thoughts like steady rain,  
And others coming to make glad the train ;  
What happy lessons 'tis their lot to learn !  
Study and labor bring them richest gain ;  
Kind words are theirs, and thoughts of ready turn ;  
Religion, patriotism, in them like passions burn.

## LIX.

And yet a farmer's life wants not its cares,  
Its sorrows, disappointments and vexations ;  
Nor come they singly only, nor in pairs ;  
Sometimes a host of cruel perturbations  
Break in upon his soberest calculations ;  
Yet often these may timely skill prevent,  
Aided by two of thrift's most near relations,  
Lumber and cash, whose services are lent  
Most freely where the toil is seasonably spent.

## LX.

Dick leaves the bars wide open to the cow ;  
She casts her hungry, fearful glances in,  
And bawls for company ; with steps not slow  
The whole tribe join her ; soon the crackling din  
Of cornstalks hearing, Tray advises Ben ;  
They raise the posse ; tho' 'tis darkest night  
The half dressed boys the fierce attack begin ;  
Wary at first, lest harm should follow flight,  
They drive th' invaders thence, all foam, and rage and  
fright.

## LXI.

The men are scattered to the farthest farm ;  
A rebel pig roots out ; the pop corn dies ;  
The little Joseph, out of breath, tells ma'm ;  
The girls turn Amazons, while Peggy tries  
Field, garden, yard successive ; Nancy flies  
Afar for reinforcements, and they come  
To see how 'mid the roses Jennie plies  
The broom ; they seize the grunter, far from dumb,  
And hurl him where old sow will welcome him back home.

## LXII.

Sometimes the little cut-worm murders all  
The slender stalks as soon as they are born ;  
Sometimes the clouds seem drunk with rain, and fall  
To drown the young or flood the older corn,  
Giving the day no eve or noon or morn ;  
Sometimes the Sun grows fierce and shuts the gate  
Thro' which the streams come forth, and all forlorn,  
The thirsting plants grow shadowy as they wait  
The promise of the clouds that roll away in state.

## LXIII.

Sometimes the great, fierce, iron hurricane,  
As if a vast ball from unearthly gun,  
Plows up at once unnumbered fields of grain ;  
Or pestilences all the realm o'errun ;  
Or sudden outbreak Empires into one  
Vast anarchy throws down ; or lightnings wrath  
Fires the whole year's store ; all may be undone  
By careless spark ; when all the toiler hath  
At once seems buried in the ashes of its path.

## LXIV.

And yet with gratitude the farmer moves  
Among the ripening fields his toil hath reared ;  
For he hath trained his heart to higher loves ;  
His eye seeks Heaven, who to our sires appeared  
When patriots for their infant country feared ;  
And now pours down upon the thirsty plain  
The light by which yon azure has endeared  
To human sense the dew, the air, the rain,  
The gifts that ages bind in one unbroken chain.

## LXV

The corn is man grown, and it stands at ease ;  
Its broad, long leaves hang down like emerald wings ;  
No more the forests bow before the breeze ;  
The jointed stalks erect themselves like kings ;  
And from the topmost sheath a blossom springs,  
Which soon becomes the tassel ; such a plume  
As from a lady's headdress never swings ;  
Bending each way like willow o'er a tomb,  
It hath no drooping air, but looks the height of bloom.

## LXVI

Meanwhile below a sheath is seen to bulge,  
As if it held a secret unrevealed ;  
A few more days the secret shall divulge,  
Those shining threads no Chinese worm has reeled—  
The light green silk—its fibres soon are sealed  
With waxen pollen from the gleaming top ;  
The ear comes out, which double waistcoats shield  
From heat and rain, but not from dewy drop ;  
In earnest now begins the ripening of the crop.

## LXVII.

The sap ascending from the industrious root,  
Distils thro' countless tubes its honeyed juice,  
To feed as if with milk the infant fruit ;  
While minerals are collected to produce  
The firmness of the stalk ; the soil so loose,  
It yields its stores from every spot around ;  
While the minutest rootlet finds its use,  
Creeping like little reptile thro' the ground,  
And with its every move new sustenance is found.

## LXVIII.

The time for roasting ears is coming on ;  
The farmer searches thro' a little field  
Where stand the humbler stalks of firmest bone,  
Born of a hardier grain of earlier yield ;  
He sees the black, dry silk that has been reeled  
By yonder ear that bends but little yet ;  
'Tis slightly opened now—the husky shield ;  
The tender kernel leaves the finger wet ;  
And in the kettle soon a dozen ears have met.

## LXIX.

Look out once more ! The tremulous tassel fades ;  
Its hue no longer fresh, but dusty dull ;  
The ears are bending down ; the lower blades  
Are curling up, like flowers too ripe to cull ;  
Meanwhile Economy is seen to pull  
Those withering leaves, the cow is hovering near ;  
He lops the towering sail from off its hull ;  
Cutting the stalk, and just above the ear,  
And binding many a sheaf to meet the noon severe.

## LXX.

The sheaves admit those curers, sun and breeze ;  
They rustle in the carts to barn or stack ;  
No coarser provender surpasses these  
For tightening the milk bag, grown too slack,  
Or taking from the horse the hollow back ;  
Made intimate with oat or golden corn,  
Most bravely on they urge the teamster's track ;  
For when gigantic burdens would be borne,  
The muscles call for grain that strength may come with  
morn.

## LXXI.

Meanwhile the ear is hanging from its prop,  
Like an old head too heavy for its frame ;  
E'en now its beauty Time begins to lop ;  
Each limb of its fair outside doth he maim ;  
For choicest ears the seed chest files its claim ;  
And home its meal corn to be gathered now  
Demands ; for high in husk where solar flame  
Devours its juices not, it hangs ; and air  
The sweetest, yields the grain pure flavors rich and rare.

## LXXII.

While yet a portion of the leaves are green,  
The man of muscle whets his broken scythe,  
Whereto affixed a handle may be seen ;  
And striking thro' the field so gay and blithe,  
Soon makes the fading forest bleed and writhe ;  
Cutting the stem a little from the root,  
And leaving in the hillock scarce a tithe,  
He bears the stalks and places them on foot,  
With reeling tops around, where winds may fan the fruit.

## LXXIII.

Now, first of farmer's, first of Nature's laws,  
Comes order ; for a standard soon is made  
Just at the centre of the square that draws  
One hundred hills within its ample shade ;  
Four hills are chosen, and with ample braid  
Taught to join hands ; diagonal the heads  
Opposed, are tied together ; thus is stayed  
On this support the fleece the tired Earth sheds,  
As round the rustling pile his way the laborer threads.

## LXXIV.

So stand the shocks, a host of sugar loaves,  
Made firmer by the band around the top ;  
Along the double row the bright eye roves,  
Solving the problem of the inlaid crop ;  
While further off the winged dancers hop,  
Gathering one more feast ere they roam afar ;  
And clouds are hastening from the West to drop  
The searching showers from their ethereal car,  
Tired Nature's fading cheek to freshen or to mar.

## LXXV.

The forests wide are changing fast their hues  
From all the countless shades of summer green  
To all varieties of reds and blues ;  
The purple and the yellow, too, are seen,  
As if a party colored rug had been  
Thrown o'er the hills to catch the Winter's feet ;  
More flushed, yet Nature wears a sadder mien ;  
The frost comes down the morning fields to greet,  
And bids them all prepare the Winter king to meet.

## LXXVI.

The leaves begin to drop, now one by one,  
And now a host together, like the fall  
Of armies by a pestilence o'errun ;  
A voice is echoed thro' Earth's pictured hall,  
"Prepare the floors for Winter ;" at the call  
Each shrub and tree throws off its worn out vest ;  
The vine but darkens now the sombre wall ;  
Field, forest, meadow, quickly are undrest ;  
All Nature works with man that Earth may have her rest.

## LXXVII.

The shocks are light and dry, and fairly cured ;  
Each one so like a little Afrie hut ;  
Within a few the mice have been immured ;  
The squirrel elsewhere goes to crack a nut ;  
But few are found imperfectly secured ;  
Firm is the standard, sure and strong the band ;  
Most safely there the harvest is insured ;  
In vain the floods will sweep along the land ;  
In vain the tempest pour his rivulets of sand,

## LXXVIII.

The little rustling tents, erect and firm,  
Display within the neat and peagreen leaf ;  
The ears untouched by squirrel, mouse or worm ;  
And glistening like a well cut, wheaten sheaf,  
Seem like a village sweet of history brief ;  
Whose ample streets, green walks and regular squares,  
Brighten the fresh cut forest, where no deaf  
Or dumb is found ; but cheerful tones and airs  
Make glorious the toil that every townsman shares.

## LXXIX.

The two-horse wagon rocks around the field ;  
The frame o'er long, long coupling pole astride,  
Is still from shock to shock successive wheeled  
By full fed horses with their heads well tied ;  
The sturdy driver lifting o'er the side  
Huge armfulls lengthwise in the wagon bed ;  
Laid top to butt the stalks fill high and wide,  
Until across th' o'erflowing rack is spread  
The ample thatch that slopes well rounded, foot to head.

## LXXX.

So when the load is filled to rocking height,  
The driver cries enough and pulls his rein ;  
Then move the steeds where smoothest tracks invite,  
Round to the fodder yard with many a strain ;  
Now stalled in mud, then on the march again ;  
Now hastes the boy ; out drop the untuly bars ;  
The sharp eyed hen escorts the dropping grain ;  
They reach the destined spot ; not unlike Mars,  
They pitch the tents that shield the food for Winter's wars.

## LXXXI.

The black oak sapling lowers its tall spire,  
To rest on forks the livelong locust yields ;  
Circling, a breastwork 'gainst the Winter's ire ;  
Where resting, now transported from the fields,  
Heads lean on heads, and weave the ample shields  
That ward off rain and snow and heat from ranks,  
'Gainst which the hog or cow the weapon wields  
That hunger gives ; while rat and mouse give thanks  
More oft as they invade this best of farmers' banks.



## LXXXII.

From withering plants the leaves despairing droop ;  
No more the air is light, the sky is clear ;  
Ingathered is the choicest of the crop ;  
While pensive Autumn crowns the harvest year ;  
Frost's bitter face congeals the eve's sweet tear ;  
To seek her far off ones is Summer gone ;  
A good old joyous meeting time is near ;  
The year's work o'er, the season's victory won,  
The harvest battle waits, the husking bee comes on.

## LXXXIII.

The patriarch's eldest son, the son at home,  
Collects his help, who with the help sent in,  
Choose out the finest ears ; and these now come,  
All plucked, in baskets ; yet the husk left thin ;  
The seed corn—these hang up as high as chin  
Around the husking room ; and next, for meal,  
Are seen the second best, for friends and kin,  
Hung too ; the rest, whose soundness by the feel  
Is proved, to three great piles the workmen bear or wheel.

## LXXXIV.

For weeks before the neighborhood had learned  
The day toil's jubilee would fall upon ;  
And many a son and daughter inly burned  
Amid the glad re-union to make one ;  
The son that could not come could send his son ;  
The tall Rodolph, of calm benevolent look ;  
The daughters sent their Nancy, full of fun ;  
Bright Abby, with blue eyes that loved the book ;  
Sweet Fanny, soul-eyed, who the right not oft mistook.

## LXXXV.

A grandson, Joseph, fresh from college, shows  
His graceful form and placid features there ;  
And with him his companion, one who knows  
The city, with a face well lined with hair ;  
A sparkling humor in his keen eyes fair ;  
Easy and social, quick, but not profound ;  
A certain knowingness in all his air ;  
Less learned in books than men, he loves to sound  
The man he meets with, while he takes his careless round.

## LXXXVI.

The Patriarch nears the kitchen, opes the door,  
And smiling, greets the group of toilers there ;  
Busy and noisy as in days of yore ;  
There is the great old fireplace with its pair  
Of irons huge ; the flames uprising fair  
Reflected from the faces moving round ;  
The music of the pans and kettles rare  
Chimes in with female voices ; light and sound  
And air rejoice ; the good old melodies abound.

## LXXXVII.

Old Jack, a negro from the neighboring hills,  
His offering of hominy brings in ;  
Day after day his wooden mortar fills  
With the sweet Yankee corn from yonder bin  
Close by his field ; and early must begin  
The boiling 'neath the cheerful Nancy's care ;  
The thirsty kettle and the fire will win  
From her soft hand no scant supplies nor rare,  
Until the rich, sweet mess smokes on the table fair.

## LXXXVIII.

Sweet ears are shelled, of gold like Fanny's eyes ;  
The grains have drunk the lye a livelong day ;  
In yonder huge pine tub the waters rise,  
Pure as her soul, as flowing and as gay ;  
She washes out the mass ; so glide away  
The separated hulls ; in kettle deep  
Fall the plump corn and water ; bright flames sway  
Beneath it ; faithful watch will Fanny keep ;  
She salts it ; long it boils ; 'tis done, a shining heap.

## LXXXIX.

The bright eyed Jemmy hastes to tell his ma,  
A something black is coming up the road ;  
She glances from the door and asks for pa ;  
She knows that grandpa nears with precious load ;  
The gate flies open ; to their own abode  
Come back the little travelers, George and Rose,  
Lighting in father's arms, and never flowed  
More merry gushings loud ; while grandpa throws  
The rein athwart the post so well old Charley knows.

## XC.

Next Deacon Ely with his horse-cart comes,  
Laden with sheaves of oats for hungry steeds ;  
Short, social, kind, and welcome at all homes ;  
His piety in looks and words and deeds ;  
The world around him, while he runs he reads ;  
He meets his neighbor Mace, of quick, keen eye,  
Who prides himself on argument, and speeds,  
Full oft, or thinks he does, in knowledge high ;  
Less careful for his cause than fond of victory.

## XCI.

A nearer neighbor, Arden, comes on foot ;  
 Tall is his stature, muscular his frame ;  
 His features intellectual ; prone to shoot  
 His thoughts in quick, strong sentences, and warm ;  
 His soul, his bearing sometimes like a storm ;  
 A systematic worker, he has made  
 A fortune greater than his friend, Vandorm ;  
 Who, short, fat, frolic loving, sharp at trade,  
 Has hitched his horse where both like best, beneath the  
 shade.

## XCII.

The Patriarch, lolling in an easy chair,  
 In the gay parlor with his distant friends,  
 Chats of the news, the crops, the latest fire,  
 Old times, the far off kin, and all that lends  
 A charm to rural life, while Phoebus bends  
 Down from his noonday track ; the yard of green  
 Weaves in those lovely touches, which he sends,  
 Of heavenly colors ; to enjoy his sheen,  
 The friends have dined and walk around from scene to  
 scene.

## XCIII.

The little group now linger by a house  
 Walled round with boards ; the boys have there begun  
 The winter preparation for the cows ;  
 They see the trough of oak, the floor of stone ;  
 The cutting box, where bundles, one by one,  
 Drop into pieces 'neath the glittering knife ;  
 These powdered o'er with meal and wet, have won  
 The power to quicken spirit, flesh and life  
 In Bos, whose ample bag with richest milk is rife.

## xciv.

They visit next the henhouse, open, tall  
As Polynesian hut, with cosy nests  
And ample roosts ; its height would e'en appal  
Bold Chanticleer ; the well-known call  
And broken corn and shells, thrown in for all,  
Bring out the feathered family ; the hen,  
The little chick, so like a rolling ball,  
The strutting cock, yon border of the den  
Approach, and all take hold, none there an alien.

## xcv.

Next to the hog pen move th' admiring group ;  
The cask of corn asoak is waiting nigh ;  
They call the huge old sow ; she calmly rests  
High in her upper room ; the neighbors try  
The meal gilt rations, and the young brood fly  
Quick to the trough ; an ear of corn drops in ;  
The monster mass of fat rolls down with sigh  
And heavy grunt ; the porkers now begin,  
Both small and great, their meal with all becoming din.

## xcvi.

Next to the river nigh the party go ;  
'Twas there for bait was dropt the golden grain ;  
And where the waters, gently eddying, flow,  
The catfish roam ; a dark and hungry train ;  
Awhile they watch, and then draw out the seine ;  
The large, dark, finny masses flop on shore ;  
The fishers string their victims, and again  
Their merry way take homeward, telling o'er  
Each one a stranger tale of legendary lore.

## xcvii.

Where art thou, oh Lewellyn, that with seine  
 So skillful, did'st ensnare the finny world?  
 Why does thy mention bring thy parents pain?  
 In what fierce vortex are thy wanderings whirled?  
 If freedom's flag is o'er thee still unfurled,  
 Art thou her hero on the land or sea?  
 Come home, ere Death unflinchingly has hurled  
 His arrow at the hearts that dote on thee;  
 Such was the silent voice that stilled that company.

## xcviii.

Meanwhile within the husking room the work  
 Goes bravely on; some steady toilers there,  
 Some out and in; some sitting *a la Turk*  
 Upon the piles; one only with a chair,  
 As yet, is honored, he with silver hair;  
 Nor work alone, but cheerful talk goes round,  
 Of how the neighbors and the nations fare,  
 And where the least and largest crops are found;  
 While wit and song and sense and anecdote abound.

## xcix.

The kitchen gaily sings; the "Johnny-cake"  
 Grave Jenny mixes; cheerful Sally beats  
 Sugar and eggs—the pudding she to bake;  
 Eliza sifts thro' gauze the meal that meets  
 All that is needful for the cake of sweets;  
 And erelong Betsy, kind heart, will begin  
 Stirring the mush, not least of cookery's feats;  
 That whitened with the purest milk will win  
 Applause from honest George, who thinks all yeast a sin.

c.

The venerable grandma mixes meal  
With the least water thoroughly ; then a board  
Receives the shining hocake ; it will feel,  
As she has done, the fire ; 'tis gently lowered  
To that mean angle weight can best afford  
T' adhesiveness ; she watches as it bakes  
Slowly, but surely ; in its name are stored  
Old recollections which the young world shakes  
Out of the past, as sweet and simple as those cakes.

ci.

And while the extension table spreads its feet,  
And down the board the linen firm grows white ;  
And queensware clatters into ranks so neat,  
Surrounding porringers and platters bright,  
And turkeys without feathers heave in sight,  
Fresh from the kettles where sweet ham is steaming,  
And pie crammed ovens open to the light,  
And neath the fragrant frys the fire is gleaming ;  
Listen how merry Anne the glad time is redeeming :

Of everything sunny  
My song is to-day ;  
Sunny skies, sunny hills,  
Sunny morn, sunny May.

Sunny ringlets so buoyant  
Kissing sunny sweet girls ;  
Sunny smiles slily hidden  
Behind sunny curls.

Sunny streets with the windows  
 Flashing out sunny hues ;  
 Sunny side and then shady,  
 In turn as I choose.

Sunny hills with the golden  
 Wheat waving so fair ;  
 Sunny plains, sunny forests  
 Drinking in the sweet air.

This life, oh how sunny,  
 If we choose sunny side !  
 Rolling up to the true Sun,  
 As Time does his tide.

## CII.

“ To supper ! ” cry the boys ; loud rings the bell ;  
 They come from barn and yard and granary ;  
 There in the great old room they know so well,  
 What corn affords the critic’s eye may see ;  
 Pone, pudding, “ Johnny-cake ” and hominy ;  
 Hull corn and “ hocake,” eggs and chickens, too ;  
 The steak, the sausage and the roast ; the tea,  
 The good old dainties and the dainties new ;  
 Cheerful they crowd around, and seat them two by two.



## CIII.

The housewife pours the tea, the girls assist ;  
    Freely the dishes pass from hand to hand ;  
The crops, election, and the civil list,  
    Are talked of, and the news ; the hardy band  
    Of pioneers, as grandpa saw them land ;  
Then came remarks on change and fashion, till  
    Vandorm a laugh has raised ; 'tis fanned  
By vain attempts to stifle ; with good will  
The pie and cakes go round, and cups go back to fill.

## CIV.

Now Deacon Ely at the Patriarch's call  
    Gives thanks, which chastens merriment awhile,  
Till Mace suggests a contest, and to all  
    A vote for chief, which makes the ladies smile ;  
    The hat goes round and round in solemn style ;  
The Patriarch counts the votes ; the city gent  
    Commands the one, and George the other pile ;  
They both decline, but being urged, relent,  
And with the usual air of modesty, consent.

## CV.

So after consultation, each in turn  
    Chooses his helpers, one from what he knows,  
The other from the little he can learn  
    And see in little time ; meanwhile he throws  
    His tact into his choosing, marking those  
Who please the fair, who sing best, who can drive  
    Fast on occasion ; while his neighbor shows  
A modest confidence that he shall thrive,  
However much the wit and ready man may strive.

## CVI.

Lamont chose Arden, Joseph, Rodolph, John  
    (The Deacon's son), and Daniel, the hired man ;  
While George the Deacon chose, and Mace and son,  
    Vandorm, Maguinn and Samuel ; such a clan  
    As he had gathered, when he led the van  
In other years. Meanwhile Lamont confers  
    With his command, ere yet he forms his plan,  
About the choicest ways and means and spurs  
That bring the victory to skillful managers.

## CVII.

And now the strife begins ; with steady pull  
    The country party tear the husks away ;  
Their rivals show more spirit ; they are full  
    Of laugh and song, yet close attention pay  
    To George's movements and his method, they  
Thus gaining sleight of hand ; meanwhile Lamont  
    With kind word quickens John and Daniel gay ;  
While Arden strives with ardor more than wont,  
And Joseph, brisk as he who dared the Hellespont.

## CVIII.

And now the victory leans to George's side ;  
    For as Lamont first imitated him,  
So George now imitates Lamont ; the pride  
    Of song is catching ; labor even to the brim  
    Is full of cheer, and hope nerves every limb.  
"Work with thy might," the earnest Deacon saith ;  
    "The Victory waits for eyes that never dim,"  
Saith Mace ; "Success is eldest son of Faith,"  
Says Arden ; and Vandorm, "The battle 's not in breath."

## CIX.

While George's cheerful, comprehensive eye  
 Does all his speaking, so Lamont to be  
 Original, begins to speechify ;  
 "Think not the issue of the victory  
 "We seek is vain ; Peace hath her battles free  
 "From taint of blood, yet battles true, where toil  
 "Meets emulous toil ; as should two swords agree  
 "To sharpen each the other ; thus we oil  
 "Its heavy wheels to ease the drudgery of moil."

## CX.

Saith Joseph, "We are chiefly emulous  
 "Not for own, but for each other's good ;  
 "Tho' but one beat, all conquer ; if to us  
 "The contest brought no zeal, our toil were tame ;  
 "For progress thus we play a generous game."  
 "Yea," saith the Deacon, "as we truly love  
 "Our friends, our country and our God, we shame  
 "All listless labor, as our muscles move  
 "In unison with the soul that seeks its home above."

## CXI.

On went the strife, its terminus fast nearing ;  
 The yellow piles in front obstruct the sight ;  
 Meanwhile the little boys are slyly peering  
 Thro' the half open door upon the fight,  
 Taking first lessons ; speed has reached its height  
 With Joseph and Lamont, whose fingers thin  
 The husk had filed ; but eyes and faces bright  
 Came to the rescue, as the girls dropped in,  
 Rekindling every thought that gives the power to win.

## CXII.

Lamont, as Fanny nears, puts on all speed ;  
 Mace and the Deacon into argument  
 About free will, bright Abby aims to lead ;  
 And Rodolph sees fair Sally's brow relent ;  
 Jane's arrowy wit against Vandorm is sent ;  
 The piles grow less and less with wondrous haste ;  
 The girls light up, the lamp of day is spent ;  
 They soon must seek their homes ; no words to waste ;  
 The soul deep toil that stirs all in them now they taste.

## CXIII.

The city party's through, three ears ahead ;  
 But in their pile Vandorm espies five ears  
 With bits of husk adhering, and he said :  
 "Such half-way stripping, sirs, in my young days,  
 "Was not called husking." Then the Patriarch hears  
 His own name, Umpire, called by acclamation ;  
 And grave as when a knotty point he clears,  
 He saith : "I think on due consideration,  
 "These fastest and those best—you have my arbitration."

## CXIV.

"Then hurrah for the fastest!" one side shouted,  
 And "Hurrah for the best!" the other side ;  
 "Hurrah for both sides! victors both and routed!"  
 "Three cheers for Grandpa! may he oft decide  
 "Where toiling armies are so nearly tied!"  
 Then hats were swung as Grandpa thanked them all,  
 And said quaint things expressing generous pride  
 In the young world of toilers rising tall, .  
 To stand where those have stood, who soon with him  
 must fall.

## CXV.

And now the little ones, who till the last  
Were busy with their games of hide and seek,  
And blind man's buff, around came thick and fast ;  
In their best raiment looking very meek,  
With each one an allotted piece to speak ;  
There were just twelve selected, Charlie, Amy,  
And Frank (these went to school three times a week) ;  
Rosie and Dickie, Georgie, Willie, Jemmy,  
(Each on the stand in turn), Jake, Tommy, Anne and  
Timmy.

## CHARLIE'S PIECE.

Oh, the corn, the corn, the glorious corn,  
All in its green robes this glorious morn ;  
So rich in its sweetness I know from above  
It has come all the way from the Father of love.  
Oh, the light, green ear, it has heard from heaven ;  
Thro' the shining silk is the nectar given ;  
And along the rows of the golden grains  
Is gathered the honey from all the plains ;  
The sweet breath of beauty, the pure breath of flowers,  
The airs from the song of young love in her bowers ;  
The soft dews sent up thro' the eyes from the heart,  
All these to this green ear their richness impart.  
Strip its gay coats and the silk shining pile,  
And give it a steaming hot bath for awhile,  
And then from your lips a welcome 'twill meet  
As a feast no Alderman's turtle can beat.

## AMY'S.

All the time getting and nothing to give,  
One quickly gets too much encumbered to live ;  
All the time giving and nothing to get  
One soon gets too poor to live by his wit ;  
But getting and giving, it is the life true,  
So kindle the fire and the fire kindles you.

## FRANK'S.

This world's a world of thriving,  
For the diligent and driving,  
For all the wide awakes ;  
Don't stop to play the fiddle,  
But freely grease the gridle,  
And hurry up the cakes.

The day wants all your forces,  
So up and feed the horses,  
Or they'll be no great shakes ;  
For the day's work have all ready,  
And tell the sing song Biddy  
To hurry up the cakes.

Give your face a thoro' washing,  
And your eyes a generous sloshing,  
And muster up the rakes ;  
For noble harvests wait you,  
If your breakfast don't belate you,  
So hurry up the cakes.

Have a coat whene'er you drop work  
To slip on while you stop work,  
And see that Albert takes  
Of buttermilk a canful,  
And for lunch the largest panful,  
And hurry up the cakes.

But of dressing, eating, drinking,  
Don't all the day be thinking,  
When life has such great stakes ;  
If you follow Duty's leading,  
Some one that's used to kneading  
Will hurry up the cakes.

## ROSA'S.

I like the honest merchant, with his pleasant manners  
plain,  
Who lives to serve the public and not for paltry gain ;  
Who has one price, who has one face, one system, just  
and true ;  
Who does to others as to him he would have others do.

I like the honest merchant, who does not aim to get  
His customer who has the land, ensnared in hopeless debt ;  
Who flatters not his wife's vain pride, his daughter's love  
of show ;  
And looks not in the future how the house and farm shall  
go.

I like the honest merchant, who pays his honest dues,  
And will not hide his assets when an honest claimant sues ;  
Reverses but bring back to him the energies of youth ;  
He finds his feet again, for he has the helping hand of  
Truth.

I like the honest merchant, who has good goods in store,  
That bring him comforts from the rich and blessings from  
the poor ;  
And be he whom the world calls rich, or not, he walks  
the sod  
Upright and pure, an honest man—the noblest work of  
God.

DICKIE'S.

Early I go this chill, chill morn,  
With a chorus of coughs and sneezes,  
Out where the little spring is born,  
The spring that never freezes.

All on the way, and all around  
Are Frost's, and it rudely teases  
My feet, my ears, my fingers and eyes,  
But the smoking spring ne'er freezes.

Clear and bright, it yields to my jug  
And my pail whate'er it pleases,  
Bidding my grateful heart ne'er freeze,  
E'en as itself ne'er freezes.



## GEORGIE'S.

Merry, merry goes the day,  
While the children are at play ;  
Talking, laughing, till their eyes  
Have attained a double size.

Merry, merry goes the hour,  
While they trip it on the floor ;  
Back and forth so quick and trim,  
Running, swinging every limb.

Merry, merry goes the minute,  
With an hundred pleasures in it ;  
When the scholars come from school,  
Just let loose from book and rule.

Merry, merry, goes the season,  
When a tumble is no treason ;  
And as wheat is wrapped in chaff,  
Sense is covered with a laugh.

## WILLIE'S.

Rain, rain, rain !  
It is spoiling all the sheaves,  
And filling out the beeves,  
And drawing up the sleeves,  
And bringing out the leaves  
And the potato rot.

Cold, cold, cold !  
It is whitening the sheaves,  
And pinching up the beeves,  
And pulling down the sleeves,  
And making way for leaves  
And the potato rot.

Hot, hot, hot !  
It is burning up the sheaves,  
And thinning out the beeves,  
And rolling up the sleeves,  
And drying up the leaves  
And the potato rot.

## JEMMIE'S

Only set yourself to work, sir,  
With a kind heart, brave and true,  
And you'll never long, if ever,  
Want for something you can do.

Rise up early, pray to heaven,  
Keep an eye on old and new ;  
Take right hold, and you will never  
Want for something you can do.

In yourself you are a kingdom,  
Each one of your neighbors, too ;  
Govern self, be true to others,  
And you'll have enough to do.

## JAEKY'S.

Come on, oh Winter wind !  
And blow thy keenest blast ;  
Oh banish from my mind  
All memories of the past ;  
I love thy strong, deep, chilling breath ;  
It seems so like the voice of Death !

Come on, as thou hast come  
To yonder leafless tree !  
Come on, in dreadful gloom,  
As if just from the sea !  
'Tis thine to close his weary eyes,  
Who has no hope beneath the skies.

## TOMMY'S.

Going down stairs,  
To oversee affairs,  
And bring a pile of cares  
Back again ;  
Down the stone stairs,  
With a tread that never scares,  
And a foot that always wears,  
To the plain :  
There I meet a man  
Whose cheek is all tan,  
And whose hat is like a pan,  
Tottering on.  
His bones have lost their props,  
His hair has lost its crops,  
His boots have lost their tops,  
Nearly done.

And we all down stairs,  
With our little world affairs,  
And our little weight of cares,  
Glide adown :  
Where neither hat or boot  
We want for head or foot,  
Beneath the willow's root  
Gone down.

## ANNE'S.

Man overboard ! the sailors cry ;  
A rope is thrown and caught ; the tar  
Up to the ship's side almost drawn,  
Has lost his hold, and drifts afar.

Out drops the boat, the sails hang loose ;  
He sinks far out of sight away ;  
Fiercely the oars are pulled and long ;  
They come back with the lost one ? Nay !

Boxes and barrels overboard !  
Perchance he yet may light on one ;  
No signs of him o'er all the waste !  
Man's help is vain. He's gone ! he's gone !

God sends a wave that on its crest  
Upbears him where no monster harms !  
With lightning speed it gains the ship,  
And dashes him into their arms !

## TIMMY'S.

However rough its weather beaten coat,  
Close buttoned up around the long ear's throat,  
It keeps the ripened grain as sweet as rusk ;  
There's beauty in the husk.

From the first bud green to the ripened brown,  
It wraps the ear in sheets as soft as down,  
Feeds it from dusk to dawn, and dawn to dusk ;  
There's goodness in the husk.

The time comes when the inner ripens fast,  
And outer beauty passes to the past ;  
But whether torn by husker, hands or tusk,  
Thoul't be remembered, husk !

Faith, Hope and Charity ! fill up the grain  
Of this, my soul, that when the Savior fain  
Would seek the true life's fruit in this mollusk,  
He say not, "Naught but husk !"

## CXVI.

The little orators were kindly heard ;  
The District school-master was there in time  
To prompt them, and give each a cheering word ;  
And that good deeds were better than good rhyme,  
Thus early warning them ; that Frank's voice was prime,  
Some said ; and Amy's piece was short and sweet ;  
That Rosa's merchant was somewhat sublime ;  
That Jim gave good advice ; but to repeat  
All that was said, time fails ; the crowds are on their feet.

## CXVII.

But while the distant friends for home prepare,  
 And wheels and horses make becoming haste,  
 And beaux put on their coats to wait the fair,  
 And kind adieus are said and bonnets laced,  
 And yard ways by the lingering lovers paced,  
 The nearer neighbors and the kin from Arden  
 A speech demanded; he in brief retraced  
 Corn's rich biography, till begging pardon  
 For peroration, he in this wise drew the bard on.

## CXVIII.

"And numberless the dishes men invent,  
 "And numberless the uses of that grain  
 "Which Providence to this loved land has lent;  
 "Too oft abused, to bring a varied train  
 "Of Alcoholic miseries o'er a plain  
 "Where order, peace and love should ever dwell;  
 "Oh that the death worm ne'er may bring again  
 "Evil from good, nor bring again the hell  
 "Of woes to make men brutes beneath his horrid spell.

## CXVIII.

"The oil of peace is gathered from the heart  
 "Of that same blessing that supplies our food;  
 "And see the light in wintry darkness start  
 "That bids the whale still live, and all his brood!  
 "Shedding its genial influence where the rude  
 "And flickering pine was once the only star  
 "That lighted the instructive page. Oh, would  
 "The hour of boundless truth and freedom far  
 "From man no longer stay, but onward roll its car!"

## CXX.

Thus Arden, when a sound of rattling wheels  
Stops at the gate, and two fair forms in black  
Light from a carriage ; then the Patriarch feels,  
As George Lewellyn leads along the track,  
A thrill thro' all his veins ; the welcoming back  
Brings Grandma in ; at once renewed her youth ;  
While curiosity is on the rack  
Who the son's partner ; he presents fair Ruth,  
On whose sweet face is writ some sad, unuttered truth.

## CXXI.

The earnest mother asks him where so long  
His feet had thus been absent from their door ;  
He answers that the sails and ropes were strong  
That blew and drew him from his native shore ;  
That he had heard each mighty ocean roar,  
Breaking the sleep of myriads of bright isles ;  
And seen the beard of Southern Arctic hoar ;  
And marked where Torrid Sol on Quito smiles,  
And on the hearthfire gazed that Mauna Loa piles.

## CXXII.

"But why," the Patriarch asked, "in mourning clad,  
"Come ye to a rejoicing troup of friends?"  
Lewellyn darkened, Ruth grew still more sad ;  
When Arden spoke, "The evening quickly spends,  
"My own hearth calls me ; so may Heaven, that sends  
"Its best to those who pay in gratitude,  
"Still bless you." Each one homeward bends,  
Save Ruth's friends, Jane and Fanny ; near them stood,  
Waiting, the cup of tea, and sweet refreshing food.

## CXXIII.

Their light repast waked cheerfulness again ;  
 Ruth and her friends sought rest, and left alone  
 To blest retired re-union those who fain  
 Would hear apart the mystery of th' unknown,  
 That kept so long so far away, their own ;  
 They circle round the fire, whose murmur takes  
 From their one heart the softness of its tone ;  
 Th' occasion every care from memory shakes,  
 As thus Lewellyn bright the earnest silence breaks

## CXXIV.

" Your question, father, draws on memory's bank  
 " For the heart funds of half a score of years.  
 " While yet a boy, my eye those features drank,  
 " That sorrow hath so late made rich with tears  
 " First at a husking bee my gladdened ears  
 " Caught her sweet voice : her sire a neighbor then ;  
 " His strong hand on the plow ; his soul to fears  
 " That cripple most men proof ; a citizen  
 " Known, honored, he became, with all a statesman's ken.

## CXXV.

" For her sake I applied myself to lore,  
 " To science and to art ; and sought the gifts  
 " That make soul welcome unto soul ; its store  
 " Of varied good things gathered from the drifts  
 " The Past and Present pile ; and love that lifts  
 " The heart out of itself, fared well a time,  
 " Till calumny assailed me (she that sifts  
 " All she can reach), and made my fault a crime ;  
 " Forbid my loved one's door, I sought another clime.



## CXXVI.

“ The Empire city found me ; and a ship  
“ Laden with corn, and for Havana bound,  
“ Made me a tar. I saw the horizon dip  
“ The seen world in the unseen ; where are found  
“ The barques of human progress oft aground ;  
“ I saw the sugar forests, and the streets  
“ Dark with oppression’s victims ; till around  
“ The torrid isles I glided to the sweets  
“ Of flowery Brazil, where Beauty’s circle meets.

## CXXVII.

“ From Rio to Gibraltar making feint  
“ They lifted anchor ; when far out at sea,  
“ In everything on board there was a taint  
“ Of crime’s deep mystery ; to which a key  
“ I found in cells built up too suddenly  
“ And scant ; and knew our barque toward the coast,  
“ Where man makes market of what God made free,  
“ Was driving ; so I ’scaped the pirate band  
“ While they were watering near a little neck of land.

## CXXVIII.

“ I sought out there a cave, to which a door  
“ I gathered from the rocks and slender wood ;  
“ The wild cat brought me clothing ; ample store  
“ The Cocoa dropt me of refreshing food ;  
“ Meanwhile the trees, a noble brotherhood,  
“ The merry birds, the sisterhood of flowers,  
“ The meek eyed stars, that pitying, seemed to brood  
“ On human wrongs, recalling brighter hours,  
“ Were company for me, amid those island bowers.

## CXXXIX.

“ One leaf was left me of the Holy book,  
“ Where God points Job t’ Orion; many leaves  
“ Of Nature’s opened volume bade me look  
“ Into my own heart; and the love that weaves  
“ Life’s most enduring web, and heaven receives  
“ Into the deepest soul, found music there;  
“ Music in Ocean’s bass, and Wind that heaves  
“ Its alto, and the winged forest’s air;  
“ While from the spheres came down rich harmonies and  
rare.

## CXXX.

“ But pain, disease and terror were not strange  
“ At times to my abode; for to destroy  
“ Came serpents, fevers, lightnings; not a change  
“ Of moon, but with its silver brought alloy;  
“ And yet alone with God, a mighty joy  
“ Did oftenest possess me; and His name  
“ Star-written on Night’s blue, sublime, yet coy,  
“ Drew my heart upward, burning with a flame,  
“ The vestal of true bliss, from God’s own heart that  
came.

## CXXXI.

“ One weary eve my feet betrayed me; down,  
“ Far down I fell, and mangled, pierced the sea;  
“ All my past came, as I began to drown,  
“ And Ocean first upon me turned the key;  
“ Rising, I seized the arm of a small tree,  
“ I loosened, falling; then fierce currents bore  
“ Me senseless; next the banner of the free  
“ Waved o’er me, half recovered, faint and sore,  
“ While brother hearts were there the healing oil to pour.

## CXXXII.

- “ By turns a deck hand, waiter, cook and clerk,  
“ I shared the fortunes of the rolling mast ;  
“ With a glad eye for Nature’s every work,  
“ I looked upon the world fair, glittering past ;  
“ The lava basins by volcanoes cast ;  
“ The floating ice hills of the Southern horn ;  
“ The torrid azure cleft by white cones vast ;  
“ The Chilian gardens, of the sea mist born ;  
“ Pacific’s bread fruit isles, Antarctic’s steeples lorn.

## CXXXIII.

- “ But every where, amid the Torrid waves  
“ Scented with cloves, and where the torrents flee  
“ Through fields of rice, and where the land of slaves  
“ With sugared song and mirth or frantic glee  
“ Braves its slow ruin, leaf and flower and tree  
“ Brought to my mind the corn that shades my home,  
“ And her pure soul whose image followed me,  
“ Beneath the palm groves pillaring yonder dome,  
“ And ’neath the Baobab, Time’s hugest record tome.

## CXXXIV.

- “ The splendor and the squalor of the world  
“ At last became my loathing ; kind old friends  
“ Seemed near me ; opportunity unfurled  
“ Hope’s rainbow banner ; memory that blends  
“ Past joy with present sorrow, and that sends  
“ Youth’s fountain jet into the fevered soul,  
“ Grew kind again ; the panting foremast bends  
“ Toward Nova Scotia’s hills, as swift I roll,  
“ On Ocean’s shoulders borne, to Freedom’s starlit goal.

## CXXXV.

- " At mid-night waves a flambeau, and we haste  
 " To lift the living remnants of a wreck ;  
 " I leaped with others in the howling waste,  
 " And dragging two from off the splintered deck,  
 " Drew them on shipboard. Little did I reck  
 " Whom thus I saved ; but how it dimmed mine eyes  
 " To know by lofty brow, by snowy neck,  
 " By oneness of the features, that ne'er lies,  
 " Ruth's sire and Ruth were there, too weak and wan to  
 rise.

## CXXXVI.

- " Ruth soon recovered, but her father sank ;  
 " Two days I watched him sleepless ; all the while  
 " He knew me not ; his mind, delirious, drank  
 " The past and future ; often would he smile,  
 " And greet his kindred of the native isle  
 " He had just visited ; and then with tears  
 " Speak of some terrible conflict that should pile  
 " His chosen soil with bones, each coming year  
 " To freedom's mighty heart shall more and more endear.

## CXXXVII.

- " 'Twas when the broad Sun, like a passion flower,  
 " Hung on the breast of evening, and the words  
 " 'Toil unrequited, lust unfettered, reckless power,  
 " 'Wealth rioting ; every sulphurous fire that herds  
 " 'With hell in life's volcano, till it girds  
 " 'Freedom's lost soul with ruin—it must come !  
 " 'Yes ! slavery's eruption ! From the birds  
 " 'Of foul destruction save, oh, Heaven, my home !'  
 " Were dying words of his—I listened, and was dumb.

## CXXXVIII.

" But they were not his last words ; when the cry  
 " Of land, ho ! pealed aloft, a sweetness came  
 " Once more into his deep blue brightened eye ;  
 " Then gentle was his greeting, and the same  
 " As when we first met ; whispering my name,  
 " 'Forgive,' he said. In tears I left his side ;  
 " He heard Ruth sobbing near ; the vital flame  
 " Blazed brightly as his vision opened wide,  
 " And his last wishes flowed with life's receding tide.

## CXXXIX.

" 'Yes, daughter, we were wrecked, and thou wert saved ;  
 " 'But I must go ; give not the shark my clay ;  
 " 'In our own garden once the corn rows waved,  
 " 'As toil made glad my hours in earlier day.  
 " 'From them I learned that fullest growth and play  
 " 'Are heirs of equal rights ; the stalk so fair,  
 " 'Well braced and heaven climbing, when the gray  
 " 'Had touched my locks, did teach me faith and prayer ;  
 " 'My unattended dust in silence bury there.'

## CXL.

" He ceased ; the breath was gone ; but faith and hope  
 " Were marbled on his brow. So sad and lone  
 " His coffining, that Ruth and I to cope  
 " The better with such sorrow, were made one  
 " 'Neath the first spire that cast its shade upon  
 " Our vessel, safe in port. His clay we bore  
 " To his own chosen rest ; and sire and son,  
 " Mother and daughter, now meet to adore  
 " The God who brings new life from Death, forever more."

## BREVITIES.

The stalk that from the roasting ear  
Is plucked, grows on in sweetness ;  
And does not droop because it wants  
Another stalk's completeness.

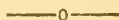
And so the soul, bereaved of hopes  
When in their richest glowing,  
Will still hope on for other gifts  
Of heaven's best bestowing.



Oh God, wilt Thou not give our souls,  
As sweet rays as Thou givest our eyes ;  
And warm our being's dying coals  
Till up to Thee their flame shall rise.

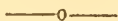
Each day and night Thy shining be,  
To fill our souls with purest ray ;  
That we may truly honor Thee  
With beams reflected all the day.

1861.



Oh snatch the time away from sleep,  
The sun shines bright on high ;  
And lessons for the day and night  
Are spread o'er all the sky ;  
Come, then, be here with all thine eyes,  
For all the world sails by.

The red of dawn, the white of noon,  
The blue of heaven from sea to sea,  
Our country's rainbow flag hang out,  
And guide to victory the free.



Oh God, my life, my only hope,  
Amid the chills of winter dim,  
'Tis joy to think Thou givest me  
The heart to sing Thee one more hymn.

For since to praise Thee, I must have  
Some glimpse of Thy most glorious ways ;  
The best of all Thy better gifts  
Is this, the rapture of Thy praise.

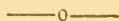


Oh stars and stripes ! along the street  
Ye wave where commerce rears her towers,  
And starry eyes your emblems greet,  
As wear away the sunny hours ;  
Ye wave that right may rule the strife  
Among the generous arts of life.

Like lights of heaven, our country's guard,  
How all the season still ye bloom !  
To you the statesman, yeoman, bard,  
Look up for help and find a home ;  
Of manhood's rights ye are the chart,  
Written with blood from Freedom's heart.

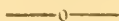
Each present moment bears its load  
Of news and good things home ;  
The present ever has in type  
The times that are to come.

1861.



Oh, altogether Lovely, how  
Thy goodness I'll remember !  
How well Thy love and care have cheered  
Through this world's chill November.

Oh Christ, that Thou did'st die for me,  
Thaws all my heart's December ;  
Be that Thou liv'st for me, my soul's  
Sweet harvest of September.



Oh water my soul, blessed Jesus, while here  
Neath the world's parching summer I lie ;  
Oh water my soul with the streams of Thy love,  
Lest its tendrils should wither and die.

Oh water my spirit as night cometh on  
With the tears of repentance and trust ;  
And as dawn first awakes, may the dew of Thy grace,  
Redeem its young leaves from the dust.

Oh water my hope, till its stem stand erect,  
When calamity's dry winds are driven,  
And in Thine own good time, blest Jesus, wilt thou  
Transplant my frail spirit to heaven.

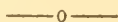
1863.



Pinch off the worms that eat the soul,  
The pride of life, the love of pelf ;  
That so its leaves breathe purest air,  
Its neighbor loving as itself.

So shall the soul fulfill the task  
From which the Babel crowd was driven ;  
So shall it rise till step by step  
At last it reaches into heaven.

1861.

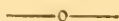


Mother's earliest prayers and tears,  
Childhood's first of joys and fears ;  
Studies from the family rule,  
Sermons from the Sunday School,  
Answers from the pulpit heard,  
Still, small voices from the Word,  
Glowing thanks for blessings wrought,  
Kindlings from the stores of thought,  
Judah's memories, Sinai's thunders,  
Jesus' work and Calvary's wonders,  
Heaven's pure graces, rich and ample,  
Shining down through bright example,  
Filling hearts and ears and eyes ;  
All that hastens soul to rise,  
Prayers that pierce the very skies ;  
God send these to make us wise,  
Yield to Christ and seek the skies.

Unconquered Blue, thro' whose domain  
All worlds we gaze at, move ;  
How noiselessly from star to star  
Glide on the steps of love !

Altho' no angel voices thence  
Our aching hopes may fill ;  
We see His own handwriting there,  
The records of His will.

He sends the light and bids us pray ;  
Come true Light to our eyes !  
Anoint the lids with heavenly clay,  
And open these blind eyes.



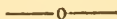
Give me the worst, the garden says,  
And the worst I'll give you back ;  
For the seed that you ship in life's fast train,  
Returns in the same old track.

Give me the best, the garden says,  
And the best I'll give you back ;  
For the grateful soil will ne'er forget  
The hand that is not slack.

Give me the worst, the young heart says,  
And the worst I'll give you back ;  
Nor wonder, if soul is kept in the dark,  
That the heart itself grows black.

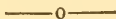
Give me the best, the young heart says,  
And the best I'll give you back ;  
For the truths you send by life's best train  
Return in the good old track.

1863.



The gentle work is noble work,  
Delightful work it is,  
To plant, to water and to train ;  
Such varied work is ease.

And who would set him down to doze,  
And feed on other's toil ?  
By earning his own bread he best  
Can advocate free soil.

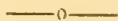


If thou, Lord, every morn should'st give  
A new heart full of joy to me,  
Since only Thou could'st keep it pure,  
Each morn I'd give it back to Thee.

The sorrow of the world works death,  
But sorrowing after Thee doth roll  
The cloud still upward, till it falls  
In dews of mercy on the soul.

So sweet to die in Thee, I would  
There were more deaths than one to die ;  
No, let me live the life that lives  
The lovely in Thy sight, most High.

Then may I die to self and sin,  
And not one call of duty flee ;  
So when I lay me down at night,  
I die to all things else but Thee.



Oh friends that dwell in spirit land,  
Ye come by memory's morning train,  
To help us through the weary day,  
And bring the chloroform to pain.

God bids you send such lovely thoughts,  
And glorious hopes adown the wires  
That bind the future and the past,  
To kindle for our souls the fires !

Then come, go with us, day and night,  
Where meek eyed Truth shall run the cars,  
Or send us some despatch that tells  
Of your sweet home among the stars.

## MAIN STREET, CINCINNATI.

At midnight, when we walk the street,  
What visions crowd the brain !  
Ail silent, save the town clock's beat  
And here and there the watchman's feet ;  
A lighted hall without a seat  
Thou seem'st, oh slumbering Main.

What wert thou sixty years ago ?  
Then many a rough clad swain  
Along thy side would sport his hoe ;  
And maidens oft were seen to go  
Out of the cabins o'er the snow,  
To milk the cow on Main.

But now where corn once grew so well,  
The dandy sports his cane ;  
No hoes are seen except to sell,  
And where the milk-maid cast her spell,  
We only hear the milk-man's bell  
At seven o'clock on Main.

As upward now my pathway lies,  
Art's wonders, train on train,  
Invite my feet, delight my eyes ;  
While crowds, the witty and the wise,  
The courts, cars, coaches, charcoal cries,  
Make up the world of Main.

1864.

## ALL NIGHT LONG.

The city lights are burning  
All night long ;  
And the steamer's wheel is turning,  
And the locomotive's earning  
His daily keep by churning  
All night long.

Yet 'tis sad to see the coming  
All night long,  
Of so many from the strumming  
Of harps the soul benumbing,  
Where the jolly crowd are rumming  
All night long.

But a gentle star is burning  
All night long ;  
And the tides are slowly turning,  
And Truth the darkness spurning,  
Her passage way is earning  
All night long.

And a good time is coming  
Not very far along ;  
When War shall cease his drumming,  
And Vice shall quit the strumming  
Of the harps the soul benumbing,  
All night long.

Oh then we'll joy to see all,  
     All night long,  
 How the nations will agree all,  
 That the people shall be free all,  
 For the world at rest will be all,  
     All night long.

1861.

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Night, night, night !  
     The working time of the soul ;  
 When the idea of Right  
 Rolls adown the starlight  
     And blazes the soul into coal.

Day, day, day !  
     Tax gatherer for the night ;  
 For all the day we take in the ray,  
 Lessons from toil, lessons from play,  
 Ail which for night we lay away,  
     Out of them to sift the Right.

Star, star, star !  
     The only real of life ;  
 For far, far, far,  
 Beyond day reason's bar,  
 We reach the true life's car,  
     Where Truth's too true for strife.

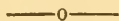
1870.

## EQUINOX.

The equinoctial storm this year  
Has stepped in so polite,  
He says he would not for the world  
Disturb your sleep to-night.

He touches soft the outer door  
But will not venture in ;  
He sprinkles heaven with clouds, but says  
The stars may shine between.

He drips so gently on the roof,  
And weeps a tear or two ;  
A much more gentlemanly storm  
Than e'en the summer dew.



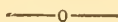
## CHARCOAL!

I bring you the stuff for the out-door fires,  
That never crackle or roll ;  
But silent glow like nature's lyres—  
Charcoal, charcoal.

The plants will rejoice when they see me come ;  
The breath that makes them whole  
The air and the flame distilling from  
Charcoal, charcoal.



The cook can quit the smoking car  
For the ladies', and her soul  
Buy coolness if she take—at par  
Charcoal, charcoal.



## MY OFFICE.

Dear cozy place, how glad I come  
In from a freezing sun,  
To light my little dancing fire,  
So full of cheer and fun.

While thee I hold, 'tis natural  
I should be all the bolder ;  
For I can truly say the while  
That I'm an officeholder.

The lyre, the law, the letter here  
I read and write so cheerily ;  
I warm my foot and foot my bills ;  
I keep the office merely.

The world is all around me here  
Hung up upon the wall ;  
And lots on Mill Creek hang there too,  
But threaten soon to fall.

A humble child of Albiou  
 Who felt the burden heavy  
 Upon his long years, of a deep  
 Lindisfarne nation's levy—

As death came on to ease his land,  
 Had in his last will writ  
 A legacy of just ten pounds  
 To pay the national debt.

Don't smile, dear friend, at such a use  
 Of his own talent made;  
 Had all the English done the same  
 The debt had now been paid.



### CONVENTION.

General conventions are getting to be  
 Just now the ruling passion,  
 So the great mountains of the world  
 Have chosen to follow the fashion.

And so Sierra, Kanchingaya,  
 And Downington too,  
 Pike's Peak and Long's Peak and St. Elias,  
 Mount Blanc and Aconcagua.

When Cotopaxi and Vesuvius  
 Offered to join the crowd;  
 They were refused, because of the rule,  
 No smoking should be allowed.

So these got in a separate car  
With Popocatepetl,  
And Aetna and Kirauea ;  
Old settlers of great metal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Full half complained of being lonely,  
And of failures in raising crops ;  
And some of them said no living thing  
Had ever been seen on their tops.

And the railroads of these modern days  
So leveled all things, that  
The good old varied ups and downs  
Were henceforth knocked all flat.

They were getting so tired of keeping their State  
Away up above the thunder,  
When the hands and feet of the lords of creation  
Were always cutting under.

Mt. Blanc advised the croakers all  
For better times to wait ;  
For break neck traveling had been  
Quite the fashion of late.

Tall Chimborazo's health was good,  
Because he followed the rule  
Of the old physician, to keep the feet  
Warm, and the head-gear cool.

Yet in the past his neighbors all  
As far as Aconcagua,  
Had suffered terribly awhile,—  
Shaking with the ague.

Mount St. Elias, who long had been  
Left out in the cold,  
Had nothing to say except that he  
Felt very stiff and old.

Mt. Washington of late had been  
O'ertopped by a Southern Black ;  
But he didn't repine at this, nor yet  
At the luck of Adirondack.

A batch of improvements was discussed,  
But as long as the air and the sun  
Were governed by present laws, it was held  
That nothing could be done.

•  
T'was best to be content with being  
Great river fountain heads ;  
Walls against winds—distributors  
Of rain—and granite beds.

Mt. Shasta thought that air-tight tubes  
From the mountain tops might send  
Ice to the cities, where liquid fire  
Turned all things up on end.

Then Pike's Peak said he had ice enough  
 (In this he rather hit it,)
 For the drinking fountains of all the West,  
 If they would come and get it.

Vesuvius was about to speak  
 In his usual words that burn,  
 When a motion was carried by two-thirds vote  
 Without day to adjourn.

1874.

—o—

SAVED.

Weary of life Pietro strayed  
 Down to the river's brink,  
 Waiting till dusk should turn to dark,  
 To break life's worn out link.

Not as the poor leaps in the grave,  
 Not as the guilty one ;—  
 Young, handsome, richly dressed he stood,  
 Watching the death of the sun.

Just then a poor man in rags came by  
 With shriveled eyes, half dead ;  
 "Four of us starve up yonder," he cried,  
 "Oh, stranger, a morsel of bread !"

Pietro's heart at once was reached ;  
 "I will go with you and see ;"  
 And he followed his woe-worn neighbor  
 To a shop where bread and tea,

And cakes were ready for money,  
Which rattled the counter o'er,  
For a cup and plate well filled, with which  
He sought the poor man's door.

'Twas up three stairs in an attic drear,  
Where lay on bed of straw,  
A mother beneath torn rags ;—a face  
More haggard he never saw.

And around on the floor young children lay  
Almost as famished as she,  
Moaning, till opened the door, when he met  
A dull stare from the three.

A sup of tea, and the woman revived,  
And a sup of tea all round ;  
Slow and by little the food was given,  
Till returning strength was found.

Said Pietro, "To-morrow I'll come again,  
And bring you more of the same."  
"God bless you," the poor man answered, "you  
"To us like an angel came."

"No, you were the angel," Pietro said,  
"I've something to live for now ;  
"You met me in time to save my life,  
"To-morrow I'll tell you how."

## ORION.

Orion, Órion !  
Christ meteor, oh, why on  
This dark world dost gloriously fall ;  
If the man-soul must die on  
The soil his bones lie on,  
Thought, feeling, and worship and all ?

Orion, Orion !  
Thou art witness there, high on  
The stand at which all worlds can gaze,  
To the truths that outlie on  
Immortality's Zion,  
Coming down from the Ancient of Days.

Orion, Orion !  
No more should we sigh on  
The trail through this wild world we trace ;  
There are three kings thy sky on ;  
They bid us aim high on  
The path toward the heavenly place.

Orion, Orion !  
When shall our souls try on  
Their wings whom the truth has made free ;  
Flying where the saints tune a verse  
Fit for the universe,  
Glorying, Almighty, in Thee ?

## DAYS FOR YEARS.

I've long been knowing life by years,  
For acts of prayer and praise ;  
But now the years are ebbing fast,  
I'll reckon it by days.

This earth revolves around a sun  
That rolls round one more vast ;  
Whose orbit may be circling one—  
Of great orbs first and last.

Then what are *our* years to the years  
Round that last great sun speeding ?  
Mere moments. So let years be days ;  
Their diary for our reading.

Alas ! how much remains to do,  
To suffer and to be !  
Let me improve what's left me here ;  
The days be years to me.

I'll have a Christmas every eve ;  
Each sun a new year born ;  
I'll ask the Father that new life  
May come with each new morn.



# RHYMES OF MOVEMENT.



## TO THE OHIO RIVER.



Eden of Rivers ! when thy infant rill  
Was yet upon its mother mountain, say,  
Who fixed for aye its hesitating will—  
Why to the East didst thou not dance thy way,  
And o'er the precipices waste thy spray ?  
He who created man, commissioned thee,  
And sent thee forth to work thy bed of clay,  
And bear thy load of waters, pure and free,  
Until their wealth is stored in the unbounded sea.

The earth has mightier streams : old Amazon  
Comes like a Titan down from Andes' height—  
The brimming Nile a longer track has gone—  
St. Lawrence thunders louder ; and the flight  
Of wild Missouri, how untired and bright !  
THOU art the majesty of loveliness ; thy steam  
Is an unfaltering thunder ; and the night  
Brings on thy garden banks the sweetest gleam  
That Cynthia's orb can lend to Nature's loveliest dream.

But thou art not all made of dreams ; the day  
Shows thee more beautiful than night, and morn  
Wakes thy calm features, exquisitely gay,  
While heaven sits on thy canvas, newly born.  
And when from thine embrace the sun is torn,  
He wraps thee with a sheet of saffron fire ;  
The kneeling trees with deeper fringe adorn  
Thy placid marge ; and clad in gold attire,  
Day sees himself in thee, and bows him to expire.

O'erflowing Autumn makes thee all alive  
With floating granaries, and swifter barks,  
Those winged palaces, for victory strive,  
Whose morning voice is hoarser than the lark's ;  
They stir thy face to anger, but the marks  
Of wrath are quickly washed away ; the shore  
Receives a gentle beating, while the sparks  
Of fancy's fire are flying gaily o'er  
Thy ripples, and thy face grows brighter than before.

A century ago—and what wast thou ?  
The red man chased the wild ox o'er the wild ;  
The birch canoe was then thine only plough,  
And Navigation was an unformed child ;  
The Indian war-whoop woke thy slumbers mild ;  
Thou wert a giant beauty, in the robe  
Of untamed nature ; cities had not smiled  
On blooming farms, and Sol could scarcely probe  
The forest, while he bathed in thee his golden globe.

I love thee, radiant stream ! thy banks are free ;  
The Pioneer has tinged thee with his soul ;  
His bold and steady mind doth image thee ;  
Those waters which have borne him to the goal  
Of his far reaching enterprise, shall roll  
Forever past his grave, to History dear ;  
Thy bells of commerce o'er his sod shall toll,  
But not the notes of woe ; his spirit's here,  
And walks the richest fields, when Spring renews the year.

The torrent is the tyrant Anarchy ;  
It wars through fortresses of famine, where  
Rocks are the only dwellings ; is it free ?  
Passion, not reason, is the sovereign there ;  
Who would be safe, at distance let him stare.  
Thy features with serenest beauty glow ;  
As some vast planet through the boundless air,  
Thou flowest nobly on ; thy waters know  
Their track sublime, and forth in even grandeur flow.

Thy years shall number on, till Time doth kindle  
To all devouring flame ; and aged Earth  
Burn whirlingly upon her polar spindle ;  
Her mountains melt to fire ; her ocean girth  
Expand to scorching steam, and bursting forth  
From its creation grave, the granite fly—  
A world of atoms—and a newer birth  
Spring out of chaos ; then, when Death must die,  
Shall this immortal soul look where thou wast and sigh.

## MORNING.

Thou art come again, sweet morning,  
We welcome thee to earth,  
With all thy glittering rainbow hues,  
And songs of purest mirth.

There is gold upon thy drapery ;  
Thou hast washed thyself in dew ;  
And Nature seems in every leaf  
Created all anew.

The wide old wood is waking,  
There is music on his boughs ;  
And the little flower looks sweetly up  
To pay its early vows.

I hear the voice of gladness ;  
I feel the tones of love  
Kindling my heart until it longs  
To win its way above.

Whence camest thou, bright morning ?  
From the mountain robed in snow,  
Or grassy vales, or prairie lawns,  
Or streams of silver flow ?

Or from the crowded city,  
Didst bring thy busy train  
Of voices and of winged feet  
To wake up care again ?

Thou crownest with thy splendor  
The palaces of art,  
And the smile of calm contentment  
To the cottage dost impart.

Thou plantest blooming roses  
On the merry, smiling cheek,  
Till from the fresh and sharpened mind  
The clouds of dullness break.

See how the cunning hoar frost  
Is spangled on thy green !  
'Tis like the shaft of polished wit,  
Tho' felt, yet hardly seen.

There are who hate thy glory,  
For guilt abhors the light ;  
And broken-hearted sorrow feeds  
Upon the dews of night.

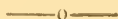
But I love thee, keen eyed morning,  
I love thee for thy youth ;  
The wisdom of thy buoyancy,  
And innocence of truth.

Whene'er I see thee, morning,  
I'll think I'm young again ;  
And take me fancy's saffron wings,  
And sing to fancy's strain.

When age shall come with wrinkles,  
And silver, silver hair,  
Of thee I'll borrow sunny locks,  
And still my boyhood wear.

And to my dying pillow  
Oh send thy sweetest ray,  
As though a messenger from heaven,  
To waft my soul away.

1838.



## LA BELLE RIVIERE.

Flow on, Majestic River!  
A mightier bids thee come,  
And join him on his radiant way,  
To seek an ocean home ;  
Flow on amid the vale and hill,  
And the wide West with beauty fill.

I have seen thee in the sunlight,  
With the summer breeze at play,  
When a million sparkling jewels shone  
Upon thy rippled way ;  
How fine a picture of the strife  
Between the smiles and tears of life !

I have seen thee when the storm cloud  
Was mirrored in thy face,  
And the tempest started thy white waves  
On a merry, merry race ;  
And I've thought how little sorrow's wind  
Can stir the deeply flowing mind.

I have seen thee when the morning  
Hath tinged with lovely bloom  
Thy features, waking tranquilly  
From night's romantic gloom ;  
If every life had such a morn,  
It were a blessing to be born !

And when the evening heavens  
Were on thy canvas spread,  
And wrapt in golden splendor, Day  
Lay beautiful and dead ;  
Thus sweet were man's expiring breath,  
Oh, who would fear the embrace of death !

And when old Winter paved thee  
For the fiery foot of youth ;  
And thy soft waters underneath  
Were gliding, clear as truth ;  
So oft an honest heart we trace,  
Beneath a sorrow-frozen face.

And when thou wert a chaos  
Of crystals thronging on,  
Till melted by the breath of Spring,  
Thou bidst the steamers run ;  
Then thousands of the fair and free  
Were swiftly borne along on thee.

But now the Sun of summer  
Hath left the sandbars bright,  
And the steamer's thunder, and his fires  
No more disturb the night ;  
Thou seemest like those fairy streams,  
We sometimes meet with in our dreams.

How Spring has decked the forest !  
That forest kneels to thee ;  
And the long canoe and the croaking skiff,  
Are stemming the current free ;  
Thy placid marge is fringed with green,  
Save where the villas intervene.

Again the rush of waters  
Unfurls the flag of steam,  
And the river palace in its pomp,  
Divides the trembling stream ;  
Thy angry surges lash the shore,  
Then sleep as sweetly as before.



Then Autumn pours her plenty,  
And makes thee all alive,  
With floating barks that show how well  
Thy cultured valleys thrive ;  
The undressing fields yield up their grain,  
To dress in richer robes again.

Too soon thy brimming channel  
Has widened to the hill,  
As if the lap of wealthy plain  
With deeper wealth to fill ;  
Oh ! take not more than thou dost give,  
But let the toilworn cotter live.

Oh ! could I see thee slumber,  
As thou wast wont of yore,  
When the Indian in his birchen bark,  
Sped lightly from the shore ;  
Then fiery eyes gleamed through the wood,  
And thou wast often tinged with blood.

The tomahawk and arrow,  
The wigwam and the deer,  
Make up the red man's little world,  
Unknown to smile or tear ;  
The spire, the turret and the tree,  
Then mingled not their shades on thee.

Now an hundred youthful cities  
Are gladdened by thy smile,  
And thy breezes sweetened through the fields,  
The husbandman beguile ;  
Those fields were planted by the brave,—  
Oh ! let not fraud come near their grave.

Roll on, my own bright River,  
In loveliness sublime ;  
Through every season, every age,  
The favorite of Time !  
Would that my soul could with thee roam,  
Through the long centuries to come !

I have gazed upon thy beauty,  
Till my heart is wed to thee ;  
Teach it to flow o'er life's long plain,  
In tranquil majesty ;  
Its channel growing deep and wide—  
May heaven's own sea receive its tide !

—o—

Among all the improvements this old world has made,  
There's one, India Rubber, that can't be gainsaid ;  
There's scarcely a thing for which tar or land-lubber  
Has found out a use, but what has its rubber ;  
But the rubber for pencil-marks still perhaps best,  
Tho' this use is older than all of the rest ;  
But his would be genius undoubted, I take it,  
Who to rub out what's useless of memory would make it.

## THE EXPLOSION.

SUGGESTED BY THE BLOWING UP OF THE MOSELLE.

Rouse up the fires ! The cord wood crowds the stove ;  
The pent-up flame is flashing through the flues ;  
Furious the steam is bursting from above,  
Watering the highest deck with boiling dews :  
“ Put on all steam ! ” the captain shouts, “ and we  
Will teach the very lightning how to flee ! ”

Man loves to triumph over nature ; nay,  
He longs to prove that she is but his slave ;  
Her forces, struggling for their freedom, may  
Work out his will ; but oft, with instinct brave,  
When in his heart the tyrant passions burn,  
With terrible energy upon him turn.

The wheel turns once—the Sampson bursts his chain—  
A flash as all heaven’s lightning gathered there !  
A roar as if the earth were rent in twain !  
A horrid rain that darkens all the air !  
As if another Sodom met its doom,  
Or time’s last trump awoke the boundless tomb !

All came at once, the shriek, the splash, the yell—  
One moment, Chaos mounted toward the sky,—  
The next, it strewed the earth. Then sudden fell  
On either shore, on pavement, turret high,  
And shattered roof—and on the far off field,  
All that destruction’s harvest there could yield,

There lies the Captain on the bank, stone dead,  
And he who had provoked the ruin, low  
Lies near—a fragment driven through his head.

Son daughter, mother, sire, where are they now?  
Rich, poor, friend, foe, wise, wicked sink together,  
Or mingle with the splinter and the feather.

Oh! could we feel that moment's agony,—  
A hell extinguishing itself; undone  
Unnumbered ties; two hundred souls set free;  
A million deaths all crowded into one!—  
We could but think it mercy to our frame,  
To quench so suddenly life's fated flame.

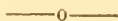
Less sad their doom, whose anguish was so vast,  
It forced the maddened life at once away;  
At once they leaped the future from the past,  
Nor 'neath the weight of shattered senses lay—  
But dreadful was their fate who lingered still,  
The captives that grim Death must torment ere he kill.

The Sun went down upon the awful scene  
In sombre majesty,—the skies seemed blood—  
The river smiled no more from his red sheen;  
And that dim night like Death's own silence stood  
On stream and shore, while eyes too dark for tears  
Searched by the lantern light, with hopes outweighed by fears.

And dreadful were the visions seen that night  
By clouded eyes in intervals of slumber;  
And many a mother screamed and woke with fright,  
Dreaming her son was of the fated number;  
And when the shutters opened, pensive dawn  
Saw many a once bright feature withered, pale and wan.

But other shutters locked the morning ray  
 From some who had survived a night of anguish,  
 Or from the rooms where shivered corpses lay,  
 Where friends are too much shocked to grieve or languish ;  
 While gazing thousands hear, from yonder shore,  
 The lesson that a cursed Ambition reads once more.

ILLINOIS, 1839.



### DECAY.

A change has come over the landscape of green  
 Since the yellow wheat harvest no longer is seen ;  
 Since the meadow is shorn of its red waving plush,  
 And the song and shout of the vesper is hush.  
 In all I observe thro' the shortening day,  
 I see the dim features of coming decay ;  
 The stalk of the corn-field is drooping its wing,  
 The green of the forest is paler than spring ;  
 The stream of the valley is dying away,  
 And the songsters of air have forgotten their lay ;  
 The breeze that has shaken the trees in its course,  
 Speaks out in a voice that is gloomy and hoarse ;  
 And the air that so lately was loaded with balm,  
 Is fullest of poison when gentle and calm ;  
 So death on the wing of the twilight comes on,  
 More sure than the stroke of meridian sun.  
 But yet if not beauty, there's love in decay ;  
 Old Night hath auroras as well as young Day,  
 And we see in the death of the summer's gay band,  
 More clearly the spring of the bright spirit land ;  
 And learn that tho' beauty is seen in the shoot,  
 The sweetest of life is condensed in the fruit.

## STANZAS.

Fly away, moments,  
Yet bear me with you,  
To some brighter region,  
Where pleasure is true.  
Nay—let me remain—  
Tho' my bliss were all spent,  
If I make it my own,  
I can live on content.

Fly away hours !  
Yet lend me your wings ;  
I will go to the bowers  
Where Hope sweetly sings ;  
Nay—shall I be cheated  
By Hope yet again ?  
I will learn here to gather  
My pleasure from pain.

Fly away days !  
And welcome the night !  
To the moon's colder rays  
I would flee from the bright :  
Meditation ! that dwell'st  
In the dim spangled sky,  
In that pale burning star,  
I will seek thee on high.

Fly away weeks !  
The faster ye go,  
The more Sabbath breezes  
Around me shall blow ;  
O leave not a moment  
From duty released,  
Lest regret on my feelings,  
Like a vulture, should feast.

Fly away months !  
Even change is delight,  
When gazing intently  
Has weakened my sight ;  
Yet stay, till remembrance  
Shall glean from past sorrow,  
Some lesson of wisdom,  
To brighten the morrow.

Fly away years !  
Ye measure my life ;  
Begone, all my fears,  
And welcome the strife :  
Welcome care, welcome toil,  
Let my pathway grow rougher ;  
I will climb with a will,  
Since to be, is to suffer.

## FREEDOM.

Hark ! in the vale a sweet voice,  
Bids the hill and the vale rejoice,  
And the blast has hushed its noise,  
And the cataract roar falls dead on the ear,  
And the rocks of the mountain hang out to hear ;  
The tyrant is pale,  
For the breeze tells the tale,  
As sings the bold spirit that ne'er bent the knee,  
“ I am free.”

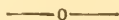
A shout on the angry sea !  
Strikes not the flag of the free,  
Though the foe the stronger be ;  
There's a flash from the sky, and a flash from the gun,  
And their thunderings mingle into one ;  
The lightning's ire  
To the foe sets fire,  
While the free ships shout, as they sink in the sea,  
“ We are free ! ”

On the verge of creation, a star  
Unbinds the ray that afar  
Rides forth on the lightning car ;  
And it glances quick on the passing worlds,  
Bidding the universe read as it whirls,  
What it doth write  
On the tablet of night,  
And the sky reflects to the mirror sea,  
“ I am free.”



Hark ! hark ! the chains are breaking,  
 And a trampled race is waking,  
 And the old Blue Ridge is shaking  
 With a chorus thrown back from the walls of the sky,  
 Till the blessed ones pause in their song on high ;  
     Our country has spoken,  
     And the chains are broken,  
 And millions are singing, half mad with glee,  
     “ We are free ! ”

1841.



## THE INVITATION.

[At the request of Edward Postlethwayt Page, the high Priest of Modern Astrologers, the author wrote a few stanzas with the above title, which the High Priest recited at his temple as part of the service. They are not fully recollected, but were something like the following.]

Come, come to the Temple with gladness and wonder,  
 And see a Pegasus, his neck clothed with thunder ;  
 On his back sits the wisdom of every age ;  
 He comes to salute you, Time-conquering Page.

Come, come to the Temple of Wisdom with mind,  
 From the grossness of earth's double darkness refined ;  
 Forget, for a season, political rage,  
 And take a short ride to the North star with Page.

He will take you far up in Thought's ample balloon,  
 Till you hang up your hat on the horns of the moon ;  
 While you hear the deep tones of the seer and the sage,  
 And Mercury and Mars give nine cheers for Page.

He will charter a comet, and then he will run  
A new opposition fast line to the Sun ;  
Fare, gratis—then jump in at once—I'll engage,  
Your head will be steady, while riding with Page.

He will yoke up the bears in a lumbering team,  
And haul to the Dogstar the Poles for ice cream ;  
He will harness the Dragon and Wolf in the stage,  
Through the Universe running the mail line of Page.

He will take out the zigzag from lightning's red line,  
And compel e'en the Thunder to sing Auld Lang Syne ;  
The fiery temper of Storm will assuage,  
And teach him the mild, graceful manners of Page.

The Militia he'll place under Grand Marshal Mars,  
And to general muster will call out the stats ;  
'Gainst Bigotry then the battle will wage,  
Till Victory dances a hornpipe for Page.

He will make a great wedding between Thought and Love,  
And invite all the first constellations above ;  
The ring shall be Saturn's, the prayer book the Praj—  
Anatha Yuga, and the Priest the Great Page.

From the Milky-way's depths with the Dipper he'll draw  
The most glorious banquet Creation e'er saw ;  
Then come, see his Pegasus bear the great Sage,  
And all o'er the Universe canter with Page !

## A DAWN IN WINTER.

The moon is dying in the West,  
A few bright stars are lingering still,  
The night wind slowly lulls to rest,  
The dawn is creeping o'er the hill.

A bridge of purple cloud is thrown  
Across the sky from peak to peak ;  
And o'er its centre shines alone  
A star of aspect mild and meek.

And o'er the hillock, where the Day  
Has bid the wood no more be hush,  
Light clouds are hovering, gilt with ray,  
That seems the hue of angel's blush.

The rosy gleam spreads o'er the sky,  
It paints the zenith like the even ;  
Those smiles of love, how fast they fly  
All o'er the fair round face of heaven !

Along the horizon, ranks of trees  
Yon hills lift up to fringe the blue,  
Seem, in their frost-knit draperies,  
The far off Beautiful and True.

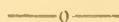
Beneath the snowy earth and sky,  
How dark they stood but yesternight ;  
Now blossoming, to every eye  
They seem a wilderness of light.

But lo ! the morn streams o'er the plain,  
 As if the bridal of the Skies  
 And Earth had won from heaven again,  
 The long lost flowers of paradise !

Oh Winter ! glorious is the scene  
 Thou spread'st o'er Vegetation's tomb ;  
 As if some landscape doffed its green,  
 And borrowed from the stars their bloom !

So when life's luxuries are dead,  
 And adverse winds its comforts freeze,  
 The Virtues o'er the heart can shed  
 The blossoms of Hesperides.

1833.



### WHO ARE THE FREE?

As once I rode through the deep green wood,  
 I heard a voice that stirred my blood  
 With its clarion tones that were not rude,  
 And it asked, "Who are the free?"  
 There was clapping of wings as the music rung,  
 And the giant trees took up the song,  
 That shook the skies as it rolled along,  
 And a wild bird turned to me ;  
 "We tread the forest or swim the air,  
 "No tyrant wastes our realms so fair,  
 "We are the free!"  
 And my voice echoed forth the thrilling air,  
 "We are the free."

As once I rode thro' the prairie vast,  
 O'er the ocean land my eyes were cast,  
 To find where the wall of the forest passed,

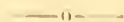
But no forest wall could see ;

A calm, deep voice sprang out of the earth,  
 That seemed by its tone of heavenly birth,  
 And its music filled the horizon's girth,

And it asked, " Who are the Free ? "

The wild flowers looked with sparkling eye,  
 They seemed the stars of a brighter sky,

And they answered, " We are the Free,"  
 And the bright clouds echoed from on high,  
 " We are the Free ! "



## THE OLD TOWN CLOCK.

The old Town Clock—

As if beating on a rock,

See him delve,

Striking Twelve !

While we hear a gentle tread,

As of watchers round the bed

Of the Day that " lies a dying " 'neath the stars weeping  
 there ;

And a calm deep and dead

Fills the air.

The old Town Clock,  
Like a distant thundershock,  
Heard and gone,  
Striking One!

Hark! it seems a single gun,  
Just fired to welcome on  
The slow and silent coming of the new born infant Day;  
While we see the dead and gone  
Borne away.

The old Town Clock,  
Father Time's knock, knock—  
Perchance he knocks for you  
Rudely striking One, Two!  
Then would you find a charm  
Against impending harm,  
From the scythe he has been whetting, for whom, ah! who  
can tell?  
If you lean on Mercy's arm,  
All is well.

The old Town Clock—  
Is he breaking through a lock,  
In search of guilty me,  
Striking One, Two, Three,—  
That bailiff of the skies?  
Coming on me by surprise,  
Doth he summon me to answer before the only True,  
While his stern and piercing eyes  
Thrill me through?

The old Town Clock—  
As if Justice o'er the block,  
Where the axe waits its banquet of gore,  
Struck the signal, One, Two, Three, Four!  
Lo! I wake as from a dream,  
And the lights of heaven seem  
Hung around a lofty hall from the river to the hill,  
And amid the City's gleam,  
All is still!

Now the old Town Clock,  
As if himself to mock,  
The voices of the hours shall revive,  
Striking One, Two, Three, Four, Five!  
Like a rocky hollow peals,  
With the rumbling of the wheels,  
The stone shod street, then away flies the sound;  
And the footstep steals  
O'er the ground.

List! the old Town Clock,  
Above the motley flock,  
Whose rattle, rumble, tramp and murmur  
intermix,  
Faintly striking One, Two, Three, Four, Five,  
Six;  
While the Sun is seen to rise  
With the red in his eyes,  
And he drops his golden card at the Town Clock's door,  
As the solemn voice dies  
Mid the roar.

## FOREBODINGS.

Thy winds, December, howl their last above the dying  
year,

As if his soul were rent away by some o'er mastering  
fear ;

Why dost thou then with innocent white so wrap the  
stiffened earth ?

While the sky looks down with frowning face as gloom  
looks down on mirth.

As though the pure white robe in which our country seems  
to glow,

Were but the fleece upon the wolf, a vile, deceitful show ;  
As if oppression from the storm had called a warning  
voice,

And heaven were wroth that guilt and shame should tri-  
umph and rejoice.

Oh tell me, ye that howl around my little peaceful dwell-  
ling,

O'er North or South, or East or West is most your anger  
swelling ?

Mourn ye the heathen of our land, or those who make  
them so ?

Or those who bid the oppressor speed, or freedom's every  
foe ?

There is a calm before the storm, a momentary awe,  
Ere Nature wakes to thunder forth the terrors of the law ;  
Before the mountain pours his stream of lava o'er the realm,  
And they who mocked the warnings feel the ruin over-  
whelm.

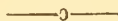


Our country even now may nurse a dread volcanic fire ;  
 See rolling up from slavery's peak the blazing vapors  
     dire !

Too soon the lava may come down to scorch the guilty  
     land ;

But tho' destruction parch the realm, the mountain yet will  
     stand.

1846



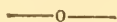
## THE RAILROAD.

If a brother  
 Every other  
 Of the tailored family  
 Wants to see ;  
 Wants the far world,  
 And its star world,  
 With its voices, to his ear  
 Gathered near ;  
 Wants a standing  
 Where th'expanding  
 Of the social problem brings  
 From the flighty  
 Past, the mighty  
 To build up a world of Kings ;  
 Wants to see  
 One in many,  
 And the many  
 All in limbo, yet all free ;  
 If he can not take a sail,  
 Let him ride a rail.

The Railroad has its story. Science first  
 With her deep, steady eye, and broad high brow,  
 Full of the past, stepped slowly into view,

Her right hand raised to lean on Nature's staff;  
Her left hand in the Present's friendly grasp;  
She beckoning to Confidence, as yet a child.  
Then stood up Want, not always cold and thin,  
But now dressed tidily and warmly too,  
With eager look, bent forward to the goal,  
Where Commerce, Thrift, and Patriotism meet;  
Boldly she stood, and spoke for farms and towns  
And cities and the host of villages,  
That begged the rails to knit them into one.  
She called on Foresight, with old Caution's aid,  
To scan the prospect and mark out the way.  
And next Association, with his shares,  
Full of high hope and advertisement wide,  
And Capital, with plump yet sallow face,  
And hands in pocket, loftily came in.  
And then Organization, with his staff,  
Led on by Skill, whose sleight of hand and nerve  
And muscle, trained in Repetition's school  
To readiness and systematic motion,  
Had well prepared him for the people's call,  
Armed with the compass, level, chain and axe,  
Conquered a path o'er mountain, vale and plain.  
The bidders held their tournament until  
Responsibility had won, and gave  
Bonds for his performance; then his force  
He marshalled for the combat with the hills,  
And put in hands of labor burden bowed,  
Plow handle, pick and sledge and spade, that pulled  
Into the light barrow crumbling red old cliffs,  
Transferring barren heights to loamy depths.  
Thus did a level pierce the breast of Earth.  
Nor was that mighty leveler, the axe,  
Idle meanwhile, nor his broad faced compeer.

The forest yelled to strokes of fiery steel,  
And the huge trunks to right lined timber shrank.  
Nor did beneficent nature scant her aid—  
The rich old heiress into whose deep, broad  
And turf thatched cellars centuries had piled  
Rock, coal and metal ; well shod towers arose  
Defying strong armed rivers ; so the woof  
Of the long web of track was timely warped  
With threads of iron ; heavy web upheld  
By shoulders stout of tressel, bank or bridge  
Unyielding. Commerce now provides her shoes ;  
Machine shop, foundry and enginery meet  
To mould the patterns into palace forms ;  
As well as whirling feet, and iron lungs,  
For this bluff carrier of the million. Thus  
The serpent, being taught his course, doth run  
And put on more than wings to bear his foe.



Spare, Oh Wind, the weary and worn,  
Lone in the forest, the child of woe ;  
Smite not fiercely the poor and forlorn,  
Save for the ruthless and robber the blow ;  
The remnant of manhood the world has refused,  
Of Nature who asks but her sorriest crust ;  
Oh be not by thee this, her rough son abused ;  
To the weary leave all that is left him, his trust.

## RIDE TO SPRINGFIELD.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis two o'clock. The sudden whistle  
screams,

Time and the Rail-car idly wait for no man's waking  
dreams ;

My little trunk and carpet sack—is every thing put in ?

And now I hear the omnibus, with its rumbling, rattling  
din,

Rambling roughly o'er the pavement, answering roughly  
every stone,

Rattling o'er the graves of thousands, that can give no  
answering tone.

I'm aboard ; good bye ; the driver cracks the whip and  
fast

Dwellings, steeples, stores, warehouses, city joggle past ;

Here's the Depot ; men and women dropping thick as  
stars,

Busy, busy, doing nothing all around the cars.

Why so many hither coming,

Without drumming ?

Why ? Because the cheapest, fleetest,

Richest, socialest, and neatest

Locomotion, puffed the loudest,

For the humblest and the proudest,

Ready, wide awake,

With the world will always take.

Hark ! the scream again up yonder ; see adown the track

Comes the iron horse a coughing, blustering, big and black.

See his white breath curling yonder ; see his great red,  
staring eyes ;

'Tis Leviathan made harmless ; not a living creature flies ;

Now he hides behind the houses, tamer horses, hacks and  
hosts ;

Something has bewitched his motion, this the speed of  
which he boasts ?

Yet he's coming ; on his instrument he's drumming  
Just the tune he's going to play :

Clear the way.

Ticket man has shut his closet.

Baggage—see ! they safely lock it ;

You are in your cushioned seat,

And your checks are in your pocket ;

Here he comes ! see how they're running,

E'en their best friends timely shunning ;

And we go :

Barely moving ; does the tongue quite fit the grooving ?

Hand carts are not half so slow.

Yet 'twere sin to now begin too

Rapid, and the crowd run into ;—

Heads are nodding ; scenes are scudding ;

Cars are rattling, rumbling, rattling ;

Passengers begin their tattling ; But the brakesman's whirl  
—'tis dropped ;

Slower, slower,—we are stopped.

Here they come !

Strength and Beauty, Love and Duty—

Heaven has joined their hands ;

Law has riveted the bands ;

Hear the echoing platform greet the bounding feet

Of the twain in one, the firm and the sweet,

Starting on a life long trip, Nature's live world to repeat ;

Leaving each a home,

Finding each a home,

Let them have the happiest seat.

Now again the bell is ringing,

Quickly to our seats we're springing,

And the gushing steam is rushing, every other clamor  
hushing,

Save the ever rolling revolution of the rumbling wheels,

Rolling, rattling, rumbling wheels.

Now the prim conductor reeling,

Makes himself by no means strange,

Large as life and full of feeling—

In his pockets for the change ;

Balancing along he lingers ;

Pigeon holes between his fingers ;

Ones and twos and threes stuck in 'em,

Greasy rags, how fast he'll win 'em ;

No excuses now, but pay ;

Down he drops the old red ticket ;

Place it where no one can pick it ;

While he spreads him on his way.

Turn and view the scene entrancing ;

Trees are dancing, hills are prancing ;

Every thing takes wing and flies ;

Plains are leaping ; Time is sweeping

New worlds on and off the skies.

See! the farms are shooting by us, many a stable inter-  
feres ;

Fruits and flowers, too, quickly fly us ; orchards brushing  
past our cars ;

Now as if the mountains sundering,

Neath those precipices blundering,

Tho' a roofless tunnel thundering,

Rest himself our steed denies ;

Thundering, roaring, o'er the deep laid rocky flooring,

Out again, then rolling, roaring ;

Sure he'll wear out cars and eyes.

Along the ridges hear him rattle ;

O'er the bridge tatlattle, lattle ;

Filling cars he may not shun,  
With his many things in one.  
How that whirligig bewitches  
Motion as it nears the switches ;  
Here we meet the flat cars bearing iron, coal and wood  
For some young and hungry railroad, necessary food ;  
So 'tis Commerce, and her hand-maid, Labor, make the  
way,

O'er the earth and thro' the nations, shooting life and day.  
Lowly Labor, he the same that piled the Pyramids,  
Levels mountains, equalizes when the sovereign bids ;  
And why not, since mighty oceans filled by merest worm ;—  
Tying up the shoe of Progress, so his footsteps may be firm.

On the T rail how we rattle,

Tulattle, lattle, lattle, lattle ;

Now the T rail's done,

And the flat rail is begun ;

Raking, shaking, swaying, rocking,

Like a thousand strangers knocking ;

Puff, puff, puff, puff, roaring, rolling,

Like ten thousand carts a coaling ;

Heads of passengers are waving,

Forward, backward, all together ;

Like the corn in windy weather ;

Now we hear the furious train,

Living, moving iron chain,

Rumbling, tumbling, rattling, roaring,

Like an hundred storms a pouring,

Thundering o'er the plain.

To and fro the brakeman swaying,

With the whirligig is playing ;

Sensibly the storm's abating ;

Comes along the man in waiting,

"Morrow, twenty minutes," hear !

Side track—supper—town appear.  
While the locomotive rests,  
Passengers drop down to guests.  
Hark ? the distant roaring, nearer,  
Rapid growing louder, clearer,  
And the scream so shrill and broken  
Of the meeting trains the token ;  
Here he comes ! the great land serpent winding down the  
track ;  
Past us now so gently gliding on his journey back ;  
Harmless neighbor ! we at bay  
Thankful that we do not meet him on the way.  
But see the groups so earnest talking ;  
Not an hour, and death was walking  
On the car's roof, as it leaped  
Through the bridge's jaws, and reaped  
Two young stalks of manly growth,  
Beating out the brains of both !  
Hark ! the mother's frantic wail !  
See the father wan and pale !  
Fierce uprooter, 'Time's sharpshooter,  
'Thro' the Now that shoots the Future !  
To the Judgment running rail !  
Infiniteward sweeping gale !  
Pass onward to the grave, ye cars, a mourning train,  
And leave us here at home with life again.  
Oh our great Father ! our true Friend afar !  
Bring our souls near Thee, so that when Thy bar  
Of judgment waits us, we to change the car  
May be all ready ; keep us steady  
In thy way, night and day.  
Duty bids us, who survive,  
Be to present all alive,  
Live and thrive.



For the waiters meanwhile ringing,  
Changes on the dishes, bringing  
Viands round us, quite confound us  
With their kindness and good breeding ;  
Then a newsboy brings us reading ;  
Hark, the bell once more !  
Now the supper's o'er ;  
Back again our path we find,  
If a mouthful we're dividing, leaving half behind.  
All aboard ! then puffing, rattling, rumbling, tattling,  
Rolling, roaring, roaring, thundering,  
Sound's vast sanctuary plundering,  
Creatures wondering,  
Flying, leaping, prancing, rearing,  
See them starting, stopping, staring,  
Tails are upward, heads are downward,  
Colts and cattle streak it townward ;  
Nature, late so calm and gay,  
All in haste to clear the way.  
Now the iron horse is hungry, feed him with a tree or two,  
Chopped to mincemeat, give him drink—there, that will do.  
Hot for work, he makes a warm road,  
Lively, modernized reform road,  
Making all the New World sweat,  
'Till it gets the realm in debt.  
Rolling, roaring worse than ever !  
After meals no rest ? no, never ;  
Bad digestion is with him quite out of question.  
Pleasant striding long, long hill ;  
Pleasant hiding under mill,  
Pleasant skimming pea green river,  
River flowing calmly under,  
Ruffled not a whit by thander ;  
Pleasant mid this furious din,

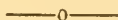
Life's great chorus to bring in ;  
Voices from the City's street ;  
Shoutings where the masses meet ;  
Ringings from the country road ;  
Singings from the swain's abode ;  
Classic clamors which the ear  
Of self government must hear ;  
Fountain gushings, river rushings,  
Solemn bells, organ swells ;  
Tones of worship's mighty oneness,  
True to social life and liveness ;  
Trade winds moaning in their race ;  
Ocean's bass ; warnings from the heavenly place ;  
But until we reach that shore,  
Wave on wave we're rolling o'er, evermore.  
Now the plain spreads out before us,  
Endlessly toward the West,  
With its milk white mansions gleaming,  
With the gold of Autumn teeming,  
Plenty, loveliness and rest.  
So the soul, mature and upright,  
From experience bringing up light,  
Widely spreads its thought and deed,  
Gathering for the world its need.  
Oh how blessed they who fill the ample nest,  
Bosomed on the faithful breast  
Of yon far off realm of rest !—  
Four new feet are pressing the form ;  
Three new faces ; one bundled up warm ;  
A little car hitched to the long train of Being,  
A new ray of light from the Sun—the All-seeing ;  
A carrier dove from the Great Unknown ;  
A little star sent to work out its own ;  
A new eye in the Universe, waiting for thought ;

A diamond, by suffering's edge to be wrought ;  
 One more little drop in the great sea of soul ;  
 A little red cloud that may spread o'er the whole ;  
 A new recruit for life's great battle ;  
 And what are the cars but the world child's rattle ?  
 Sweet youth, go not in the downward road,  
 But in the straight track of Truth whirling back,  
 Go up to thy God.

Again the forests hem the track,  
 Some shrewd land-owner's keeping back  
 For cottage fires, year after year,  
 Whose many smokes we quickly near ;  
 Or for the shops ere long to fill  
 Each farm with shining utensil ;  
 Oh grand old forest, all that's left  
 Of the new world's romantic old,  
 That withers neath the touch of gold—  
 Of its red hunters all bereft ;—  
 Oh grand old forest, hold thine own,  
 Or even Art may lose his throne.  
 Now the ticket man once more  
 Staggers as he did before ;  
 Take your tickets back and welcome,  
 Soon the beauteous Springfield shall come,  
 So we play your cards no more.  
 Hark ! the scream so shrill and deafening,  
 Open bursts the ear of evening ;  
 Scream, the unison of screams,  
 And manufactured out of hideous dreams ;  
 By woe imported from a dozen hells ;  
 Long, loud and lofty, 'tis the yell of yells ;  
 Is it the neigh of our expiring steed ?  
 Hark ! again that awful scream !  
 Fierce and fiery spirit, steam,

Pours his life out in that scream !  
Mingled with the rattling, rolling,  
Loud as great guns after polling ;  
Through the steepest down gulley tumbling ;  
Faster, faster grows the rumbling ;  
Cars are parting and diverging,  
Forward darting, gently urging  
Past yon cottages each other,  
Where is consort, friend or brother ;  
Death the soul of steam is humbling ;  
Softer, softer grows the rumbling ;  
There the Railroad House is blazing ;  
There's the place of friendly greeting ;  
Now the happy, mirthful meeting ;  
Here the depot we begin to  
Softly, quietly run into ;  
And the stable for our steed is all wide open there ;  
Here we are.

1853.



Oh beautiful September, lovely shine  
Wakes all thy joys, when infant joys are thine ;  
But as thy days come faster, storm wakes up  
And dashes in thy face the brimming cup ;  
The clouds, like tassels, hang around the sky ;  
The hours in their unrest are hurrying by,  
All bound to work out some sensation time,  
While dying Beauty wills her all to the sublime.

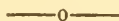
1860.

## CHANGE.

Glad heavens and clear, that follow long  
On cloudy days and stormy nights ;  
When Freedom washes out our wrongs,  
Then may she glad us with our Rights.

What myriad elements unite  
To form this living, breathing whole !  
What varied actions, trials, words,  
And records fertilize the soul !

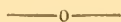
The changing treasures of the past,  
All things that heaven rains down on earth,  
Make up the living waste of blood,  
And give each week of years new birth.



## NEW YEARS DAY.

It nears the hour of midnight. There is joy  
In many a hall ; such joy as locks the door  
On bliss, and ere long stuns the ear of Truth.  
There's many a merry dance upon the grave  
New made of the departed year ; yet as the clod  
Falls heavily upon its coffin, and the blast  
Moans sadly o'er it, keen and curious eyes  
Are glancing forward to the new-born year  
As if to read the secrets of its heart.  
But let me with an eye, if ever bright,  
The past has dimmed, beseechingly look up  
To the Great Father for the better sense,

In the Time's blotted page and paling ink,  
To read the faithful lessons of the past.  
Alas for wasted moments and resolves !  
Alas for calm hours lost to thankfulness !  
Alas for better aims burnt out too soon !  
And earnest thought slow kindling, and ere flamed,  
By heaped up trifles clogged and burnt to smoke !  
Ah why so little real to my thirst  
Th' exhaustless fountains of the worth of soul !  
Then give me sorrow, but no vain regrets ;  
Give me the tears that water the new life,  
The sorrowing that makes better. Bind, oh wires,  
The old and new ; let the old year's mistakes  
Train the young year for Right and Victory.  
Give me the aims that give the zest to toil ;  
The aims within his reach who builds on God,—  
Too strong for winds of circumstance. My soul !  
Be not thou crowded off from Duty's track ;  
The young year welcomes thee ; so let thy prayers  
Be deeds, wearing life's year out. If I fail  
To win the battle, let me fight at least  
With what in me is ill before I die.



Moon that sinks away in shade ;  
Gems of life laid safe away ;  
Nature's merriest music played ;  
Blushes on the cheek of day ;  
Mists that slowly disappear,  
Night is gone and day is here.

## DOWN THE STREAM.

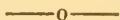
Gliding, gliding down the stream,  
Buried in a joyous dream ;  
Merry waters' laugh I hear  
Ever round me ringing clear ;  
Tickling as they pass me by ;  
Kissing ear and cheek and eye ;  
'Tis delight itself to dream,  
Gliding, gliding down the stream.

See me gliding down the stream,  
Catching fashion's changing beam ;  
To the world my flattery giving,  
And its flattery receiving ;  
Never hearing Duty's call ;  
Making pleasure all in all ;  
Living but to see and seem ;  
Gliding, gliding down the stream.

Gliding, gliding down the stream,  
Drunk with pleasure's luscious dream ;  
Drinking till the sense is numb,  
And delight at last is dumb ;  
Worn out senses next complain,  
Stinging every nerve to pain ;  
Stripped of all delight I dream,  
Rushing, rushing down the stream.

Rushing, rushing down the stream,  
Now it grows a fearful dream ;  
Scenes around are sterner, prouder ;  
Waters rolling fiercer, louder ;  
Snags and rocks, they pass me by,  
Beating cheek and ear and eye ;  
Oh 'tis agony to dream,  
Rushing, rushing down the stream !

Rushing, rushing down the stream !  
Doubt and terror !—awful dream !  
Honey gone and left the sting ;  
Passion my fierce tyrant King ;  
Fell Despair has stunned my soul ;  
As a drifting log I roll ;  
Till where Ruin's cataracts gleam,  
One last mad plunge with the stream !



Oh Winter, thou with arrowy frost  
Dost drive us to the fire,  
That for our wounded sense prescribes  
The speech, the song, the lyre.

Boy January, thou dost come,  
Spoiled child of holidays,  
To strew live roses round our hearts,  
And all along our ways.

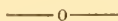


## COME HOME.

When skies are bright and flowers are gay,  
And honey breezes wildly roam,  
'Tis Nature doth herself display,  
She only says, "Come home, come home."

When skies are dark and flowers are gone,  
And weary storms with pattering come,  
There is a milder joy unwon ;  
Go seek it at the fireside home.

When life has burnt his candle out,  
And dim blue torches guard the tomb,  
Then mayst thou hear the joyful shout,  
"Oh happy soul, come home, come home."



Come gently down, ye April rains  
Upon the widow's garden spot ;  
Spoil not the out come of her pains,  
Her little all, oh harm it not.

Come gently down like morning dew  
Upon her vegetable wealth ;  
'Tis little that she has, 'tis true,  
Besides her harvest, home and health.

There's One who hears the widow's prayer,  
There's one who gives her daily bread ;  
Her early herbs and late flowers spare,  
So one whom Jesus loves is fed.

## FOUND.

Fierce were the words of the Wind and Frost,  
Sent deep thro' the fibres of soul ;  
And the ground was hard-hearted as little young John  
Went out for a basket of coal.

For he was his mother's only son,  
And she a widow and poor ;  
And famine and cold—when the one went out,  
The other came in at the door.

Little young John was the last who was served  
With a basket of coal from the yard ;  
And the night gathered round, and the pathway home  
Was broken, uneven and hard.

His left arm stretched, and his right ahold  
Of the burden, on he went ;  
Till his foothold lost, he fell on his head,  
Was stunned, and his strength was spent.

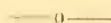
Old Winter had drugged the air for him,  
And was putting him fast asleep ;  
When the billeted watchman came thumping by,  
The nightly peace to keep.

And he signaled for help, and it came, and they bore  
The lad to the station-house near,  
With his basket of coal ; and he lay on his head,  
Stiffened as on his bier.

And they wrapped him warm, and they rubbed him well,  
Till his breath came back once more,  
And he said, "Dear mother, I'm coming soon,"  
And glanced at the opened door.

Not long ere a woman was senseless brought  
And laid in another room ;  
And womanly words and works drew near  
To bring her senses home.

And when they came back, "My son," she said,  
And the story soon was told ;  
And the boy and his mother were sent back home  
With coal and bread and gold.



## MIST.

The sky is all asoak,  
And the earth is all a bog,  
And the stone pile city buried in  
Immeasurable fog.

The spire shot up from yonder church  
Almost dissolves in smoke ;  
The roofs are lost, the hills are gone,  
The world's heart seemeth broke.

Come back, come back, thou glorious sun,  
Come back, thou living blue ;  
Our country is dissolved in smoke ;  
Its hearthfires build anew !

## POETRY.

Spirit of Poetry, come from the hills  
With a balm for my care wearied heart ;  
Oh come with the music of soft flowing rills,  
And thy exquisite gladness impart.

Oh come with the dawn hues new born of the cloud,  
When the light skims the horizon's shore ;  
Oh come from the far forest dreaming aloud,  
Ere the lark trims his pinions to soar.

Oh come from the ranks of the shining young corn,  
When the wind stirs the field to a wave ;  
That leap with the joy of the husbandman's horn—  
Beauty's dead, just awaked from the grave.

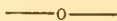
And bring me the answer of yon lofty peak  
To the shout of the huntsman below ;  
And the dance of the bells, when the forest is bleak,  
As the horses glide over the snow.

And bring the wild music of waves rolling on,  
Rolling on to the shores of the tree ;  
Oh could they but echo one voice that has gone  
To shoreless Eternity's sea !

And bring me a glance from the lightning's fierce eye,  
And the song of the far rolling thunder ;  
And while I remember the Almighty is nigh,  
May my heart grow electric with wonder.

Bring the infant's sweet eye, that fountain of light,  
 The morn on the features of youth ;  
 And the visions that glitter and glow in their flight,  
 Round and round toward the temple of Truth.

Spirit of Poetry, come from the skies,  
 With the peace dews that brighten the heart ;  
 Oh come with the music of hope that ne'er dies,  
 And unspeakable gladness impart.



## WELCOME.

Come, Winter, to my sou ;  
 The year has done his best ;  
 The winds, the seasons' funeral toll  
 Shall sing above their rest ;  
 And thou to moaning ocean go,  
 And bring from thence a shroud of snow.

Come on, come on ! the chill  
 Of thy rude, strong embrace,  
 Is summer to the frosts that kill  
 The virtues of our race !  
 Spring soon shall bid the streamlet start—  
 But what can melt a frozen heart ?

Come with the ruddy cheek,  
 The stern and fearless eye ;  
 Yet 'neath thy voice shall mercy speak,  
 Tho' terror fills the sky.  
 For if thy clouds are black as night,  
 They fall in showers, like showers of light

## PALESTINE.

Come, come to my soul's eye, blessed region of story,  
Where Jehovah displayed the excess of his glory ;  
Where Israel's sweet singer in gladness adored,  
And the prophets went forth in the strength of the Lord.

Bright land of the cedar, the olive and palm,  
O'erflowing with milk and with honey and balm ;  
Were the people thy valleys have nurtured now free,  
How quick toward thy mountains my footsteps would be !

Oh home of the visions that wander to bliss ;  
The hope of a brighter world kindled in this ;  
Could my freed soul toward heaven this moment take wing,  
I would pause on the land where th' Almighty was King.

Even now in the spirit I seem to be there,  
On the mount where the Savior's voice melted in prayer ;  
And there on the plain where the thousands were fed,  
And there where the loved one was raised from the dead.

And there on the hill where the cross was displayed,  
And a world's weight of sin on his shoulders was laid ;  
And oh let me gaze with a penitent's eye  
Where He, lifted up, drew the earth to the sky.

Bright land of the saints long departed from time,  
We all shall behold thee in heaven's own clime ;  
If the God whom we fear is the God whom we love,  
He will lead us to thee, a new Canaan above.

## THE SPRING.

Sweet little spring !  
Out of the hillside by the way  
Thou comest ever, night and day ;  
Ever clear and pure and gay ;  
Dripping out of Nature's bosom,  
Bright and balmy as a blossom ;  
Now a bubble, now a mirror,  
Thou of man and beast the cheerer,  
Lookest in the face of heaven  
Thanks for light so freely given ;  
Then adown thy clayey bed,  
Sweetly trickling little thing,  
Dost thou glide and sing.

Pure flowing spring !  
Thou stayst not in thy bed of clay ;  
But bubblest up all night and day,  
And glidest out and roll'st away ;  
Dripping down a little steep,  
Like Passaic thou dost leap  
Into a channel never deep ;  
Then thro' rock, mud, ice and snow  
Merry and winding wilt thou go,  
To help wash out this world of woe.  
To thee is given, and thou dost give,  
Ever living, letting live ;  
Still oh sparkling little spring,  
Trickle, bubble, sing.

Gay, bounteous spring !  
 Within thy cozy, rock-walled mug  
 I dip at morn my faithful jug ;  
 A welcome, as I draw the plug,  
 Thou givest me, and tricklest in,  
 To quench my thirst, with merry din,—  
 Till gurgling up to very chin,  
 Thou criest enough, and back I go,  
 As thou dost, through the mud and snow,  
 Up sideling path where grass shall grow,  
 And fainter hear thy voices ring,  
 “ Live well, let live,  
 “ Receive and give,”  
 While I respond, “ Sweet little spring,  
 “ Ever glide and sing.”

1858.

—o—

## BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Beautiful day !  
 Clearing away ;  
 Beautiful cloud and beautiful ray ;  
 Pure airs that make us so glad all the day ;  
 Beautiful, beautiful day.  
 Beauty's sweet guises ;  
 Gentle surprises ;  
 Air, light and water, Nature's franchises ;  
 Smoke from Love's hearth-fire so gentle that rises ;  
 Steam that tires never of toil's enterprises ;  
 Love's breath all round us, that soul oxidizes ;  
 Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Day.

1861.



## CAMPING OUT NEAR LAKE SUPERIOR.

Ten miles to the last of the dwellings behind,  
Ten miles to the first ahead ;  
And I was afoot and aweary and lone,  
As the sun went down to his bed.

For all day long had I followed the trail,  
Whose dreamy course was run,  
As if 'twere the track of a monster snail  
In the days of the mastodon.

A friend with a sweet low voice then said,  
“ Come hither and make your tea ; ”  
For a little rill went singing by,  
Where tree joined hands with tree.

A fire flashed out of the fallen pine  
And sweetened a supper for me ;  
Tho' I saw thro' the bush a young circle of stars  
Laugh at my tin cup of tea.

And the pine tree lent me its soft young limbs  
And its fallen leaves for a bed ;  
With the fire at my feet I laid me down,  
My bundle 'neath my head.

Did I dream of five thousand dollar beds,  
Or the Esquimaux's bed of snow ?  
Did my soul through the mazes of Future and Past  
On a voyage of discovery go ?

Did I dream of the red retreat of the fierce,  
Or the white march of the free?  
Of the wide, wide wilderness world that has been,  
Or the city world that's to be.

Did visions of dragons and wild beasts invade  
(Beneath the crumpled up hat)  
The eyes that were hanging ajar? Oh no,  
My sleep was too sound for all that.

No serpent hissed, or panther screamed  
Thro' all the night long, for you see,  
The musquito tribes had already made way  
With every thing living but me.

But once as the brisk air gave me a hunch,  
As the fire grew ashy and low;  
And a hand and a foot went creeping around  
Till the pile was all aglow;

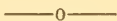
I heard a savage voice afar,  
"The red man is avenged;  
"But War shall wring the Right out of the Wrong  
"Till the world's face shall be changed."

Whether that voice from a lone old chief,  
Or a crazed one, it did not say;  
But I thought of the Babylon of chains,  
As its echoes rolled away.

Refreshed and grateful I drank my tea,  
As the sun rose up from his bed ;  
Said the twink of his eye, I am with you on  
To the working mines ahead.

And I saw that our land was a mighty camp,  
And the nation must yet camp out ;  
Ere the hosts that have crushed the true life of our race  
Shall be finally put to rout.

1860.



## AWAKING.

How cheerful is a morning walk  
Ere breakfast bell is rung !  
How rich to hear the forest talk,  
To whom the lark has sung !

To see the wheat field's velvet green  
Amid the winter's waste ;  
The willow blooming o'er the scene,  
And bidding spring make haste.

To feel the blood thro' all the veins,  
A jet of glad surprise ;  
And see a pathway o'er the plains  
That reddens up the skies !

## GO AHEAD.

Go ahead is our motto ; a noble one too ;  
If Davy did say it, 'tis none the less true ;  
'Twas true as far back from the birth-day of Crockett  
As the hour when the globe was first thrown in its socket ;  
When the fly-wheel of earth was well fixed in its bed,  
Said Nature, " All's right, and now go ahead."

We read that Creation, ere yet it was warm  
From the hand of its Maker, was wanting in form ;  
And darkness was king o'er the face of the deep,  
When the beautiful light was first awakened from sleep ;  
Then at once on its way through creation it sped,  
Till Night rubbed his eyes and saw something ahead.

Then woke the young spirit of motion, and gave,  
A shove to the sea and away went the wave ;  
And it took the huge stride of a giant from birth,  
And it's footfall was soon heard all over the earth ;  
And from that day to this it ne'er could be said,  
The ocean e'er wearied of going ahead.

The grass threw its green vest all over the plain,  
And the stalk soon exchanged its gay flowers for the grain ;  
The herb and the tree clambered up from the shoot,  
Extended their branches and held out their fruit ;  
And the great lights and lesser were marshaled, and led  
'To her place in the grand march, Earth bounded ahead.

And so comes the Sun, wheeling higher and higher,  
 Throwing out, as he passes, the life giving fire,  
 Till gently descending the ridge of the sky,  
 He leaves gentle Cynthia his place to supply ;  
 Day and Night, as the Captains, alternately tread  
 The bright deck of Time while the ship goes ahead.

And down the long river of ages the Right  
 And the Onward have given to progress its might ;  
 But in these iron days of the rail and wires,  
 When we unchain the man, as we chain up the fires,  
 Say we alter the motto, and now be it said,  
 First lay down your track well, and then go ahead.

And as in those days of the reign of old Night,  
 The movement was opened by striking a light ;  
 So now to dethrone him and evermore foil  
 The tricks he conceals, we bore to strike oil ;  
 And waking the old buried earth from the dead,  
 We light up our pathway and then go ahead.

1862.



Running away, all, all day,  
 Yes, old Time is running away,  
 Thro' the shine, rain, hail and snow,  
 Fast as he can go.

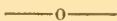
## FIRMNESS.

Stand up, stand up against the wrong,  
Stand firmly for the right ;  
For Right will triumph over wrong  
As sure as day o'er night.  
Each man's a stone in that great wall,  
Round Truth's vast towers that never fall.

Stand up, stand up, when fierce winds come  
To hurl thee to the ground ;  
Remember God, thy Father then,  
Whose goodness knows no bound ;  
Tho' storms may blow thine eyesight dim,  
Stand up and lift thy voice to Him.

Stand up, when furious clouds are fleet,  
To batter down the true ;  
For manhood, crushed by many feet,  
Is hardest to renew ;  
Strongest of souls has ever been  
His, who has stood the shock of men.

1863.



Oh if the Sun did always shine  
From skies of never sullied view,  
Alas ! how little of Divine  
Would dwell in Nature's lifeless hue !

If one unvarying light there were,  
All o'er the heaven's unbounded scene,  
Oh who could see th' Almighty where  
There comes no cloud to intervene !

## VOYAGE OF LIFE.

On being's flood, oh Lord, I go,  
Amid the rocks of sin and woe ;  
But while my vessel plows the wave,  
Oh Pilot, only Thou cans't save.

Ne'er let my soul's foundation fail ;  
With hope and gladness swell its sail ;  
Its compass be Thy holy word,  
Its course toward Thy throne, oh God.

When all around life's dark blue sea  
Is beautiful tranquility ;  
Then may Thy strong but viewless arm  
Still speed me through the treach'rous calm.

And when the gale shall toss the forms  
Of cloud and beat them into storms ;  
And all the heavens are lost in night,  
Wilt Thou lift up a beacon light ?

And when my foes with threatening gun  
My helpless bark shall charge upon ;  
Then for the battle make me strong,  
And bid me sing the victor's song.

So may at last my struggling sail  
The port of heavenly glory hail ;  
And when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee with a mightier heart.

## A PRAYER.

Oh 'Thou who dwellest everywhere,  
To Thee I lift my earnest prayer,  
    'Thro' Jesus' precious blood ;  
That 'Thou would'st teach my thoughts to be  
Where'er I dwell, or move, with 'Thee,  
    With 'Thee, the only good.

When in the day I walk the street,  
May I 'Thy glorious presence meet,  
    Around, beyond, above ;  
And feel the glory of the strife  
'That wars with all the ills of life  
    Is universal love.

My body when I bend to toil,  
May blessings springing from the soil  
    Still bring 'Thy goodness nigh ;  
And written on each leaf and flower,  
Oh may 'Thy boundless love and power  
    Make glad my kindling eye.

And when my mind begins its task,  
'Thy kind assistance may I ask  
    To guide its steps aright ;  
For thou who mad'st the mind can tell  
Where all its richest treasures dwell,  
    So give the needful light.



And when I mix with fellow man,  
 Guide all my deeds and words that then  
   True witness I may bear;  
 That Thy true image I may show,  
 And men who love Thee not may know  
   How blest Thy children are.

— o —

## PROPS.

How beautiful the task to lift the vine  
 Just rising out of earth, and give it stays,  
 And cherish it with fresh and loosened soil,  
 And cheer with the water from the spring,  
 And prune it timely, and pluck off the worms,  
 That fasten on its leaf, and keep all clear  
 For the incoming crop. Yea, give it rods,  
 That drooping may not kill its young ambition;  
 And well will it repay thee with its fruit.  
 And not alone *this* task a lovely one;  
 For not unlike it his who gives the young  
 The props of Truth and Science, Faith and Hope.  
 So better is it that these props be given,  
 For the young soul itself to climb upon,  
 Than tie it to the stake with after thoughts,  
 Which its prone will soon breaks, and soonest breaks,  
 If storm comes round to aid the breakage. Give  
 Earliest the props to set young habit right.

— o —

Now be Freedom's flag extended,  
   O'er the continents unfurled,  
 Like the glorious day suspended,  
   Bridge of light across the world.

## MOTION AND REST.

A voice came o'er old chaos,  
And pierced the formless night ;  
Whose whirling waves were hushed to rest ;  
It said, " Let there be light."

Light came, and next the heavens,  
The sea, the land, the wood ;  
The whale, the eagle, ox, and man ;  
Meanwhile the voice, " All good."

The mountains gave the echo,  
That rolled from hill to hill ;  
Until the boundless skies did seem  
With that glad voice to thrill.

Then silence ruled creation,  
With one glad feeling blest ;  
When came the voice more sweetly grand ;  
It said, " Let there be rest."

A song came down from Heaven ;  
The angelic band was there ;  
And the rapt spirit of the deep  
Sent back the song in prayer.

And then on all Creation  
One lesson was impressed ;  
The smile of God alone can give  
The world's vast soul it's rest.

•

## PATCH OF SKY.

Throw wide the shutter ; let the light  
Pay one more visit to my sight,  
Ere all things outward yield to night,  
And bring a patch of sky.

A little field of heaven fenced in  
That hears not this world's ceaseless din,  
But hope believes is washed from sin—  
One great, clear, bright, blue eye.

Most blessed things it brings to me,  
Across my life's now silent sea ;  
The gushes of my infancy,  
Ere faith was dimmed with dust ;

The dust of this vast rattling world ;  
Where all the elements are whirled,  
Thro' wheels on wheels till thought is hurled  
Deep down in heaps of rust.

Come, then, although your stay be short,  
That patch of sky shall be my fort ;  
Where native Truth shall hold its court,  
Safe from invading caste.

Some glorious foretastes I'll enjoy  
Of worlds that know not sin's alloy ;  
And seek, a gladsome, wandering boy,  
The beauties of the past.

## COMING AND GOING.

Pass on, oh Winter world !  
Thy snow flag is unfurled  
Where'er I see ;  
Thy troops, December trained,  
Have many battles gained  
O'er bond and free.

Powerless with thee to cope,  
The day lies shrivelled up,  
The sun drops down ;  
Cut off is slender shoot,  
And flower and leaf and fruit  
Away are flown.

But when is done thy worst,  
The last shall come back first  
And thou shalt yield ;  
Victorious then the Spring  
To the desolate shall bring  
The living field.

— o —

Oh God, Thou only just and true,  
How blest it is to rest in Thee,  
And feel Thy soul renewing dew  
Make all within me blithe and free.

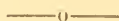
From day to day so let my soul  
Go up to seek thy blessing where  
Thou bidst the golden gift clouds roll  
Adown their weight of all things fair.

## SPRING NOTES.

Tho' chill at first, thy better glance  
Comes o'er me now more kind and arch,  
Now sweet, now shrill, now gay as France,  
Thy voice has all of change, oh March.

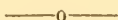
Blow not my hopes quite all away,  
Nor turn to snow my tears of rain,  
Tho' thy fierce lyre wears out the day,  
Touch softly when he wakes again.

1861.



Bird of April, cheerful one,  
Let me have thy soul of sun ;  
All the morn the fierce wind blows,  
Thou art playing thy sweet whistle,  
Resting on the rose or thistle,  
But the words bird only knows.

1861.



Oh the merry days of college !  
They are floating back to me,  
With the Greek and Mathematics,  
And grave Astronomy ;  
The Boarding House and Ledger Books,  
And evening walks by running brooks ;  
The views from those familiar hills ;  
The quiet farms below ;  
The good old bell that brought me back  
The way that I should go ;  
Oh those were good and wholesome times,  
And so I'll can them up in rhymes.

## LIGHTING UP.

Yes, kindle the fire,  
And wake the lyre ;  
Take out the ashes and let in the air,  
For thou hast a share  
In all things glorious wherever they are ;  
Just roused from the innocent sleep of death,  
Pour out the new life in the music of breath ;  
For the feet of Day near,  
Till the morn is blown here ;  
So put in the kindlings, let the match light them up,  
Then drink the true wine to Peace, Joy, Love and Hope.

—o—

Up bright and early,  
Waste not a thought ;  
Glorious day's work  
Now must be wrought.

Day after Sunday—  
Be it next best,  
Bright be the Monday  
Just after rest.

—o—

The starry chandelier still hangs  
Athwart the blue, unclouded sky ;  
And ancient history is writ  
In gold upon that tablet high.  
How very few of mortal deeds  
On others' tongues shall reappear !  
And fewest few of mortal names  
May ever reach another sphere.

## SPRING.

The Spring, the Spring, is the song I sing,  
For so sings all the plain;  
All life is lay, all work is play,  
And I am young again.

The Spring, the Spring is on the wing,  
All o'er the sapphire sky;  
The gay young crowd, sunshine and cloud,  
March to a quickstep by.

The Spring, the Spring! let forests ring  
With praise to gracious heaven,  
That newer birth to all the earth,  
To all the sky is given!

—o—

My poor old cloak, my sorry old cloak,  
Every nail seems to owe it a grudge;  
It's too open hearted for the North wind's ways,  
As down to the office I trudge.

Uncle Sam's old cloak that hides old sores  
Is being badly torn;  
His chain patched liberty's a cloak  
That he has too long worn.

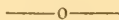
## MAY.

Most lovely of Mays,  
Weather beaten no more,  
Oh bring vegetation  
Safe at last to the shore ;  
Oh kindest of Mays,  
Let me dwell in thy rays.

Oh merriest May,  
So breezy and warm,  
Be as kind every day  
'Thro' sun and thro' storm ;  
Still with thy sweet shine  
A few clouds entwine.

Oh queenliest May !  
Bid our country still grow  
Out of all of its failings  
That threaten it so ;  
May its warnings of pain  
Only bring the sweet rain.

1861.



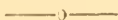
Asleep ! asleep ! don't stay asleep,  
When liberty's in danger ;  
With gun in hand and fire in heart,  
Make every fear a stranger.  
And thus will Peace come back again,  
Borne high on War's broad shoulder ;  
And those who sought cold lead will find  
Its consequences colder.



## WALK TO OFFICE.

We are all travelers ; some across the seas,  
And some across the streets ; and hence it is  
To walk some use their feet, and some their hands,  
And some their heads, and some heads, hands and feet  
Of other men. These walk indeed on stilts,  
In constant danger of a sudden fall.  
But what the tale the city traveler tells ?  
It tells of 'busses capturing the fair ;  
Of newsboys screaming for their dearest lives ;  
Of splendid coaches plowing through the drays ;  
Of smoking mills that crush the daily bread ;  
Of gardens lending fronts to grocery shops ;  
Of vast pork-houses desolate and dull ;  
Of banners starred and striped that bridge the street ;  
Of well dressed speculators and fair shows ;  
Of busy groups that fill the tell tale air ;  
Of armies of young children fresh from school ;  
Of military caps and buttons neat ;  
And of the library and the last news ;  
And of the suppressed despairing talk of those  
Who love the onions and the garlic still ;  
The country lost, the poor all out of work ;  
The street packed close with hands employ throws out,  
And dreadful things to come. But here's the place  
Where the worn traveler comes to jot all down,  
And leave all problems to the Future's care.

June, 1861.



Since one great gift, oh Lord, my God,  
Is mine thro' him that died for me ;  
I'll not complain, however small  
The lesser gifts that come from Thee.

## THE FOURTH.

All day has been a cracking through the town,  
Rattling of bells and thundering of guns,  
The boys the chiefest warriors ; yet the drum  
Has led its larger growth in uniform  
With these war times. The day has been true blue,  
Altho' some sheets of cloud hung up far North,  
That quickly left the coast all clear again.  
What public demonstrations, private calls,  
Dances and dinners, meetings of old friends,  
Have sped the hours, I trow not. Day burnt on  
Till crackling sunset fell upon the West.  
And then the battle of the fire-works came ;  
The city hid itself in nests of stars,  
Constant and watchful as the stars above.  
Meanwhile the rockets shot up silver poles,  
And down they came in showers of blue and gold.  
Some traveled in parabolæ that sought  
The earth, and some the zenith sought, and there  
Blossomed in flowers of all the hues the bow  
Of God's great promise gives us ; here and there  
The sudden streets were red washed as with flames  
That in a moment faded back to night.  
The world was one vast choir of music true  
To powder, not yet ripened into war.  
And thus the night wore on till dreamy sleep  
Came round to hush the crackers one by one.  
The bells resumed their sway ; the great town clock  
Soon tolled the burial of another Fourth ;  
And item mongers spilt their ink and slept.

## PARTING.

A pleasant season hast thou been to me  
Oh May, thou month especial for the free ;  
For thou escap'st the fetters of the frost,  
Ere the young air its buoyancy has lost ;  
Albeit, thou leavest me with hacking cough,  
And Earth with highways beaten, pinched and rough ;  
Yet cheerful memory opes her bounteous store,  
And the fast press throws out its wealth of lore ;  
While Verdure fills thy lap with eloquent flowers,  
And vines are still wire-drawing thro' the bowers,  
And pretty birds along the fences lark it ;  
And strawberries have found their way to market.  
Thou also bringest news of arms and battles,  
Past and to come, and possibly freed chattels,  
And soon perhaps new phases of that thing,  
Of yore so interesting we call king ;  
Five million sovereigns wide awake to do  
A something for their country good and true ;  
But now farewell ; I'm sorry thou must go,  
'Tho' thy successor will surpass thee so  
In height of stature and in depth of hue ;  
Young June is scarce as joyous or as true.

May 31, 1862.

—o—

Sweet morning in June, that goest so soon,  
Let me live the true life while thou're here ;  
Oh let me not lose the breath of thy dews,  
For 'twill cling to my heart the whole year.

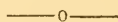
## WATCH! WATCH!

Watch, watch, when danger is near ;  
Hope calmly and ever be ready ;  
Act firmly with hand ever steady ;  
Seeing all round you is never to fear.

Watch, watch, in the hour of defeat,  
Moments will ripen when Right may prevail ;  
Then you may scatter effectual hail,  
Winning by conquest or skillful retreat.

Watch, watch, in the hour of despair ;  
Rage may weary the giant to rest ;  
Mind you the Key deep down in your breast,  
Night Key of promise ; 'tis ever hid there.

Watch, watch, in every hour ;  
They and they only are sure to be free,—  
They who far off and far round them can see  
Stealthy feet of usurping power.



Oh merry, merry May,  
All the out-look bids us pray ;  
'Tis too much, the merely joyful,  
When the world is all decoyful ;  
But with aims right,  
And with eyes bright,  
So the danger we may see  
Clearly through the truest glee,  
All thy cheer may timely be.

## REVOLUTION.

All Nature doth in revolutions move,  
From the minutest clover grain that seeks  
A home on the torn soil, up to the Sun  
That goes—the great clock of the Universe.  
By him kind Nature times her visitings  
To seas and soil, providing for her sons.  
And Governments are Revolutions too,  
Affecting rather cometary paths  
Than planetary orbits. So there are  
In fashion, science, worship, language, art,  
Great Revolutions ; some times bringing out  
In turn humanity's best attributes,  
And some times, too, its worst. Doth not the soil  
Wear out its older stems, while newer ones  
Come in their places with renewed forms ?  
And so with mind's slow marches, it must fare ;  
The outspread conquering wings from earnest times,  
Have shadowed earth ; the royal bird of prey  
Long made the world its victim ; nor hath Time  
Nor true Religion clipped as yet its wings.  
The Roman Eagle preyed on nations till,  
Glutted, it sickened, but died not. It lives  
In the weak skeleton around which hang  
The muscles of our modern warfare ; yea,  
Time and again it comes to life, and dire  
Red revolutions follow in its wake.  
And yet it hath its bright hues seen of all ;  
Its wings are Freedom's movements swift and high ;  
Its paths of thought are bold and promptly trod ;  
Wrought out of bird's eye outlooks o'er the world.  
So far the Roman Eagle of the old,

So far the American Eagle of the new,  
Rome radiated o'er three continents,  
Columbia yet must radiate o'er the globe.  
Freedom for few controlled the Iron State ;  
Freedom for all must nerve the golden wings.  
But yet a fearful contest lies in wait  
For the great bird of progress ; all the fierce  
And foul that bover round old Slavery's corse  
Shall throw their beaks against his constant breast—  
The breast of Right, heaven plated. Full oft wrong  
May seem supreme, and yet the stern old Night  
Shall slowly yield his empire unto Day.  
Yea, and the banner from the earliest feared,  
Even to terror, shall cast down the wrong  
That peeled and scattered nations ; and shall bring  
Out from the stocks the lame to walk with God.

February, 1862.

—o—

A voice from the East,  
And a voice from the West,  
Inviting to the feast  
Where battle was the guest ;  
A voice from the North  
Met a voice from the South,  
Bounding down the Mississippi  
From the source to the mouth ;  
And the bells rang alarm  
To the farthest prairie farm,  
That the question must be settled by pike and by gun,  
“ Are we one ? ”

## OUR WASHINGTON.

Not all to save our Washington, but give it its full  
share ;  
There are interests in the mighty West, that well deserve  
your care ;  
To make the people safe is yours, the nation's Keys who  
hold ;  
For the nation's in the people's heart, and not in place or  
gold.

Not all to save our Washington, and the office-holders  
there ;  
The sovereigns too want body guards, of such as you can  
spare ;  
Then send them to secure our farms, our shops and stores  
and homes ;  
We'll try and keep the lads well mailed, for the battle  
when it comes.

And don't forget our Switzerland, where the meeting  
mountains tower,  
For the masses there are men again, and not the tools of  
power ;  
'Tis there we'll find the help we want, where profit eats  
not soul,  
Out of the mire the good old wheels of government to  
roll.

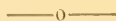
## DIM DAY.

Dim day that with thy smoky train,  
Thy music wind and clinking toil,  
Art rolling down the Western skies  
To ease the tired world of its toil;  
'Tis very well that thou art gone,  
For Dew is wanted more than Sun.

Go carry all thy smokes to rest ;  
They must be tired of fire, their sire ;  
We know that smoke won't stay below,  
But will be always aiming higher,  
Tho' failing oft. E'en now they rain  
Their charcoal on our roofs again.

And as the ambitious of the town  
May help Society's best needs,  
When their high aims are well bro't down ;  
Thy smokes, that sow so wide their seeds,  
Will ripen, thro' the help of leaves,  
The apples that o'erhang our eaves.

June 15, 1862



June brings the breeze musicians to the sky ;  
Their pipes grow lively as the sun goes home ;  
They rock the cradles of the infant plants,  
And sing to them with merry lullabies ;  
Until the new grown world, all ripe, doth throng  
The broad fruit tables set for all mankind.



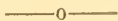
## TO THE SUN.

Oh blessed Sun, altho' thy heat  
Stirs up my head to angry pain,  
'Thou thus dost only bid me rest,  
And lay aside the bone for brain.

'Tis thou hast built this leafy bower  
That calls me to its gentle airs,  
And bids me yield my present toil  
To thought on Summer's vast affairs.

For now the bread of all the race  
Is gently steaming from the ground ;  
'The incense of Earth's prayer that bread  
From heaven may soon by all be found.

June, 1862.



Firmest muscles, quickest nerves !  
You the country feeds and serves ;  
Let the bayonet be your plow ;  
Open virtue's soil up now.  
Ardent souls that burn for fame,  
Write upon the flag your name ;  
Brisk and early shoulder gun ;  
Onward march till victory's won.  
Young hearts, all alive to Truth,  
Give the mother land your youth ;  
List her call, to rescue run,  
Ye must do or be undone.

1861.

## THE TIMES.

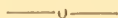
The language of the times, oh read ye not ?  
The Sun drops out of sight in fields of blood ;  
The frowning blue empurpled, curtains off  
The temple of his rest. Across the sky  
The mists hang black and towering ; fiercely hot  
Hath been the day ; the air itself half dead,  
The sky one mighty oven, baking brains,  
Not bread for the vast city heaped below.  
Alas when disagreements grow so fierce  
That brotherhood shakes only bloody hands !  
But Truth must have its course, and Right its way,  
And Love its sphere beyond all brotherhoods ;  
The Truth, the Right, the Love that brook no crime,  
But join to wipe oppression from the earth.  
God send us peace, a genuine, binding peace ;  
That shall cement our States in one vast wall,  
A huge Gibraltar 'gainst oppression's host.  
Save us, oh God, oh save us, when we fight  
'Gainst Slavery's bitter rule, from that dread curse,  
The poison it has scattered through our ranks ;  
Save us from pride unsatisfied, and lust,  
And sloth, and fraud, and all the snaky ways  
By which the Devil steals into our hearts ;  
Save us from party craft and all its arts ;  
From speculations in the People's rights ;  
From overruling inequality ;  
From all the Old World code of murderous ills,  
Which rob our God of worship, man of love ;  
And save all nations as ours would be saved,  
Till Might and Right shall every where be one.

September 1, 1862.

## MORN.

Most lovely morn, that after rain,  
Dost bring us gentle skies again,  
Bring with thee too life's better part,  
Unclouded mind and grateful heart.

That every morning I may raise,  
By deed or word, some note of praise  
To Him who sends both rain and shine  
For every shoot of Christ the vine.



O God, I thank thee for the morning light  
And evening dew, and for the pleasant fruits  
That make a thing of joy my daily bread ;  
But most I thank Thee for the bread of life,  
The staff of soul life, which is trust in Thee.  
Oh it is bliss itself to know that Thou  
Art ever near when I am all alone ;  
That e'en thy strength, that seen would terrify  
All thought, Thou usest with an arm of love ;  
For Thou, Almighty, art Almighty Love.  
Yea, Father, Thou hast all a mother's love,  
Rocking the cradle of the Universe.  
Then let me lose myself to find out Thee !  
So will my little cares be drowned in joy ;  
Oh wash my sins out in the crystal fount,  
That so I die to earth from day to day,  
Gliding away into the Infinite.

## THE ALARM.

Composed at the dawn of one of the mornings when the Rebels were threatening Cincinnati from the Kentucky side; the first lines of the stanzas intended to imitate the alternate signals of the bells striking at that time.

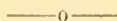
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,  
The dawn breaks out in song;  
Awake, awake, awake!  
And see the tyrants quake;  
For Freedom's guns are firing,  
And the world night is retiring,  
Awake, awake, awake!

Clang, clang, clang!  
The very heavens hang  
With the red, white and blue;  
Then awake, awake and view  
Our good old fathers fighting,  
The New World's wrongs a righting;  
The strong, the pure, the true.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,  
The young day groweth strong;  
Awake, awake, awake!  
Thine own its gold to make!  
The pioneer, untiring,  
With Freedom's soul inspiring,  
A new West shall awake.

Clang, clang, clang !  
The orange sky shall hang  
    The orange South all through  
    With the old red, white and blue ;  
For the stars and stripes untiring,  
Shall wave o'er legions firing,  
    Till all are one anew.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong !  
Right triumphs over wrong ;  
    Awake, awake, awake !  
Awake and see the sun  
That tells us we are one ;  
Our fathers' glory firing  
Our hearts, and ne'er expiring,  
    The Earth itself may wake.



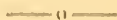
'Tis beautiful, the sunny soul,  
    Upon a sunny day ;  
More beauteous still the sunny soul,  
    When clouds obscure the way.

But all these mists that hang around  
    This prison house of clay,  
Are but the gauze thro' which we see  
    The dawn of endless day.

## THE WIND.

A white sheet wraps the black browed earth ;  
The boundless blue has one great eye ;  
The stillness of the week's new birth  
Is eloquent throughout the sky ;  
Save here and there a quivering leaf,  
Save now and then a tremulous bell,  
The world is hush as deepest grief,  
Or joy too full for words to tell.  
But now a low complaining wind  
Is moaning at the unopened door,  
In tones as chill as clear, cold mind,  
Of wastes and woes untold before.  
Alas for cars on snow-clad plains !  
Alas for camps on frozen hills !  
Alas for brave men sunk in chains !  
Where want or frost or fever kills.  
Oh wind that doth such sorrow bring  
To mingle with our cup of cheer ;  
Our Father hears thy cruel wing,  
And bids his mercy's sun appear.

January 10, 1863.



Oh stars ! your glorious company I seek,  
My capital will I invest in you ;  
Ye are the golden coin in Nature's vault,  
Beyond the most stupendous force or fraud ;  
Your issues all creation takes at par ;  
Your Maker's name impressed upon them still.

## HOLD ON.

Hold on, oh my country,  
With iron gloved hand,  
Till is dragged down the idol  
That darkens our land.

Hold on to thy purpose,  
With sleep hating eye,  
Come weal or come woe till  
Rebellion shall die.

Hold on like the Spring who  
With winter contends,  
And strives till the great God  
The victory sends.

Hold on like the Sun whom  
The mountain mists crowd;  
Who shoots all around him,  
Till scatters the cloud.

Hold on to Hope's anchor  
Till Day treads on Night;  
Hold on till Might beats to  
The great heart of Right.

Hold on to the sacred trust  
Garnered with Thee;  
Hold on till the Earth sees  
The One can be free.

Hold on and ne'er hold up,  
Till thy work is well done;  
And the World soul at last knows  
The Free can be one.

## THE OLD ELM.

Within the gay and brilliant park  
There stands a trunk of elm,  
The revolutions of the times  
Have failed to overwhelm.

Its mighty chest is three feet wide,  
And on its dingy bark,  
The flues of all the city seem  
T'have left a century's mark.

Long years ago, how fair and tall  
And branching wide it rose !  
But now not e'en a random twig  
From its broad bosom grows.

Why stands it there a monument  
Of what the past hath been,  
But as foreshadowing what will come  
To all these crowds of men !

There's now and then an aged man  
As bare of all his past ;  
A skeleton of manliness  
On Being's sand bank cast.

All shorn and rough, worn out perchance  
In Freedom's noble cause ;  
Oh give him honor less for what  
He is, than what he was.



## SABBATH DAWN.

Rejoicing leaves look glad at thee,  
Oh Sabbath of my soul !  
May Jesus now 'neath every roof  
Each broken heart make whole.

The hills all round the city walls,  
Their blue coats striped with red ;  
The soldiers stationed round the tomb  
Of Day, that late was dead ;

Now testify that thou art risen,  
Like Him thou bring'st to mind,  
Who came day clad from higher heaven,  
To lift up human kind.

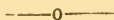
To lift up man from out the dust,  
A branch that climbs the skies ;  
Behold the very walls are glad  
For Him who never dies !

Then thro' the hearts they shelter all  
Let the glad tidings run,  
One thrill of praise to God that He  
For us the day has won.

## DROUGHT.

Fell Drought, why comest thou in times like these,  
When War's red foot ensanguines every plain,  
And Famine treads upon the battle's heels ?  
We tire of these long visits of the sun,  
For fear of whom the seeds lie still in earth,  
Lest their frail stems be slaughtered by the noon.  
Why parch the corn before it turns to grain ?  
E'en Spring is turning gray beneath thy touch.  
Go to the rebel rivers that have risen,  
And robbed the farmers of their homes and heaps !  
Redeem the marshes and break down the storms  
That break down all the muniments of man.  
Why linger here when myriads crowd the street ?  
The city's black enough without thy smoke ;  
If thou must be destroyer, why not now  
Go to the lime-kiln ; burn old Babylon,  
And dry up races that would starve the free ;  
And put to rout the insects that would cheat  
Summer of green, and Autumn of her fruit.

June 16, 1863.



We have taken the cars for war, but whither are we going ?  
Down the stream of Time, like a fury flowing,  
Going down to better times, or to worse and worse,  
Conquering a blessing, or conquering a curse ?  
God alone, who made the soul, and made it to be free ;  
God alone, who built the stars, can tell our destiny.

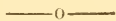
## SHINE AND RAIN.

Oh lovely shine, most glorious thing  
That o'er Creation walks abroad ;  
The greatest of thy glories is,  
Thou never ceasest praising God.

Oh lovely rain, most glorious next  
To shine, of all that walk abroad,  
The richest bounty thou dost bring  
Is heart to praise and worship God.

Oh human soul, most glorious thing,  
On which God's spirit sheds abroad  
His Shine and Rain, Thy glory is  
To praise and worship only God.

July 18, 1863.



Toll, toll the bells,  
So plaintively and long,  
At three o'clock in the morning,  
To rouse the quick and strong ;  
Up boys and out ;  
If you rise at break of day,  
Though your foes are all about,  
You may chase them all away ;  
With tones high and low,  
Where the mighty masses flow,  
Till Freedom see fair weather,  
Toll the bells together.

September 1, 1862.

## HOPE.

The spirit runs upon its road,  
Beneath the banner of its God ;  
The burden of its earthly strife  
Is light on Hope's refreshing life ;  
And sharpest pains are trained to be  
The very food of ecstasy.  
Behold the laborer in the field,  
Who toils that summer's heat may yield ;  
But while he labors to be fed,  
His prayers go up for heavenly bread ;  
He prays in hope, and as he calls,  
The manna round his pathway falls.  
The student searches thro' the past ;  
His moments fly how sweet and fast !  
For 'tis a thing that hastens time,  
The flowery crags of thought to climb ;  
He toils in hope to gather truth  
That makes of love immortal youth.  
The Christian's hope ! oh who can tell  
How blest are they whose visions dwell  
Beyond this world of moonless night,  
Away in worlds of ceaseless light !  
But far from hero's farthest thought  
Perchance he sees his future lot ;  
And higher than the poet's wing,  
The flight toward his deathless King ;  
And constant as he upward flies,  
New realms of thought may chain his eyes ;  
And sweeter tones enchant his ear,  
Fresh from the minstrels of the sphere.  
And all this breadth of boundless scope  
Is in the range of Christian Hope.

BEGINNING AND ENDING.

JANUARY, 1861.

The West wind comes with icy fingers  
 And stiffens the work of the rain ;  
 Tho' the sun comes out, we all hurry in  
 To the crowded rooms again ;  
 When the hopes of our people are bitterly crost,  
 'Tis time that the earth should be plated with frost.

They haste through the streets with hands in pocket,  
 Pulling their low crowns over their eyes ;  
 Or gathering cloaks around their ears,  
 While the stars like icicles hang o'er the skies ;  
 The great business world coming fast to a stand,  
 For nobody knows what's to come o'er our land.

MAY, 1865.

The South wind comes with gentle fingers,  
 Completing the work of the rain ;  
 And the sun comes in, and we all hurry out  
 From the crowded rooms again ;  
 Now the hopes of our people at last come true,  
 'Tis time that the earth were glowing with dew.

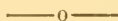
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As sure as the day spring comes out of the night,  
 The things that are hidden shall at last come to light ;  
 Then let us be instant in doing the right,  
 Since with the Almighty all things are in sight.

## UNION.

Many creeds and many callings,  
One in purpose, one great mart ;  
Many minds and many wishes,  
One in freedom, one in heart.

Many hopes and many strivings,  
One in danger, one in fame ;  
Many States and many homesteads,  
One great soul and one great name.



We shout, we roll, all full of soul,  
Thro' most transporting scenes ;  
Richer than city's silks and shows,  
And the country's brightest greens.

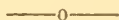
We breakfast on the morning breeze ;  
We dine on breath of flowers ;  
We sup from golden plates set out  
By sunset's pensive houri's.

As we abound, we'll throw around  
What's given from on high ;  
So as we glide and roll and sing,  
We'll live until we die.

•  
EMPTY WISHES.

Howe'er the outside seemeth  
Proud of its power and riches,  
Deep in th' inside are hidden  
All sorts of empty wishes.

Wilt Thou, oh Lord, take pity,  
And these fierce wants to kill,  
Give us in ample measure  
The will to do Thy will.



Oh Lord, how true Thy judgments are,  
How just are all Thy ways !  
The wrath of man these troublous times  
To Thee its tribute pays.

So let oppression's fury give  
The suicidal blow ;  
And to the thirsty chain-bound souls  
Let streams of Freedom flow.

Away, away, far, far away  
Be the man drovers driven ;  
And make the earth a depot whence  
The cars may run to heaven.

## SNOW.

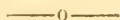
The wide, wide sheet  
Is over all the plain ;  
For the dead old year  
Will never rise again.  
But the ruddy dawn comes  
From the black browed hill,  
With the happy young year  
The world's heart to thrill.  
Then the snow, the snow, the blushing bright snow,  
Is Nature's glad face with beauty all aglow ;  
The bells ringing wild in their joy ;  
Mid the merry sleigh riders  
And the gay, gay sliders,  
The man gliding back to the boy.

Yet where is the rose  
'That kindled by the door ?  
Say not " It is gone,  
" To cheer us never more ! "  
For a brighter rose burns  
Than ever warmed the earth,  
Where glad hearts abound,  
On the music loving hearth ;  
While the snow, the snow, the merry, merry snow,  
So slantingly will go, in its fairy winged flow  
To wrap the tired earth for her rest ;  
And kind feet are gliding  
Where pale want is hiding,  
That all the new world may be blest.



But alas for the fallen  
 On the blood dyed snow,  
 Who has spent his last drop  
 To quell the nation's foe !  
 Beneath the frozen trees,  
 'The pale, stern sky ;  
 No mother's gentle hand  
 To close the dying eye !  
 But the snow, the snow, the pity melting snow,  
 With a grateful country's tears in sympathy will flow ;  
 The drums beating wild in their sorrow ;  
 While the hero leaves behind  
 Freedom for his kind,  
 And the earth shouts for joy on the morrow !

1865.



Oh life, thou art a weary load to those  
 To whom the means of living are denied.  
 Poor, sickly flames, that burn without the oil ;  
 Poor, withered stems that have no nursing leaves ;  
 Oh crush not mind and heart with over toil,  
 But give to honest labor joy in rest.  
 Toil unremitted is the drought of soul.  
 Alas ! when all joy's rivers have run dry !  
 When Sun becomes the very chief of foes,  
 And Storm is welcomed as the only friend !  
 Then wonder not the skies have sombre brows,  
 Since hopefully the warring clouds are hailed ;  
 Oh that the clouds of War would rain down Peace.

## TEN O'CLOCK P. M.

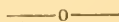
Old Ten is pouring his stream of sound  
Out on the moon-lit air ;  
As the past and the future roll up to our ken,  
He roars, and he dies, old Ten.

Old Ten the ghosts of departed hours  
Doth raise to our awe-struck eyes ;  
To warn us that murdered time shall yet  
In judgment against us rise.

Old Ten rings up the deeds of the day,  
Stern conscience's brow to meet ;  
And bids us haste with broken hearts  
Up to the mercy seat.

Old Ten is pouring his stream of sound  
Out on the moon-lit air ;  
He is roaring like lion out of his den ;  
He roars and he dies, old Ten.

1865.



One more song, my native land ;  
Ere I enter action's strand.  
Me whatever may befall,  
May'st thou live on, loved by all,  
Feared by every power of earth ;  
Nations yet will owe thee birth.  
But if thou would'st live long hence,  
Keep thy heart with diligence.

## DAY.

Day raises steam ; his train is ready now ;  
His cars, most cheerily do they move, because  
The wheels on which they roll were made in heaven.  
Now opens commerce 'tween the earth and sky,  
And all the air is glad, and all the train.  
The future sends its youth into our nerves,  
Beauty revisits our wide open eyes ;  
Love whispers holy thoughts into our ears,  
Distilling notes of praise its wires have brought  
From some lost soul new found, as we our toils  
Push forward to the depot of the night.  
Now, too, the City smiles ; and Labor looks  
Up from his spade and loom and hod and axe,  
Joyous, upon the ascending of the Sun,  
An old friend back from traveling round the Earth.  
Even the far off drum beat is impressed  
With new and cheering tones ; and Distance comes  
To company with Nearness ; so new friends  
From all Creation hasten here with Day.

April, 1862.

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One thought and one purpose from hence let there be,  
One rush of life's blood from a heart flowing free ;  
A single eye piercing, yet steady and calm ;  
Once more at the foe till no more can he harm ;  
On God, who loves Right, let thy right arm repose ;  
Let faith and clear vision thy courage enclose ;  
Then upward and onward and outward until  
Great victory the pulse of a nation shall fill.

September, 1861.

## GLACIERS.

All o'er the realm on which now falls  
Columbia's temperate dews,  
The glaciers stood, vast hosts of hills,  
With their prismatic hues.

Great icebergs 'neath the mountain peaks  
Reared up their sunset spires,  
Built of the tumbling ice rocks there,  
That felt Sol's coming fires.

A thousand years the dim old sun,  
Fed by no meteor there,  
Had shot away his light and heat,  
And had no more to spare.

But suddenly vast armies neared,  
Swifter than prairie flame ;  
Sent by the Universe to meet  
The freezing system's claim.

Then all at once, 'twas crash, crash, crash,  
The world split up in blocks ;  
The sliding, whirling millstones ground  
To finest dust the rocks.

And long this vast mill was at work,  
Ere the last glacier gone ;  
Save those that hung around the poles,  
And round each alpine cone.

The sea was bright with golden rafts  
 And gay vermillion hills ;  
 Meanwhile the tearful earth sent down  
 The armies of her rills.

At last the fiery sun had made  
 A conquest of the plain ;  
 A mighty angel rode the winds  
 To sow the grass and grain.

And then went up from ocean's breast  
 The gentle, blushing showers,  
 Till Thunder roared in Winter's ear,  
 " Make way for Spring and flowers."

No more the ghastly ice rocks piled  
 Alike the land and sea ;  
 Save a few white caps left, Earth seemed  
 Green to infinity.

1871.

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Louder ! oh bells ; the hours are warm ;  
 Bring in or drive away the storm,  
 And bring us truth, and bring us peace ;  
 And bid the brother slaughterers cease ;  
 But as they cease, oh let the truth  
 Bring back our country to its youth ;  
 And ere they cease, may War's hot coal  
 Burn out the poison from the soul !

1862.

## OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Our Father in heaven, our best Friend on earth,  
    Could we see in each moment thy kindness ;  
How richly would gratitude gladden the hearts  
    That now are so stricken with blindness !

Thou source of all beauty, Thy wisdom and love  
    O'erflow the vast plains of creation ;  
Could we view Thee below as they view Thee above,  
    All life were a song of salvation.

Since the true morn has wakened and mountain and wave  
    Have listened to Calvary's story ;  
Oh wonder of wonders ! earth echoes Thy praise,  
    And the heavens but add to Thy glory.

Yet Father, rebellion still clings to his throne ;  
    Oh wash rebel hearts in the fountain,  
Till all climes are kneeling at Thy name alone,  
    And the earth is Thine own holy mountain.

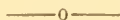
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Would thou had'st news as glorious as thee,  
    Oh day of broad, bright sun and cloudless skies,  
With worlds of toilers 'neath thee, gay and free,  
    And steams of art and power that constant rise ;  
Still lift thy vapors till rebellions cease,  
    And War's dread thunder brings the song of Peace.

## LOOK UP.

Where shall we seek for words,  
To express thy care that girds  
Our lives about with blessing?  
Oh God, it needs Thy thought,  
To reach what thou hast wrought  
With adequate expressing.

But each day nearer Thee,  
Thy character to see  
Thou bid'st us come ;  
Will Thou Thy spirit send,  
To lead us by the hand  
And bring us home !



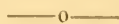
Blow on, fierce March, and onward march ye winds,  
And drive the chilling rebeldom from hence.  
Yes, we are marching to the terrible guns,  
That soon shall settle Freedom's native right.  
Come down ye hills, lift up your heads, oh vales ;  
Give up your oaks, oh Wood, your rocks, oh Earth ;  
Take the long bridges on your backs, ye streams ;  
Lay down your rails, oh Art, and let the car  
Of heaven born Liberty the depot seek ;  
And take the Bible with thee, golden car,  
Not the rich volume merely, but its truths  
Writ on the hearts of Christ devoted men.

## OPENING UP.

The night is dead, but the morn is mourning  
Over the work of the rain ;  
Black are the roofs and leaden the forest,  
And wet is the well housed grain ;  
The sharp teeth of the falling shot  
Have bored the shingles again.

Blacker the streaks on the wall within,  
Blacker the trees without ;  
Only the pearls on the twigs to show  
That light is not drowned out ;  
So one might think from all he sees  
That day had been put to rout.

Yet the green leaps up on the willows there,  
And the flags are unfurling here ;  
And the gooseberry, armed with a host of spears,  
Will fight for life, 'tis clear ;  
And the pee-wee's note, and the shrill voiced wind  
Tell us that Spring is near.



My country, oh my country !  
'Tis now July with thee ;  
The earth's July that fiercely warms,  
The sky's July of clouds and storms,  
The furious, yet the free.



## COVENANT MEETING.

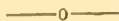
Solemn and sweet is the covenant meeting,  
When soul meets soul in heavenly greeting ;  
And the spirit's phenomena, rich and rare,  
Seem like the shows of a heavenly fair.

Will it not lighten our toils, my brother,  
To speak of our sorrows and joys as we wait,  
And pray and strive to help each other,  
In the strength of God, toward the golden gate ?

Life and faith and hope and feeling,  
The flow of Past into Future, revealing  
The hearth-fire of hearts all linked together,  
To keep us alive in the world's cold weather !

Bound by a covenant writ with His blood,  
Who hath promised us here the Spirit's greeting,  
Let us walk together until our God  
Shall bring all His own to the Covenant Meeting.

1871.



Stand up, oh my country, and never despond ;  
If the present glooms darkly, the more look beyond ;  
Time enough there is coming thy glory to see,  
If thou with thy whole soul art striving to be.  
Oh say, did Defeat never know of thy past ?  
Did Victory meet thee less surely at last ?  
Then all thro' the dark days resist thou despair,  
And the bow of God's promise thy future shall wear.

September, 1861.

## SUNG AT A WEDDING CENTENNIAL.

Our Father's God, we praise Thy name,  
That Thou has sent a golden chain  
To bind the future and the past,  
And make one bright soul out of twain.

So manhood's truth and woman's trust  
Yield newer victors for the crown ;  
So through the long reach of the years,  
Life, love and truth are handed down.

We thank Thee for the freedom sought  
And gained one hundred years ago,  
When she and he, whose wedding day  
We celebrate, were first made one.

For all the hours of chastened mirth,  
For all the days of sorrow cheered ;  
For gentle cares, for hero toils,  
And all things by love's truth endeared.

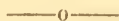
How many to that union owe  
Their wealth of soul, their joy to be !  
Most glorious, if love's chain hath led  
To union of the soul with Thee !

## FRIENDS.

Ye stars that have befriended me so long,  
 Answer me with your deep, gentle eyes ;  
 Ye that have lived so many lives, how strong !  
 Ye that have seen so many worlds, how wise !  
 Give me above this clayey life to rise ;  
 Oh for the magnetic power that speeds your beams,  
 Or just enough to lift love to the skies !  
 Give me realities, not empty dreams ;  
 Something that hath a soul, whate'er its outer seems.

Tell me some truth, oh stars, some living truth ;  
 Something that writes its name upon the heart ;  
 And gives back to Earth's wanderer his youth,  
 His youth ere cheapened in the vain world's mart ;  
 Ye are the picture galleries of true Art,  
 The wondrous art of Being. Oh blest stars !  
 In *thine* can we, the earth born, gain no part ?  
 If we must wait till soul bursts through its bars,  
 At Death's vast depot waits for us no star bound cars ?

1871.



Oh for a comfortable snooze of thought,  
 A joy that in the market can't be bought ;  
 The true rich life among the fields of soul,—  
 Bringing the scraps of feeling into whole ;  
 This is the healthful, the overflowing bowl,  
 Oh give me this, and you may keep the money ;  
 'Tis Nature fills the cup that makes me sunny.

June 7, 1862.

## SHELLING.

Shelling, shelling, not with windlass,  
Grinding out the golden corn,  
But with patient hand and shovel,  
Noisy scraping all the morn ;  
Separating  
Mother cob from all her born.

How the little yellows cling to  
Her red breast since first the silk  
Hung out at the ear's extremest,  
While they fed on mother's milk !  
New creating  
Golden grains of self same ilk.

See ! the fruit unto its bearer  
Nature binds with Nature's noose !  
So the things of youth and beauty  
Grow to be the things of use ;  
No more waiting  
Need be now to break them loose.

They are wanted—all these kernels,  
With the oil of peace so rife,  
Ground by living teeth or millstone,  
All the gauntlet run of strife ;  
Educating  
Us to keep the world in life.

## THE HEART.

The human heart, a gentle rill  
That trickles down the mountain side,  
It sweetly wanders at its will,  
Until it swells the ocean's tide.  
How like the ray of hope divine,  
The glance it gives the morning sky !  
But passion's noon too hot may shine,  
And leave its rock-worn channel dry.

The human heart, a sigh, a tone  
Soft breathing from a harp or lute,  
Or speaking from the eye alone,  
Its deepest eloquence is mute.  
But now it wakes the patriot's ire,  
The poet touches all its springs ;  
It nobly wraps itself in fire,  
As if the lightning woke its strings.

The human heart, an azure sky  
Hung round with starry flowers above,  
Or one bright sun is sceptred high  
And melts to universal love.  
But now the warrior tempests roll  
Their blackening chaos o'er its even ;  
Yet flashings from the midnight soul  
Still show it visited by Heaven.

'The human heart, its path is long,  
 Its home is hid behind the star ;  
 Its highest, deepest strains belong  
 To choirs of light in realms afar.  
 'The human heart, 'twill soon be o'er—  
 The struggle that will snap its chain,  
 Then upward will the eagle soar,  
 To dwell in primal light again.

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### RIPENING.

'Tis early in the morning,  
 And the sun's eye still is clear ;  
 But the leaves die round the ear  
 That dries up in its corning.  
 'Tis early in the morning,  
 I hear the dews yet fall ;  
 The gentle dews that call  
 On the plants to ripen all,  
 In mildest tones of warning.  
 To the day 'tis early morning,  
 But 'tis evening to the year ;  
 Since frost is very near,  
 Oh ear, 'twill cost thee dear  
 A moment to be scorning.

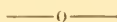
September, 1869.

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The car of day is on its way -  
 The track is smooth and bright ;  
 Hurra, hurra, for the flying train,  
 Beneath a sky so white.

## END OF THE DROUTH.

Fell drought, thy reign is over ; rain now reigns ;  
Yellowing the clay and brightening the green.  
He wakes the seed plants from their sleep of death ;  
And fills the mouths of rivers, and the city  
Makes a great wash-tub ; from its roofs and streets  
Emptying the gathered blackness of a month.  
A splendid victory this of rain o'er shine,  
And the whole Universe is glad once more.  
Not seldom Rain is but a dangerous friend,  
For oft he comes like fierce artillery,  
Bursting the walls of rivers, tearing up,  
The rails, and taking mighty forts by storm  
In very deed, with all a madman's skill.  
Thank heaven, he's sober now, and kindly, too.



## PRAISE.

And thou, oh infinite Praise, so like the light,  
That makes itself a centre for all worlds,  
Come now and pour thy fullness in our hearts !  
Then shall we know existence as it is,  
A ray of love reflected back to Him !  
Hast thou not filled the skies for endless years ?  
Oh had we ears to hear and hearts to feel  
The sweet depths of the music of the spheres !  
That so our little thoughts might grow sublime,  
Bathed in the ocean of eternal joy.

1860-1866.

Sky half clear, half thunder, hark !  
Nearer, nearer to the mark !  
Tones of Peace from North and West,  
Southern threats of breast to breast.

Say it quickly, that begun  
That may be, which must be done ;  
Give to act the wings of bird ;  
Deed must follow close on word.

1860.

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Sky all cloud, all thunder, hark !  
Nearer, nearer to the mark ;  
What was destined, now is done ;  
For a race is Freedom won.

Now the track of Freedom's laid,  
Peace will bring its grateful shade ;  
North and South no longer be ;  
All are one and all are free.

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This morn, oh Lord, I give to Thee  
Whate'er my heart hath learned of praise ;  
Tho' small the gift, so large the theme,  
Thy grace in richest joy repays.



## FREEDOM'S FORT.

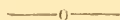
The old Yankee breed will yet hold the fort  
Which Freedom has built at his every port ;  
And many a Briton shall give up the throne,  
With the peers of the great Western realm to be one.

And the Irishman's strength and acuteness shall come,  
With the Frank's politesse to make lively our home,  
And the German's hard hand and Italian's rich tone,  
With the pride of the Pole, on free soil shall make one.

And the honest, firm Swede, and Hungarian, too,  
And the Swiss, free for ages, to our flag may be true ;  
And even the Russian may shoulder his gun,  
To make sure that the freest of nations is one.

And what other tribes may join us, old Time  
May declare when he sends in his message sublime ;  
Let us do unto others as to us we'd have done,  
And who but the whole world with us may be one.

May, 1863.



## PAST AND PRESENT.

Oh the memories of the Past,  
Like a far-off solemn bell !  
On my heart again they cast  
Its earliest, strongest spell :  
Pouring through my every vein  
Bounding youth again.

## FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Far away o'er the weary ocean,  
Mid the depths of the forest green,  
'Tis said, is the richest fountain  
That the brightest eye hath seen.

It is bursting out from the bosom  
Of a region wild and strange ;  
And those who bathe in its waters  
Feel not the season's change.

And there in the desert lonely,  
It bubbles so pure and bright ;  
That the tribes around believe it  
The birth-place of the light.

And thence the old and feeble,  
From waves as clear as truth,  
Their worn-out limbs renewing,  
Leap out in the joy of youth.

And there the sick and dying  
From distant lands are brought,  
And blossom again in beauty,  
As if by Heaven re-wrought.

Whole tribes in search of the fountain,  
Age after age have gone ;  
But arrived where they thought to find it,  
'Twas a little further on.

Till at last in Calvary's fountain,  
Some bathers did declare,  
That the stream which makes immortal  
Was flowing only there.

## INFINITE.

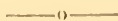
Oh Infinite, how doth my soul  
Look up to thee for life and light !  
For weariness and waste and change  
Are portioned out to the Finite.

What boots it that a moment's shine  
Comes through the deep clouds, making bright  
The wealth of this world, when 'tis swept  
Into the dark by the Finite !

Oh Infinite, send down thine arm  
From out the true blue of above,  
And draw my panting spirit up  
Into the atmosphere of love.

Then even care shall smile on pain,  
And brighten sorrow's wings for flight ;  
So deep a joy the heart shall find  
In dew drops from the Infinite.

1872.



This coughing, coughing, coughing  
Will take my last of breath,  
With its rude clamor, merciless  
As wintry howl of death.

I'm burning, burning, burning  
My life's blood to a coal,  
With dull want's chilling fires that catch  
And waste the stores of soul.

## WINTER.

Hither, oh Winter, with all thy hosts, the earth is ready  
for thee ;  
For she has garnered up her fruit, and stripped the Autumn  
tree,  
And the gay on wing have taken themselves and their  
songs across the deep,  
Our mother needs her yearly rest, come wrap her up for  
sleep.

Yea spread abroad on hill and plain a coverlet of  
snow ;  
There's manna in thy darkest clouds, which next year's  
green will show ;  
And thou hangest sparkling jewels upon each leafless  
limb,  
For which the landscape thanks thee, tho' 'tis silent in its  
hymn.

What tho' sweet Nature's cheek is pale, and her features  
even rough,  
And thy fierce breath is chill indeed, and thy voice is harsh  
and gruff,  
Whene'er we see thy gray eyes melt, as oftentimes we  
can,  
We know thou hast a loving heart for Nature and for  
man.

By thee the foul diseases from the plains are chased  
away ;  
Thou fillest our veins with richest blood, that hath a gen-  
erous play,  
Our worn-out limbs grow young again by the merry,  
sparkling fire,  
And social kindness wakes to mirth the spirit's purest  
lyre.

But we love thee most, oh Winter, as the Sabbath of the  
year,  
Awaking lofty pleasures that seek a heavenly sphere ;  
When Nature's gay green landscapes receded from the  
eye,  
Have left behind the sun and stars to lift our thoughts on  
high.

1872.

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How am I spared thro' this bright day ;  
I e'en retain my vision ;  
Strange that a man with just two eyes  
Survives the Exposition !

United States, we have them here,  
And all in good condition ;  
The world is here, too, wide enough  
At least for Exposition.

## STEAM, FIRE AND WATER.

Dun city smoking there beneath my feet,  
What dost thou say on this September morn ?  
Thou hast a world of voices ; noisy steam,  
Hissing and howling from his thousand haunts,  
Breathing his own white fumes, and forcing out  
The black smoke from the coal on which he feeds ;  
Filling the city's concave full of trees  
Most unsubstantial, that shoot upwards till  
They and their branches lose themselves in air.  
Oh if some stranger from far distant world  
Should stand alone upon this lofty rock,  
And gaze upon those curling shapes that waste ;  
And then renew themselves in endless rounds,  
A mill for millions would he think thee ? Thou  
A hearth-fire for a million yet may be.  
Ah ! but the hundred thousand human hands  
And eyes and ears that wake to life intense,  
To keep that terrible power within its bounds,  
What wonders they work out for thrift and art !  
Thou, City, art an Exposition ever new,  
Yet ever old, and ever open, too,  
Save when the night throws all things into shade.  
But terrible Nature outdoes all thy shows,  
When the Fire Spirit rages uncontrolled ;  
E'en now on yonder height I see the walls  
Red with destruction ere the stroke of bell  
Summons the swift footed engine to the breach.  
Ah, ruined hopes and wasted fruits of toil,  
And broken limbs, and houseless families,  
And fierce alarms that rob us of our youth !  
Doth not all earthly burn out in its time ?

Each living thing or work of living thing  
Taking its destined time to be destroyed ?  
But there's a flame beyond your dizzy smoke  
That hath no singes ; 'tis of gentlest hue ;  
It hath the very face of calmest love ;  
'Tis the great River basking in the Sun.  
Ye can not chain him down to your demands ;  
Has he not glided there six thousand years ?  
What glorious palaces he brings to thee,  
By those the world still calls the rich and poor  
Trod equally ! What magazines of stores  
He is forever bringing to thy homes !  
Meat for the hungry from the teeming soil ;  
Clothes for the naked by God's creatures given,  
Fleece, thread and fibre, shaped by tireless loom ;  
Drink for the thirsty out of his clear flood,  
Dissolving fragrant leaf or berry rich ;  
Roofs for the houseless, healing for the sick,  
And blackest coal to make the brightest fires ;  
And more than all, the aids of honest toil,  
That work out truth and beauty from this life.  
The mirror stream burns on with morning sun  
And evening's rainbow ; cities rise and fall  
As he does ; but his flow is all untired,  
Depositing his wealth in many a bank,  
But drawing out from others, till at last  
His earnings are laid up in Ocean's safe.  
And thus he rolls on till the Earth herself  
Flies from her socket and is lost in space.

## THE SPECTRUM.

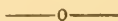
Thou art the Light ; oh give me eyes  
To catch the beam that makes me whole ;  
Thou art the life, oh Jesus come,  
And with Thine own joy fill my soul.

Richer than seven hues that fill  
The spectrum, may the Faith in Thee,  
The earnest Love to do Thy will,  
And bounding Hope, those living Three ;

The Patience that still works and waits,  
Th' Experience that its lesson learns,  
And crowning all, Humility,  
To holy Zeal that gently burns ;

These first and last, at morn and eve,  
Coming and going, one by one ;  
At noon of life a glowing white,  
Send down into my soul, oh Sun !

1872.



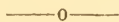
Sky, oh sky, steeped in snow,  
Fall and warm us, shaking so,  
All is frozen, sound itself—  
Snow will bring us life and pelf ;  
E'en the soul hath for a season  
Need of snow to clear her reason.



## CHRISTMAS.

Thou murky sky, all heavy with the past,  
That mournest o'er the ruins of the year;  
Oh dark grey trees that naked stand and stark;  
Oh glassy ground that puts our steps in fear;  
Oh hoary hills that sullenly keep guard,  
Oh ice-bound river, struggling oceanward!  
A slow and silent meteor rends the night;  
Awake! it grows into a mighty light!  
What if all other stars are dead, this one  
Does for us more than all the stars have done.

Oh murky sky, that putteth on the blue,  
Thou shalt be comforted for ruined years;  
Oh dark grey trees, to destiny still true,  
Oh glassy ground that new green worlds shall rear;  
Oh hoary hills that round the sun keep guard,  
A conqueror comes to scatter all the night,  
And Mercy holds the Kingdom now with Right.  
The true Sun rises, giving all earth voice,  
And Christ has come to bid us all rejoice.



Here we rob ruddy cob of its grains,  
Square or rounded, white or bounded by red stains,  
Smooth or dented, well cemented, for the brains;  
Sweet and starch, fit to parch for the plains;  
Starch and gluten, ripest fruit in vigorous living,  
Oily crop, fit to pop for thanksgiving.

## FREEZE AND THAW.

Waves of a gray ocean  
Are tossing above ;  
Till the worn world's wild playing  
Folds its wings like a dove ;  
What will come of the raining  
But humanity's gaining ?

With the wide world 'tis Winter,  
Notwithstanding the thaw ;  
Till old Time, the great printer,  
Sows the world with the law ;  
And Might, too, shall rain on it,  
Ere we see Virtue's grain on it.

Give the frost with the thaw then,  
The grey sky with blue ;  
Sun and storm cloud will draw then  
The earth out anew ;  
Time's purpose is steady,  
For the Spring make all ready.

—o—

Away, away,  
For the glittering day  
Will never stay,  
For thee or thine ;  
So be thy strife  
For noblest life  
And rest divine.

## SUMMER IN THE CITY.

That old friend of ours, the new risen Sun,  
At half past four took pains  
To give us a thing that's forever a joy,  
A thing of true beauty—the rains.

Yes, the rains of red roses that fell on the spires,  
The windows, and brown roof and hill;  
And over the faces that blazoned the streets,  
On their way to the shop or the mill.

And then came the showers of dewy white blue;  
The Sky that would make Earth its own,  
Ere the stern browed Sun could float up to the heights,  
And set all in a whirl 'neath his throne.

Yet not of his gems or his crown will we speak;  
We're republicans too much for that;  
But while he uncovers his glorious head,  
Not a subject but keeps on his hat.

And then comes the whirr and the dust and the sheen  
Of the wheels that run riot all day;  
And the musical pavement that strikes the right beat  
To the tune of the grave and the gay.

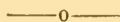
Then the smoke and the steam o'er the world of black roofs,  
And the builders that shout on the wall,  
And the river that screams of its incoming load,  
And the fire-bells' sudden, short call.

Meantime in the cells of the great city caves,  
Are treasures of new and of old ;  
And counters are brilliant with linens and silks,  
And toys and gay volumes and gold.

And at last when the Sun's face is anxious and flushed,  
As worn down with shining 'tis wont ;  
The family city, well suppered and gay,  
Is out on the stone steps in front.

Then each little world passes under review,  
As well as the great world around ;  
And the wisdom and wit of this congress of homes  
In heart cheering speeches abound.

1873.



Friend of my youth, bring back the rosy years,  
When thro' the woods in social converse lost,  
We linked the measured lessons of the school  
With Nature's themes so measureless, and saw  
The locomotive of the living world  
Pull ancient lore adown to modern thought ;  
How swiftly toward us did the future speed !  
How leaped the hills to greet our gleaming eyes !  
But ah ! the inevitable depot came !  
We graduated for the dull, cold world ;  
And dull and cold the toil must often be  
To gain the ticket to the train once more.

## MORN AND EVE.

'Tis the morn with its chanticleers that crow, crow, crow,  
And its mighty steam whistles that blow, blow, blow ;  
'Tis morn with its market wheels, that roll, roll, roll,  
And the slowly swinging church bells that toll, toll, toll,  
With its rattling milk wagons that ring, ring, ring,  
And now and then its merry birds that sing, sing, sing ;  
'Tis the morn with its stirring notes of drum, drum, drum,  
And the busy wheel of industry with its hum, hum, hum ;  
'Tis the morn of all music notes that chime, chime, chime,  
The voices that are company to Nature's pantomime.  
But the hum, drum and chime, and the ring, sing and toll,  
And roll are only music when there's music in the soul.

'Tis the eve of the martial day, when drum, drum, drum,  
Has drowned the song of industry with its hum, hum, hum ;  
While the merry mingled voices of the boys, boys, boys,  
From their tiny forts fill the air with noise, noise, noise ;  
But Commerce on our front with his roar, roar, roar,  
Ceases not his mighty billows to pour, pour, pour ;  
'Till the chorus of the weary eve is dullest of the dull,  
Save the music of the spheres heard thro' lull, lull, lull.  
But the drum and the roar and the lull only roll  
'Towards the mighty Future the heaven enchanted soul.

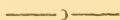
## TO A LITTLE BOY.

Good little boy,  
Earth's young joy,  
Thou art a query ;  
Why' mid the frost world,  
In thy little home curled,  
Art thou so cheery ?

Brave little boy,  
Singing ship ahoy  
To the old on life's sea !  
Just leaving shore  
For the voyage forever more—  
Brave, because free.

Glad little boy,  
Sing out thy joy,  
While there's no fetter ;  
Scenes that now gladden  
May come round to sadden,  
And make thy heart better.

1871.



As an extempore despot,  
Louis weathered it well ;  
But in smashing republics  
His work didn't tell.  
Speculators in empires,  
Tho' they live very fast,  
All history tells us  
Will burst up at last.

## DOING FOR OTHERS.

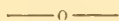
It is by giving out the light,  
The sun climbs up the day ;  
'Tis less by what we keep we gain,  
Than what we give away.

Investing in the world's true wants,  
We best supply our own ;  
The ruling one's own world within  
Man's only real throne.

Not merely each man for himself,  
Each man for others too ;  
The only way this dead old world  
Is made alive and new.

Most true, unheralded the gifts  
To want, of needful pelf ;  
We best can help our neighbor when  
We help him help himself.

1874.



Wait, wait, for the Great  
Source of blessings bids us wait ;  
And a Father's heart hath He ;  
He our own wants best can see ;  
Yet he bids us earnest be,  
'Tho' we wait ;  
Bids us wait with longing ;  
On behind us what a thronging  
Of the waiting at the gate !

## THE STOUT NURSE.

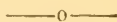
The bridge across the gorge had felt the tread  
Of the long train of Nature's wildest, called  
The Great Menagerie, that had amused  
The well packed town. Last came two elephants,  
Whose prescience, call it instinct, if you choose,  
Told them where danger hung suspended at the floor  
Stretched over from precipitous wall to wall  
Not less precipitous; the ponderous feet,  
Put forward cautiously, at once drew back:  
They would not further budge. The agent tries  
The temper of the land-holder, thro' whose rows  
Of corn that gently curved around these walls  
A path of Nature's grading down the bank  
And o'er the stream was possible. But no—  
An elephantine ferriage there was asked,  
The agent would not pay. "Drive them across,"  
The stern command the keeper heard. Again,  
The huge feet driven to the bridge's mouth,  
A cautious but a speedier reckoning made  
Of the worn timber's strength, and then recoiled.  
In vain the fierce tones followed, for the beasts  
Were obstinate; till sharp and merciless,  
The furious keeper's instrument of steel  
Did goad them on to desperate attempt.  
Onward they rushed with fearful scream, made up  
Of agony and anger, and a crash  
Of timbers falling thirty feet below  
Into the bottom of the gorge, the two  
Wise monsters bearing with them, told how true  
Their forecast. One unhurt; the other fell  
Upon his shattered tusk, and thus received



Contusion terrible. A bed was soon  
For the poor wounded improvised. No bait  
Or force or wile sufficed to draw away—  
To join the caravan that waited not—  
The lucky one from the unfortunate's side.  
So daily sinking fast, the sick one lay,  
Powerless to move; the fever drinking up  
His death doomed giant life. Whether there be  
A future for the elephant, there was a past  
For this stout foreigner, who far and wide  
Had traveled, since the Hindoo's trap had been  
Too much for his young prudence; and well tamed,  
No quadruped was e'er an apter scholar.  
Crowds had been daily witnesses to this;  
Caressed he had been, like all elephants,  
And circled round by eyes of every shade  
And grade of brightness; and the single hand  
That Nature gave him, had from human hands  
Lifted the luscious presents like a king.  
Did his distracted brain shower curses now  
On those who had enslaved him? Night and day,  
For three long weeks his faithful relative  
And the grim keeper waited at his side,  
While fever's fires were swelling every limb.  
Now sudden storms the sources of the creek  
Had visited, and piled its waters high,  
Threatening the dying with an earlier death.  
A shelter on the high bank waited nigh;  
The master's voice soon spent its gentle tones  
In wiles, and then its fiercer ones in vain  
Attempts to make the sufferer rise and walk  
To this rude hospital. Enraged at last,  
He lifted high a pitch-fork suddenly  
For a deep plunge into the moveless ribs.

But the nurse elephant snatched it with his trunk,  
Shivering the wood to atoms, and the steel  
Tossing into the deep near by. Meanwhile  
He awed the tyrant with his lion gaze,  
And dared him to approach with cruel aim  
Against the sufferer. Death, the other friend,  
Came soon. His duty done, the faithful nurse,  
With quiet, farewell tread, now turned away  
To follow the same keeper, and rejoined  
The caravan. Hath then the golden rule  
Gone down into the heart of wisest brute?  
Or was this Nature's sympathy that builds  
The great republics of her varied life?

1871.



Oh my lost friend, with whom of old  
I wandered o'er the breezy hill,  
And talked of all the mysteries  
That hang around the human will ;

How glad were I to hear from thee,  
Whose soul hath long since passed away  
Into the bright intelligence  
That hangs above the realms of day !

What wondrous beauty girls thee now,  
In that far off so strange to me !  
Oh shall my spirit ever rise  
To breathe those airs that make thee free ?

# RHYMES OF REPOSE.



## TO THE SKY.

Thou glorious Sky ! along thy dizzy height  
How sparkling planets do delight to rove,  
And wink at feeble mortals, when the night  
Invites them out to wonder and to love.  
There solemn grandeur walks serene above,  
And calls each floating world of light its own ;  
And there benevolence, celestial dove,  
Is hovering o'er the waters, where alone  
The Almighty Maker builds His everlasting throne.

Window of heaven ! through which the royal Sun  
Shines on the earth, that in his radiance glows ;  
From his fair front what streams of glory run,  
And from his eye what lightning fire he throws !  
Then kindles life, and into beauty grows.  
How beauteous then thine own transparent blue !  
So mild and modest ; not the violet knows  
More modesty than thou, whene'er thy hue  
Is calm and cloudless bright—and how majestic, too !

And thou art heaven's laboratory, where  
The elements are compounded, and the dread  
Voice of the thunder hurries from their lair  
The savage tempests, quickening e'en the dead ;  
The battle clouds in quick array are spread,  
While roars the trumpet of the storm, and flee  
The arrowy lightnings on from bed to bed  
Of mists contending like a mighty sea ;  
The cloud-shot dashing down from heaven's artillery.

But see that venerable oak, that bends,  
Not to the wintry storm, nor hurricane ;  
How trembles it before a power that rends  
Its massive trunk in splinters ; and the rain  
Doth moisten now its broken limbs in vain :  
And one great family in ruin lies  
The growth of centuries ; the forest plain  
Beholds its pride a carcase, and the prize  
Of one resistless flash, that dazzles while it dies.

Thou art the same blue sky forever, while  
Th' Almighty holds thee in His nursing hand ;  
No tempest leaves thy stately dome a pile  
Of crumbling ruins, nor thy sacred band  
Of flashing stars, to grim decay's command.  
The moon rides gaily still her circuit round,  
And nightly watches o'er the sleeping land ;  
The roving comets, visiting thy bound,  
Dare not disturb the scene, nor raise one rebel sound.

But yet thou changest countenance, and now  
I see the gathering clouds can make thee pale ;  
Then anger sits upon thy darkening brow,  
And frowns that make the sailor's heart to quail ;  
While o'er the sea each wild unfettered gale,  
Fresh from its prison, pours a freeman's song ;  
The ships that proudly walked the sea bewail  
Their shattered limbs, while waves in armies throng,  
And march to music dire, the trembling shores along.

Yet even when thy features are severe,  
How bounteous thou ! upon the thirsty earth  
Descends a storm of blessings ; far and near  
A million plants are springing into birth,  
Where yesterday there reigned the sickly dearth ;  
The fields smile sweetly, robed in gentle green ;  
The freshened air is full of songs and mirth,  
And straggling vapors round that mount are seen,  
That looked upon the storm with majesty serene.

Map of the Universe ! where man may view  
Those climes he may not travel ; which the tread  
Of fancy reaches not ; a scattering few  
Parts of a drop on ocean's boundless bed,  
There flows the milky River, that has fed  
Unnumbered systems with its living light ;  
But o'er those trackless highways who has sped ?  
Those unknown paths that mock an angels sight,  
And guide from world to world the comet's eagle flight.

Thou art a brilliant canvas, where are spread  
Aurora's golden tints,—oh wonder, Art !  
Upon the gazing clouds are softly shed  
Such lovely hues ! while ruddy heralds start  
From the sun's kingly chariot,—now they part,  
Bearing from one red center, each his way,  
Over thine azure plain ; earth's children start  
In ecstasy from sleep, as though the day  
Would bring the Heavens down to dwell in realms of clay.

And there is pictured evening, pensive maid,  
Sitting upon the western clouds in splendor ;  
The modest blush upon her cheek has paid  
The warm adieu of Phœbus ; oh how tender  
Those beams that dazzled noonday !—he must render  
His throne unto the fair, but colder moon ;  
But e'en that robe of white the Sun doth lend her,  
And though he hides himself from earth so soon,  
He sends her silver rays, and she reflects the boon.

Thou lookest down from yonder lofty towers,  
Upon the earth, with all thy million eyes ;  
Silent spectator ! Guardian of the hours !  
Marking each scene as whirlingly it flies ;  
Field, forest, ocean, land, before thee lies ;  
Hindoo or Greenlander looks up to thee,  
The same blue heaven ; untrodden mountains rise  
In vain to reach thy border ; how can we  
Search out thy wonders, then, home of eternity ?

The above, in its original form, written about the year 1835, was one of the author's first essays in verse sent for publication : it first appeared in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, under an assumed initial signature, the editor saying that it was marred with some defects. These the author aimed to correct, and, some eight or ten years after, a friend in Cincinnati who was connected with the *Herald of Truth* as contributor and otherwise, to whom it was read and the above facts stated, requested a copy for republication in the latter journal ; and it appeared therein under the author's name.

## FAITH.

I saw a father swim the wave,  
Beneath each billow yawned a grave—  
    Each billow seemed a wreck.  
Oh, calm the eye of of yonder child !  
He gazed upon the storm, and smiled ;  
    He clasped a father's neck !

I saw a sailor on a ship,  
He watched the plunging vessel dip—  
    A deadly rock before ;  
“ Were I the one to guide the helm,  
The rock would crash, the ocean overwhelm—  
    Our pilot knows the shore.”

I saw a soldier in the field,  
His foes what fearful weapons wield !  
    Yet fights he boldly on :  
“ My captain's coming with his troop,  
He'll make their haughty banners droop,  
    And then the victory's won.”

I saw a traveler on the sand,  
No shrub or spring o'er all the land—  
    All is one pebbly sea ;  
And yet his eye is clear and bright,  
A caravan is just in sight,  
    Why should he fearful be ?

I saw the man of faith—the storm  
Of death beat round his wasted form,  
But moved him not a hair !  
He raised to Heaven a trusting glance,  
“ I love thy kind Omnipotence,  
My Father, every where.”

MARIETTA, 1835.

—o—

### THE HILLS.

Some pine for the verdured plain,  
Some long for the boundless sea ;  
And some for the mountain above the rain,  
But the hills, the hills for me !

How bright is the swelling sail,  
As it mingles with the sky !  
How rich the snow cap, resting pale  
On the peaks where the breezes die !

Here from this blooming hill,  
The wave and the mount I see ;  
The plain and the river that winds at its will—  
The hills ! the hills ! for me.

The hills fear not the storm ;  
Disease delights in the vale ;  
Here the head is cool, and the heart is warm—  
Hail to the green hills, hail !



## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

'This life is but a morning dream,  
'T is full of woe, 't is full of glee ;  
'The darkest night has some gay beam,  
A shadow follows every gleam,  
Yet be the vision sweet to thee !

'This life is like a mountain rill,  
Whose rippling waters haste to flee ;  
Young Hope is dancing to its trill ;  
May Memory's silver fountain fill  
A cup of purest joy for thee !

'This life is like a sunset cloud,  
Uprising from a boundless sea ;  
Now wrapt in misery's purple shroud,  
And now in rainbow glories proud—  
Its brightest glories shine on thee !

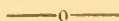
'This life is like the vernal song,  
'That rings from yonder flowering tree ;  
It tells of one who sails erelong  
Where richer strains and flowers belong—  
'That heavenly music flows for thee.

Life is the Evening Beauty's swell ;  
It wakes the sinking day to see,  
As if to bid the Sun farewell,  
And catch the twilight's holy spell,—  
'T is sad to say farewell to thee.

Thy life be like thy calm blue eye,  
 Thy flowing form, thy smile so free ;  
 If thou look brightest at the sky,  
 That smile in death shall scarcely die,  
 And death itself be life to thee.

There is another life—prepare ;—  
 A friend in need—oh bow the knee !  
 When thy freed spirit cuts the air,  
 'T will find some sister angel there,  
 To ope the gates of heaven to thee.

INDIANA, 1837.



### TOIL.

Oh weary toil and cheerful rest,  
 What true firm friends ye are !  
 Sweet meals, sweet hearth, sweet evening sleep,  
 What room is left for care.

So well and fast rolls on the day,  
 Its depots morn and night ;  
 As all employed, we joyful ride  
 O'er the smooth rail of Right.

1872.

## SUNSHINE.

When the sky is mild and blue,  
And the light drops down like dew,  
We will sit beneath the shade,  
And look out upon the glade.  
How blessed the shine,  
To the sheep and the kine ;  
To the dropsical plant, —  
To the architect ant ;  
To the farmer in the weeds,  
To the gardener with his seeds,  
To the starving washerwoman,  
To the harvest gathering yeoman ;  
To the sailor on the wave,  
To the faithful, worn-out brave ;  
To the buoyant souled equestrian,  
To the landless gay pedestrian ;  
While the thrush upon the tree  
Tells in richest melody,  
How all mankind are brothers ;  
Each has his own, but works for others  
The vast estate of one Kind Sire ;  
The Sun is but a family fire !

INDIANA, 1837.

## STANZAS.

The mountain goat is on the rock,  
Where man ne'er trod, and can not tread ;  
What landscapes on his vision break !  
What grandeur bows beneath his head !  
And I could wish that I were there,  
To melt in rapture, rise in prayer.

A bird is on the sunny cloud,  
The blooming world is spread below,  
And all enwapt with silver shroud,  
Hills, vales, and cities brightly glow ;  
He seems an angel in his flight,  
Why have I not his wings of light ?

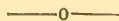
The whale ploughs up a sea of ice,  
Searches the gardens of the deep ;  
And there are gems beyond all price,  
O'er which the seasnakes idly creep ;  
Where man may sink mid ocean's fern,  
But whence he never may return.

The little drop of rain may pierce  
Earth's bosom to its rocky core,  
And see awake the earthquakes fierce,  
That snatch the city from the shore ;  
Science would throw away her pride,  
And in that fragile vessel glide.

The white bear walks the Pole alone,  
To him the blasts are gentle breezes ;  
Where man in furs would turn to stone,  
He knows not that it even freezes ;  
Could Ross put on his frame of brass,  
He soon would find the Northwest pass.

And there are thousand things that live,  
Where man would give his life to go ;  
And theories and dreams must weave,  
Because he can not, can not know ;  
He should rejoice, the world's so full,  
That all its flowers he can not cull.

INDIANA, 1837.



### THE LITTLE RILL.

Dear little rill,  
Older than I am, older than all of us,  
Yet young as ever ;  
Would the great Giver  
Give us thy river  
Of sunshiny thoughts that escape the most tall of us,  
Full of sweet will  
That storms can not chill,  
And joyous endeavor,  
Glowing forever.

## TO THE WOODS.

Ye woods ! the leafy covering of the Earth,  
Guarding from Summer's heat and Winter's cold ;  
Save where the white bear quaffs his vigorous mirth,  
Amid the icy mountains bright and bold ;  
The parasols that May and June unfold ;  
The furs of temperate climes that shed the storm ;  
The green robes of the Past, that ne'er grow old ;  
'Tis yours to keep the soul of Nature warm,  
To throw the charms of health and beauty o'er her form.

The woods—the pastures where the Indian roved ;  
As homeless as the deer or buffalo ;  
And as they changed their country, so he changed,  
Still going where his untamed herd would go,  
Through marshes where the ranks of Cypress grow,  
Or ever verdant meadows of the cane,  
Or up the hills where weaker forests bow,  
Or where the cotton-woods embower the plain ;  
Ye were his fenceless farm, but ne'er shall be again.

He's gone—far driven toward the rocky West ;  
In other wilds he hears the panther's scream ;  
The grisly bear comes growling on his rest,  
And eyes of other deer yet mildly gleam ;  
Oh ! does he of his long lost country dream ?  
His own, his father's wrongs yet wake the fire,  
Revenge alone can quench ? or does the beam  
From Calvary's Sun melt down his fiercer ire,  
To love for paler sons of his Eternal Sire ?

Ye vast republics ! ever firm and free ;  
Children of Time ! that slow, but surely rise ;  
Long centuries rear up the giant tree ;  
Like noble souls, it emulates the skies ;  
Beneath, the plant of groveling spirit lies,  
Content to borrow from its mighty shade ;  
The vigorous sapling, as the patriarch dies,  
Lifts to the Sun of glory its green head,  
And feeds on rays intense which once its parent fed.

As 'neath their boughs, a pigmy form, I rove,  
They seem so many pillars of the sky ;  
The clouds are resting on their tops above ;  
And birds, like angels, lighting from on high,  
Heaven's hymns rehearse, or on its errands fly ;  
While breezes whisper softly through the trees,  
And scattered gleams the dewy branches dry ;  
Cheering each opening flower that gently heaves,  
And mingling that rich cup the wandering bee receives.

Zephyr awakes a little world of sails,  
And bids them revel in his rich perfume ;  
Myriads of insect voyagers bless the gales,  
And fatten on the fast reviving bloom ;  
Nor think how soon their world shall be their tomb :  
The smallest leaf that falls destroys a race ;  
An Autumn makes a Universe of gloom !  
Oh could our eyes each scene of ruin trace,  
How we would think the earth was but a burial place !

But when the autumn has disrobed each limb,  
And laid it bare to wintry sleet and snow,  
And light comes through the thickets cold and dim,  
And hurricanes their fearful furrows plow,  
How meekly to adversity ye bow !  
Ye know that flowers will bloom above the dead,  
And bid frail man be ready, even now,  
For that great change, which may exalt his head  
Above the clouds that o'er the forests make their bed.

Ye tuneful woods ! ye love the joyous song ;  
The warbler's melody enchants the grove ;  
Ye are the empire of the birds, and long  
They linger in the bowers they dearly love ;  
And when rich human voices soar above  
The murmurings of care to gratitude,  
How sweetly by your echoes ye approve !  
Swiftly the strains fly through the solemn wood  
As if it felt how blest were man if pure and good.

Unceasing worshippers ! whose verdant palms  
Are stretched forever toward the bounteous sky ;  
Nor yet in vain ye ask of heaven alms ;  
Light, heat, rain, dew, descending from on high,  
The drooping raise, the dead revivify.  
Would man surrender up his soul to prayer,  
His years might number yours, and as they fly,  
More deeply might he drink of heavenly air,  
Until he quits his clay, scarce knowing when or where.



But there ye stand outwearing centuries,  
That seem to make you mightier foes of death ;  
Though age his wrinkles deepen on the trees,  
Yet Spring has newer leaves for Summer's breath,  
Unheeding those November casts beneath ;  
Gaily they dance their summer strength away,  
Till Autumn a new harvest gathereth ;  
The naked trunks with tempests yet will play,  
While empires and their purple glory pass away.

The ocean ebbs and flows from age to age ;  
'Tis an eternity of liquid change ;  
The " Falls " are the sublimity of rage,  
Boiling like outraged spirits for revenge ;  
And prairies seem like solid oceans strange ;  
In solemn grandeur ye surpass them all ;  
No storms your sturdy phalanx disarrange ;  
Ye answer proudly when the thunders call ;  
And where ye stood for life, whene'er ye must, ye fall.

Ye were the temples where the Saviour went,  
To call down mercy on a thankless race ;  
Ye bowed your heads in reverence as he bent,  
While Nature gazed enraptured on his face ;  
Sublimèr scene than fancy e'er can trace !  
For when beneath the starry crown of even,  
He kneeled, ye felt that God was in the place !  
For this, what songs go up from souls forgiven,  
Beneath the trees of Life, those Vocal Woods of Heaven !

## I'M ALL ALONE.

How cold and dark the night around !  
The breezy Autumn day is gone ;  
But still remains the wind's low sound  
To tell me I am all alone.

Far, far away am I from home ;  
Its visions crowd my thoughts upon ;  
Where'er I go, while thence I roam,  
I'm still alone, I'm still alone.

We brothers 'neath that old oak tree,  
Gave up our hours to cheer and fun ;  
But many a nobler oak I see,  
To mind me that I'm now alone.

From yonder field, how rich the song  
That hails me ere the morning Sun !  
Delight then swells my spirit strong,  
Till I bethink me I'm alone.

I see a bright young form go by,—  
His kindly look my heart has won ;  
My earliest friend had such an eye—  
But now he's left me all alone.

Amid the city's blaze of art,  
How many such one glance have thrown,  
Then left an unknown brother heart  
To sing with me, "I'm all alone!"

Yet lonelier far the worldly great,  
Upon his sword encircled throne;  
Whom all obey, and fear, and hate—  
I joy that I'm not thus alone.

But even in the darkest night,  
When round my path the storm has blown,  
I've sung, and from the unseen height  
Has echo answered, "Not alone."

And here is spread a cheerful board,  
To wake the care-worn spirit's tone;  
A family sits round the board—  
I'll think that family my own.

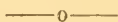
Before me climbs the murmuring fire,  
A sight to thaw a heart of stone;  
Would thus my kindling thoughts aspire,  
'Twere even bliss to be alone.

Then let the world without be cold,  
My spirit shall not inly moan;  
Hope shall a second self unfold,  
A warmer soul—I'm not alone.

What though no friend bestow a smile,  
Or lend to transient grief a tear ;  
And none, of whom oblivion's wile  
May never rob this heart, appear ;

Yet while I hear my Maker's voice,  
All hearts and homes seem mixed in one ;  
While Him I love, I may rejoice  
That I can never be alone.

ILLINOIS, 1838.



### MIND AGAINST SOUL.

The truly rich ?  
Is he the heir of lofty mind,  
Whose ken may compass all mankind ;  
Whose mental plains Time's swelling river  
Shall flood with deeper soil forever ;  
Yet o'er them filthy waters lie,  
Where Vice may flourish, Virtue die,  
And weeds of thought enwrap the grave  
Of Peace—where sullen willows wave ?  
The bittern's doleful note shall teach—  
Who Virtue wants, can ne'er be rich.

## EVENING.

The West is red,  
The river is flame,  
Like the mind that is wed  
To the light of Fame ;  
The Day, like the saint just ripe for the skies,  
Gives the earth one heavenly smile and dies.

And lo the hill  
Hath a golden hue !  
And the fairies fill  
The flowers with dew ;  
And now let the heart to its Maker given,  
Look up till the eye hath a tinge of heaven.

The stars are around  
The pensive moon ;  
And the far off sound  
Of the spheres in tune,  
Comes over the earth like a voice of love,  
To tell that the Earth has a Friend above !

—o—

How many doctors for the ills  
That crowd us toward the infernal ;  
Alas ! there's but one medicine,  
And that is the eternal !

## STANZAS.

I love the morn, the ruddy morn,  
When first she leaps from yonder East,  
And bids her herald wind his horn,  
To wake from slumber man and beast ;  
For on the Day's returning youth,  
Is deeply graved immortal Truth.

I love the noon, the dazzling noon,  
When Nature lies in quiet wonder ;  
And hurried to his height so soon,  
Yon orb has rent the day asunder ;  
It images man's ripened breath,  
Alike removed from birth and death.

I love the evening—she receives  
The hues which Day has left behind ;  
A robe of peerless beauty weaves,  
As if to clothe the deathless mind ;  
The graves of Day's departed hours  
She richly strews with starry flowers.

I love the night, the dark, dark night,  
For then I seek the spirit's home ;  
The inner world grows clear and bright ;  
And from the spirit mansions come  
Sweet voices, melting on my ear—  
They tell me that my God is near.

## LIFE.

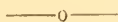
Life is a bud of early growth,  
And Death is winter's latest frost ;  
How oft the bud is nipped before  
'Tis known how sweet a flower is lost !

Life is the Morning Glory ; pure  
And white it meets the earliest Sun ;  
But ere he gains the zenith, lo !  
The glory of the flower is gone.

Life is the Althea ; long it bears  
The frosts of autumn, keen and chill,  
When lovelier colors all are fled ;  
But age itself at last will kill.

Life is the Evening Beauty ; bright  
In sunset hues it opes and dies ;  
As at the eleventh hour, a soul  
Awakes in time to reach the skies.

1839.



The largest still from smallest grow,  
And to smallest will return,  
As in the crucible of Time  
All deeds to ashes burn.

## HILL SCENE.

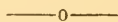
Oh where in this world could I find a retreat  
More accordant with pleasure than mine,  
On the verge of my own native village so sweet,  
On the hill side enclasp'd by the vine.

Tho' steep the ascent, so pure is the air,  
It thrills you with joy as you rise ;  
The azure above so invitingly fair,  
You seem to ascend to the skies.

The rills as they dance on their way to the vale,  
Look up in your face with a smile ;  
And the leaves, as they spread to the breezes their sail,  
Your heart with their music beguile.

And here would I stand and look out on the world,  
As if it were gathered all there ;  
May the banner of Truth and Peace widely unfurled,  
Make a home for my heart every where.

1816.



Are great things to be done? We should  
Not wait for all to start  
On the right track before *we* move,  
But straight and do *our* part.



## HYMN BENEATH DAWALAGERI.

Thou awful form, that risest far,  
Far up into the darkening sky,  
Until beneath yon glittering star,  
Thou seem'st an iceberg hung on high ;  
Oh say if saints acclimated in heaven,  
E'er meet, on thee, when skies are fair,  
Earth's excellent, whose souls are riven,  
One hour, from clay and chaos there ?

Far, far above the realms of dew,  
Upon the earth thou lookest down ;  
And on thy shoulder rests the blue,  
Cemented round thy dazzling crown.  
So near the stars thou seemest to dwell,  
Did not thy base reveal the birth  
Of these wild flowers, 't were hard to tell  
If thou wert part of heaven or earth.

Thou Pyramid of Nature's build,  
That sham'st the loftiest piles of man ;  
With Nature's secrets thou art filled,  
Let Time reveal them if he can.  
No beast-god lurks within thy halls ;  
No mummied monarch sleeps in thee ;  
But Chemist Nature, 'neath thy walls,  
Works ever undisturbed and free.

The Himmalehs ! a temple reared  
By God himself o'er Asia's plain ;  
And thou its spire—and Asia feared  
His name of yore—Oh ! when again ?  
Amid yon lesser peaks 'tis thine  
To rise, the loftiest minaret ;  
Still on those hundred millions shine—  
Thy Maker they shall worship yet.

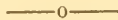
Thy cone doth pierce the firmament,  
As if its azure to adorn  
With some archangel's rainbow tent,  
Upon thy summit pitched at morn.  
Oh hadst thou but a listening ear,  
When gather Heavenly Councils round,  
Perhaps the secret thou might'st hear,  
When the last awful trump shall sound.

I gaze until my eyesight fails—  
Although thy rocky base is broad,  
Thy summit seems a cloud that sails  
And mounts toward the throne of God.  
Oh tell me, if from yonder star,  
That through thee seems to shoot its ray,  
Thou hearest tones, that come afar  
From spheres lit up by endless day ?

Thou loftiest spot of Earth, no trace  
Has mortal left upon thy height ;  
Art thou a way-side resting place  
For yon pure messengers of light ?  
Could I be there when Earth and Sky  
Shower all their glories on thy even,  
Say, could I see those angels fly  
Adown the soul's highway to heaven ?

In vain I gaze and long—thy tower,  
Though dazzling as the peaks of fame,  
Is cold as highest height of power,  
That freezes all but heaven born flame.  
Thou mayst, when man has dropt the clod,  
The world's observatory be ;  
Life-kindled at the throne of God,  
He then may melt his path to thee.

CINCINNATI, 1819.



Is he the rich ?  
The lordling of a boundless realm,  
Of some vast government the helm ;  
Whom Fortune scorches with her favors,  
And Fame but sickens with sweet savors ;  
Beset by flatterers as by mice,  
The slave of passion and of vice ;  
His virtues mangled by his errors ;  
His fears wrought up to thousand terrors ;  
His dearest friend a hungry leech ?—  
Heaven save me then from being rich !

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. PRICE.

I saw her, when her eye was lit with youth,  
Deep thoughts and pure were written on her brow ;  
Her features were the beautiful of truth ;  
Her kind and silvery voice, I hear it now ;  
Then to her charms did many a true heart bow ;  
In her, by all observed, beloved, admired,  
How generously Nature can endow,  
We clearly saw ; in her we saw attired  
The grace of Goodness, and a Conscience all inspired.

I saw her, when a wife ; she made her home  
First happy for her husband, then her friends ;  
Toward the house of God she loved to roam,  
Nor elsewhere, save for sympathy that lends  
Beauty to life, or charity that spends  
The heart most freely both for joy and pain ;  
While those two blossoms in whom Nature blends  
The sire and mother, it was hers to train  
That they might ripen here, and bloom in heaven again.

I saw her when the Pestilence was stealing  
So noiselessly among us. It was morn,  
And on her cheek was health and buoyant feeling.  
Light was his footstep, when he came to warn—  
But anxious with her duties to adorn  
The hours, she toiled till the destroyer threw  
His poison in her blood. It left forlorn  
Her icing heart—she sunk away—till flew  
Speech, consciousness and life, ere day was made anew.

I saw her spirit going to its God !

Her track was, to my mind's eye, bright and clear.

Then weep not bitter tears upon her sod,

Husband, and little ones, and friends so dear,

To her the glorified ; she still is here,

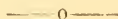
In all but flesh and blood ; and yet have ye

A wife, a mother, and a friend, so near

The throne ! Behold her when ye bend the knee !

She waits at heaven's door, till ye can come and see !

CINCINNATI, 1850.



## A SUMMER DAY IN THE WOODS.

The leaves are humming a sweet tune. They dance,

As if to cheer the grave old oaks. The thrush

Is glancing through the boughs so trembly !

You feel kind Nature drawing out your soul

Towards all her feeblest children. Here a stream

Rolls by majestic, talking to himself

Of the great Ocean he is soon to swell ;

And finds an echo in your heart, for there

Doth Feeling roll its river on to Bliss.

Now Fancy offers Hope a passage free.

Now Love sits on the soul like softened light.

Now thought seems all enchantment, strangely calm—

Like waters seemingly at rest, because

Their sky-reflecting channel is so smooth.

So let us often glide away from care,

And bathe our spirits in the quiet grove.

And then let Memory, like a genial friend,

Uncalled for, come, and seat her by us here.

Our happy souls shall bid her welcome, for

She visits this sweet spot with none but Peace.

## EVENING STANZAS.

Oh come ! when sunset's hectic flush  
The day's declining glory lightens,  
And Nature's loveliest colors rush,  
To deck the smile that dying brightens.

Oh come ! when every breeze is still,  
And every leaf is calmly sleeping ;  
And yonder sky, whose eyelids fill  
With dewy tears, is gently weeping.

Oh come, when forest songsters' notes  
Grow plaintive as their lays are dying,  
And many a golden vapor floats  
Around the couch where twilight's lying.

Oh come ! with gentle hearts that burn,  
As Day's last glance is upward darting,  
And bid thy chastened spirit learn  
To take from earth so sweet a parting.

—o—

## NIAGARA.

Niagara,—age after age,—  
Untiring at his duty,—  
His awful grandeur grows to calm,  
All swallowed up in beauty.

## THE FALLEN COTTONWOOD.

Lone remnant of the dimly pictured past,  
I bring my solitary song to thee.  
Although thy crown upon the earth is cast,  
And thou hast ceased the forest king to be,  
Thy greatness in thy ruin I can see ;  
See in that scarred embrace, like coil of wire,  
Thy ancient stateliness and majesty,  
Whose form rose up so high, a verdant spire,  
It plucked upon its head the heavens' all conquering fire.  
Within thyself thou wert a boundless world,  
Nursing on every bough a thousand more ;  
Thy leaves, those vernal sails, were never furled,  
Yet ever anchored to their native shore,  
On Being's voyage mysterious they bore  
The busy tribes that shun the human eye,  
But wonders none the less ; till Autumn bore  
The weather-beaten canvas from on high,  
And bade a year's creation change and fall and die.  
But while they lived, how glorious ! Softest dews  
Came down to fill each flowret's golden cup,  
And every leaf the morning's glances drew,  
Smiling like Love upon the eye of Hope ;  
And fairies seemed within thy bowers to sup,  
As sunset spread her pensive glories there ;  
And while their arms in praise were lifted up,  
Thy shade grew infinite along the plain,  
E'en as a spirit's life upon the eternal main.  
Thou wast a temple, and thy organ choir  
Sent up to heaven the summer's offering ;  
Each year successive built thee broader, higher,  
To gain new worshippers from every spring ;

How did the joyous anthem, wont to ring  
From out thy flower dome, eloquent with prayer,  
At once all Nature lift upon the wing,  
And bring youth, beauty, age from toil and care,  
To bathe their hearts in praise, and find their Father there !  
How long wast thou, oh fallen one, a tower,  
A Babel in the silent wilderness !  
How long thy shadow traveled with the hour,  
From morning's blush to evening's parting kiss !  
How many generations sought the bliss  
Of well earned rest upon thy boughs, whose wings  
'The gentle dews relieved from weariness ;  
'Tis nothing to thee now ; no warbler sings  
Upon thy broken crown, thou chief of forest kings.  
Alas ! how many a race has dropt in dust  
Whilst thou wert standing in thy noble pride !  
Full many a soul its sin wrought chains has burst,  
And climbed the azure heights to thee denied,  
Even while the heavens seemed resting by thy side ;—  
'Those far off scenes which Faith can bring so nigh,  
'To hearts wherein their images abide ;—  
'Thy shadow wrapt the sod where now they lie,  
'Till thro' the tempest came the warning, "thou must die."  
Year after year a family of flowers  
And leaves were born to dance into a grave  
Beneath their birth-place. Thro' the Summer hours,  
How were they wont in every breeze to wave,  
And feed on fragrance which the breezes gave ;  
Until the flowers, thy gentle offspring, fell ;  
'Then Winter bade the herald tempest rave ;  
'Till Death came up and stormed thy citadel.  
'The vast, the echoing wood then heard thy dying knell.



## A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

How fast the wheels of Time move on !  
How quickly is a century gone  
    With all its waste of life !  
And still another century comes,  
To scatter all around our homes,  
    Its world of sin and strife.

Where now are all the lovely scenes  
That hung around the smiling greens  
    Where I was wont to play ?  
No more the harvest here is reapt,  
An hundred wintry blasts have swept  
    Those lovely scenes away.

The forest that so beauteous stood,  
To shade the minstrel multitude,  
    Has melted from the plain ;  
And far and near the city swells,  
And not a single locust tells  
    The minstrel's song again.

The fields that yearly waved their wheat  
Are trodden by the myriad feet ;  
    Their verdure dead and gone ;  
And ne'er beneath those feet shall spring  
Such flowers as erst have spread their wing  
    To play with breeze and sun.

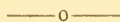
The lovely gardens vanished too,  
And all in vain the morning dew  
Still bathes the lonely spot,  
Where many a brilliant eye lit up,  
As there from Nature's flowing cup  
It drank its fill of thought.

But mid the acres that I tilled  
Where now the smiling cot that filled  
My soul with gratitude?  
No more this eye my sweet home sees  
Beneath the spreading locust trees,  
A gentle brotherhood.

'Tis gone, and every cheerful smile  
That lit the sacred place the while,  
Has melted into night;  
In vain the wanderer's feet return  
Where meeting hearts no longer burn  
With love's unearthly light.

No friends remain of all the band  
That spread the true light thro' the land;  
No kindred now remain;  
Not e'en the relic of a grave  
Is left by Time's destroying wave,  
That swept my native plain.

The busy throng around I see  
Is loneliest solitude to me ;  
The homes of wealth and taste  
But shine to make me still more lone ;  
For all with which I once was one  
Lies desolate and waste.



## DEATH BY THE ROADSIDE.

None waits upon the dying man,  
He needs no help to die ;  
For he began the world alone,  
His pathway was a lonely one ;  
Yet man he loved, and could not one  
Receive his parting sigh ?

He loved his brother and his God,  
And served them in his way ;  
And oft he felt the chastening rod,  
Which drove him faster on the road  
Until too weak to bear the load,  
On that cold bed he lay.

And when the spark was almost gone,  
I reached that place of gloom.  
Light was my step—his eye was won ;  
Said he, “ I do not die alone.”  
The flashing of his eye was done,  
His spirit hastened home.

## FAREWELL.

Farewell, departing spirit,  
Thine hour is dwindling fast ;  
Oh gladsome be thy flight to join  
The assembly of the past.

Yet ere thy reign is over,  
Bring back to Fancy's day  
The joys, the woes, the hopes, the fears  
That pass with thee away.

Yea, bring the voice of sorrow,  
The tears that dimmed mine eye ;  
For tears we shed in fittest time  
Our natures purify.

Grief's brine can memory sweeten,  
And eternize its years ;  
Like floral gems embalmed and gilt  
With their own amber tears.

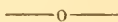
Bring with thee, too, the gladness  
That thrilled my spirit through ;  
Those voices from the stream and wood  
That came with morning's dew.

But thou, pale year, art going ;  
'Tis almost twelve ; good night ;  
Thou never can'st forgotten be  
Through all the season's flight.

The sceptre's taken from thee ;  
Another year has come ;  
Farewell, but I shall follow soon  
To our eternal home.

In that great hall of judgment  
When I shall meet thee there,  
Perhaps thy unborn brethren may  
A better record bear.

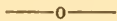
1850.



## SLEEP.

Thou gentle sleep, oh holy sleep,  
Thou art to us a gem  
That brightens every ray of life,  
And weaves its diadem.

Oh who would drag the mangled day  
Thro' storm and fire and cold ;  
Did not sweet sleep come down to lead  
The weary to her fold ?



Near B. & O. R. R., so like  
A sculptured hero tall,  
Cheat Mountain by Cheat River stands,  
And is no cheat at all.

## THE DEPARTED.

'Tis good, while Time is wasting,  
To nurse the dreams of hope,  
And to revive the varied past  
In memory's telescope.

We now enjoy the danger  
That woke our fears of yore ;  
And so enjoy its memory  
We almost wish for more.

Our meetings and our partings !  
The pleasure and the pain !  
And some, alas ! we parted from,  
We ne'er shall meet again.

I watched a form of beauty,  
Long wasting to the grave ;  
The soul it wrapt went brightening on  
Thro' sorrow's every wave.

Week after week the spirit  
Nerved as the cheek grew pale,  
Until the last faint gasp drew forth  
A mother's piercing wail.

That broken mould of manhood,  
To its own earth thrown back ;  
That measureless maternal love,  
And this memorial black—

All things that freshly cherish  
Thoughts sacred to the dead ;—  
Why bring they not now Death's dull gloom,  
But holier thoughts instead ?

'Tis that the lost bring visions  
Of a brighter, lovelier home ;  
'Tis that I see in hope that throng !  
That temple's golden dome !

And on the couch of anguish,  
That friend's eye sought the Giver  
Of light with such a gaze intense,  
As closed its lids forever !

And oh to hear such gladness  
Poured out in shortened breath !  
T'was bliss to see so wan a cheek  
So beautiful in death !

But now that spirit seemeth  
A brother in the sky ;  
That keen, bright eye, that pure white brow  
Are with me till I die.

1850.

—o—

Sweet Sabbath eve, thy gorgeous shroud  
Grows brighter still with every cloud ;  
So every trial may unroll  
Some page of glory for the soul.

## THE WILD FLOWER.

I found a lily in the wild,  
I found a lily fair ;  
So sweetly on its stalk it smiled,  
I left it blooming there.

There were no rival flowers around ;  
No sister hues were nigh ;  
But it rose thro' the bush like a lone star seen  
White thro' the misty sky.

The rugged plants seemed lovelier  
As they leaned to the lily's stem ;  
And the tall rough tree would hardly stir,  
Lest a leaf should crush the gem.

And the sun, as he hastened to the wood,  
Sent down his softest ray  
Through the boughs where the forest beauty stood,  
To shed the mildest day.

And when the rain came pelting there,  
The leaves were a roof of green ;  
And they wove a diamond wreath for a brow  
The gentlest ever seen.

And there mid the pearls on the sweet flower's breast,  
There seemed a spirit fair,  
Fresh from the regions of the blest,  
To plant an Eden there.

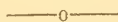


## SABBATH.

Thou glorious Sabbath, o'er the world  
Once more is seen thy kindly sway ;  
The flag of peace is wide unfurled,  
And sorrow's legions shrink away.  
Oh come, bid every fear depart,  
And shake thy dew upon the heart.

Almost six thousand years have gone  
Since Earth first oped her eyes on thee ;  
And an approving smile had won  
From Him who rules Eternity ;  
Ye waves of time, still onward flow,  
'Till Earth with Eden's light shall glow.

Away, away, our hopes go forth  
In search of that lost boon of heaven,  
Presented at Creation's birth,  
'To be restored when Earth's forgiven ;  
That great ideal true to bliss,  
The innocence of happiness.



## EVENING TOWARD HOME IN THE CITY.

Merry sweet voices fleet as I go  
Down the long street, life's overflow ;  
Playful old voices, humorous and slow,  
Join in the chiming, life's underflow ;  
Nature's wild music, young life's halloo ;  
Heavy, deep voices, solemn and slow,  
'They are the bass notes, manly and clear—  
'The street a vast family hall, full of cheer.

## SABBATH MORNING.

The grateful Sun his burning brow  
From yon hill chamber lifts on high,  
And thrills my voice with praise as now  
My eyes are kindled with the sky.

A thousand hues that round Earth bend  
Make joyful all created things ;  
For them let myriad thanks ascend  
To Him who reigns o'er myriad kings.

May penitence dissolve my soul  
Until my follies are forgiven ;  
And all my better feelings roll  
Unchecked toward the sea of heaven.

To-day a pilgrimage I take  
To His bright land who made us free ;  
And terribly the earth did shake  
While conquering Death on Calvary.

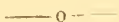
Oh could I see Him on the straw,  
The wise men kneeling round his head ;  
Oh could I see, as those who saw,  
The morning when He left the dead.

## SABBATH EVE.

Thou, Sabbath Eve, hast lost thy blue,  
But all the more hast richest hue,  
As when the Christian sinks in night,  
His robe assumes the purest white.

Sweet Sabbath Eve, thy holy calm  
Steals o'er my wounded heart like balm ;  
And spreads beneath my spirit's eye  
A scene like thine enchanted sky.

Oh Sabbath Eve, it matters not  
What sorrows chill my weary lot,  
When Jesus sends thy gentle ray  
To melt those sorrows all away.



## PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Come to us, Prayer and Praise, the loveliest pair  
That Heaven e'er sent to missionize the earth ;  
Come earnest Prayer that hath the single eye ;  
Come Praise that brings us near and nearer Him,  
Whose best gift is the being like to him ;  
Come quickly, ere our spirits clog with earth ;  
Come with the earliest dawn and midday sun,  
And rising noon and all the crown of stars ;  
Fill every thought and feeling, that we may  
At last, tho' late, not merely learn but live.

## UPRISING.

A column of smoke is swelling  
Before me all the day,  
And curling upward to the sky,  
Dissolves in air away.

'Tis the breeze that gives its shaping,  
That artist from the sea ;  
Now bids it stand, a pillar of cloud,  
And now a branching tree.

But mark its varying colors,  
Dyed by the circling sun ;  
It's threads of brown and blue and gold,  
By Eve's soft fingers spun.

Here from my lonely window,  
As all the day I gaze,  
It seems the only living thing  
Amid the city's maze.

And is it not an image  
Of the opening human soul ;  
Still pressing up and spreading out  
To mix with Nature's whole.

But not like this the true soul  
Dissolves in air away ;  
Burning the ladder which it climbs,  
It soars to endless day.

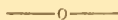
## LABORER'S SONG.

How sweet the close of the day,  
When the evening bell is ringing ;  
And the birds that have quit their merry play  
A soft good night are singing.

How sweet the close of the day  
When the flocks to repose are bending,  
And the locust is chanting his plaintive lay,  
And the bustle of care is ending.

How sweet the close of the day,  
And sweet the evening's slumber ;  
The fireside talk so pleasant and gay,  
And blessings we can not number.

How sweet the close of the day,  
When the stars in their temple gather ;  
Oh let us kneel down and our praises pay  
To our kind and merciful Father.

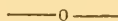


## DAY AT HOME.

The day at home that dismisses the world  
To hungrier stomachs than thine ;  
The day at home, the ore of thy thoughts,  
To work up and refine ;  
The capital loaned of the day at home  
Will pay for the morrow the way to roam.

## PRAYER.

Oh Thou from whom my very life I draw,  
Into Thy presence let me not intrude  
With heart unsanctified, or manners rude ;  
But with a soul subdued to filial awe,  
Repentant of transgressions of Thy law,  
May I tread lightly toward Thee, living God !  
I ask that Thou would'st fill with gratitude  
The chambers of my heart ; that Thou wouldst thaw  
My frozen sympathies ; that love to Thee  
May rise like incense from my heart's calm sea ;  
And lit with heavenly truth I may be free,  
In harbor safe from passion's wild commotion ;  
Give Thou, oh Infinite, of Thy grace to me,  
And with Thy praise make living my devotion.



## DEVOTION.

Oh for the perfect stillness  
Of deep, intense devotion ;  
The calm of soundless waters  
On Being's boundless ocean !

The perfect peace of soul life  
God giveth his forgiven ;  
The earnest of the whole life  
He fits us for in heaven.

## THE DYING SAINT.

Let me go ; my Savior calls me,  
Lo ! I see His smiling eye !  
If 'tis death that now befalls me,  
'Tis a blessed thing to die.  
Glories on my vision flow,  
Oh to reach them let me go !

Now I see my guardian angel  
Waiting, watching round my bed ;  
See, he bears a crown of glory,  
Soon to place it on my head ;  
There the Lamb of God I meet ;  
I will cast it at His feet !

Hark ! I hear those angel voices ;  
Hark ! They bid me quickly come !  
All is ready, all is waiting ;  
List ! I hear them say, Come home !  
Sister, brother, you will come !  
Weep not, love, they'll bring you home !

—o—

Be yours, friend, the Present, and I'll take the Past,  
With all its strange scenes that were fleeting so fast.  
Let them drink Lethe dry, let the tombs be their home ;  
They will have errands back, and too soon they will come.  
I grant you the Present more lively and clear,  
For its life's on the surface, its eyesight is near ;  
But life in the Past, where'er it may roam,  
Leads round to the truth that makes lasting a home.

## OPENING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Little feet just gone from home ;  
Time for Sunday School has come.  
Calm the living world around ;  
Ear takes in but gentle sound ;  
Something o'er the vale and hill  
Bids the wide, wide scene be still ;  
Just as if this first of week  
Was to hear an angel speak.  
Lovely is the quiet hour,  
Rich in faith and hope and power ;  
Deep toned Christian hearts are full,  
Praying for the Sunday School.  
See the parent in his chair,  
Leaning back as if in prayer,  
That the teacher may impart  
Something that may touch the heart.  
Hear the mother's earnest tones  
Go up for her little ones ;  
" Heavenly Giver, give them grace  
" E'er to walk before Thy face ;  
" All the years of life to be  
" Growing up to bliss and Thee." •  
Now the opening song is o'er,  
All take in the heavenly lore.  
Teacher overlooks his class,  
Looking thro' that window glass—  
Eye, that doth the soul declare—  
Leading up its glances where  
Leaves of Life's own Tree do quiver  
O'er the banks of Life's own River ;  
Healing for the nations there.

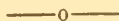


## LOOK UP.

Look up, oh soul, the sky is pure,  
And on it dwells the peace of heaven ;  
Look up and let its calm allure,  
Until at last thou feel'st forgiven.

Look up, and 'mid that azure vail  
Oh search for Mercy's melting eye ;  
And through the tears that wash thy wail,  
Behold the spirit hovering nigh.

Look up to Him who reads thy prayer,  
And measures gifts by heart's devotion ;  
'Till beams that star, so wondrous fair,  
The fairest star on Mercy's ocean.



## AT THE HEARTHFIRE.

Beneficent Eve, come down and dwell  
Beside our blushing fire,  
And let thy low sweet murmurs tune  
The half awakened lyre.

Come from the infinite source of love,  
To nerve our worn out eyes,  
And bring to stir our inmost souls  
Some exquisite surprise.

## NIGHT.

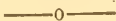
Night is the poor man's riches ; holy dreams  
Are his ; the streams of rest flow down for all,  
Bearing the soul onward to its wider world.  
Day's frowning clouds shut out our aching eyes,  
When boisterous winds besiege the firmament.  
But vain their force ; they soon return ; the gates  
Fly open ; and the sacred lamps shine out,  
And on the moon's sweet brow is written Peace.  
The night gains on the day, for steam hath taught  
Her feet a similar swiftness, and the car  
Hath a shrill whistle for approving night.  
Earth turns upon his hinges like a door,  
That opens and that shuts against the sun.  
Night is the treasure house of Memories,  
And Thought's most precious streams are full of them ;  
The wise and good Day washes out the gold.  
Day does his duty by us, then gives o'er  
His charge to Night, who heals our many wounds  
Of soul and body with the remedies,  
Soothing and mild, the Great Physician sends ;  
And Night, thou art the garden where our souls  
Go forth to gather fruit ; thou art the true  
Hesperides ; thy apples ever bloom ;  
True golden apples that rejoice the heart ;  
We go and taste them ; our best thoughts improve  
On their rich juices, yet all unconsumed  
We leave them ripe for others yet unborn.  
Thine is the feast of ages, where we meet  
Newton and Kepler and Pythagoras,  
And patient Job, whose woe parched soul his God  
Led to the sweet influences of the Pleiades.

## TRUST.

Oh God, my life, my highest love,  
How dark this world would be,  
When these fierce clouds o'erhang the blue,  
Had I one doubt of Thee.

When lightning's sword is drawn on high,  
And thunder shakes the wild,  
'Tis then I feel 'Thou art most nigh,  
To guard Thy trusting child.

When world calamities oppress,  
And drive my peace away,  
The peace of God will come instead,  
While Thee I make my stay.



## READING ROOM.

Oh soft and sweet the hours of eve,  
Beneath the gaslight, where the world's  
Great banquet spread we may receive,  
And watch life's gulf with all its whirls.

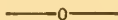
Here warm and safe, without the dimes,  
We drink pure streams from all the past,  
And for the future's need betimes,  
Our bread upon the waters cast.

## STREET LIGHTS.

All up the street and down the street  
Are rows of burning trees ;  
Two long, long rows of living lights  
That put old night at ease.

So up and down the street of Time  
Are long, long rows of lights,  
That cheer us thro' the dusky days,  
And guide us thro' the nights.

One bright, broad Sun for all the day,  
And many suns for nights ;  
So thanks to Thee, Almighty Sun,  
For all these lesser lights.



## INNOCENCE.

First and sweetest flower of Spring,  
Thee there's no need I should sing ;  
All the light winged from the tree  
Here abound in praise of thee !  
Oh if Eve had still been Eve,  
What a joy Earth now would weave !  
Earth so sunk in crime and clanhood !  
Who but th' Innocent, clothed in manhood,  
This Dead Sea can ferry us o'er  
Back to Innocence once more ?

## AUGUST.

A pleasant month were August,  
So flush of all that's fair ;  
If April would but lend him  
A breath of her sweet air.

A cheerful month were August,  
In harvests so arrayed,  
If toil could make a compromise  
Between the sun and shade.

A glorious month were August,  
Whose radiance climbs so high,  
Wert not for his secure, proud gaze  
From that unclouded sky.

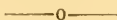
But as he is, dull August  
Rolls heavily away ;  
We'll never mention him in rhyme,  
'Till Winter chills the day.

When blazing beech and steaming grain  
Cheer up December's sun,  
We'll thank dead August for our stores,  
His weary heats have won.

## THE SABBATH.

Roll on, roll on, oh Sabbath Sun,  
And tell the nations 'neath thy sway,  
That whence thy raptured heralds run,  
There comes a soul ennobling ray,  
To bring the wanderers from abroad,  
Back to the fellowship of God.

Oh haste, oh haste, that wondrous hour,  
When the vast wilderness of mind  
Shall bend before the Gospel's power,  
And all the gold of heart, refined  
By fire of heavenly love, shall be  
A gem to deck Eternity.



## HOPE AND DUTY.

Oh give me eyes to see my home  
Far up in yonder blue ;  
That I may know to reach that home,  
What I must be and do.

Oh give me ears to hear the voice  
That whispers from the sky,  
What I must do and suffer ere  
I earn the right to die.

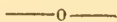
## REST.

Soon I bathe my head in slumber,  
 Savior, let me rest in Thee ;  
 Striving all Thy gifts to number,  
 'Till I'm lost in Mercy's sea ;  
     Love and service  
 Ever floating me to Thee.

Oh the grace, the beauty shining  
 From thy form on Calvary ?  
 Woes I'll bear without repining,  
 Since Thou suffered'st thus for me !  
     Only Lovely,  
 It were life to die in Thee.

While the evening curtain shields me,  
 Send some dear departed friend,  
 Now an angel, to my pillow,  
 Holy dreams of Thee to lend ;  
     May my waking  
 All for Thee its new life spend.

1866.



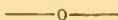
Oh, weariness, thou art the soul's bequest  
 To the vain world, that seeks its base reward.  
 We give our cares to slumber, who repays  
 In gentle dreams and freshened morning thoughts.  
 The world wants not our weariness, and back  
 It comes as Rest, to help us early rise.

## SUNSET.

Go down to thy grave, oh loveliest Sun,  
On the soft, verdant breast of the prairie,  
For again thou'lt appear thro' the morn's dewy tear,  
Like the vision of Jesus to Mary.

Go down to thy sepulcher, angel of light,  
And with thee the prayers of creation ;  
When new-born and bright, thou shalt scatter old night,  
Thou wilt come like the Sun of salvation.

Oh when thou wert rising on yonder gray hill,  
Thou did'st fill our young spirits with gladness ;  
Now thy bloom from the East grows the ripened soul feast,  
A joy that is sweetened by sadness.



## SUNRISE AT WINDOW.

The gay green orange cloud above,  
The blue gray frost below,  
Lighten the black hills waving there,  
Where the sun-steps swiftly grow.

Envy me not, ye worn out trees,  
Whose leaves are dead and gone,  
If my heart blossoms out anew,  
By God's great goodness won.



## SEPTEMBER.

Thy wrath is over, month of Equinox,  
Vanguard of Autumn, driving back the day,  
While Night, thine ally, captures the half hours,  
And turns the Sun upon a lower track.  
He hath the grapes to ripen yet, the corn  
Of later birth to yellow ; while the knife  
Of Frost stands ready o'er luxuriance ;  
Its cutting down a question but of Time.  
A darker green rules o'er the world of hues,  
That soon divided empire will display,  
And now doth bid the heedful husbandman  
Hasten to gather. Still the Light ascends  
High from his golden to his silver track,  
While half defeated Summer comes again,  
And mounts a lower throne. Still harvest waits  
On many a plant unknown to fastest lines,  
And earliest demand. Along the grass  
Inveterate, thick matted o'er the walk,  
Are seen gray streaks, that do not fear to tell  
How chill old age affects the season's blood.  
But this most patient of all Nature's growths,  
For untold millions of her mouths the bread,  
The carpet for her unshod feet, the meek  
Inheritor of earth, upon its coat  
Retains the nap that keeps the life within.

And now the Cabbage, plump self interest,  
Clings close to soil, and throws out leaf on leaf,  
To play the beggar as the breeze flaunts by ;  
Till satisfied with gaining, it contracts  
And rounds its bulky head, exchanging soon  
The outside acrid for the inward sweet.

So the Potato, stout humility,  
That throws its hardy vine nets o'er the ground,  
As if to keep its roots from sunstroke, while  
The grateful tubers swell to manly size,  
Has given a few crisp leaves to hungry frost.  
The darkened green of the Tomato takes  
A brighter view from the sweet smile of heaven ;  
And underneath the weaving of his vines,  
Blushing like Love beneath his tresses, gleams  
The red ripe fruit that tempts the gardener's hand.  
With bolder cheek the Turnip meets the change,  
Hemmed in on slope between the slender walls,  
That terrace up my garden of the heights ;  
This type of bustling, active zeal spreads out  
His green and white, as if in calm contempt  
Of the rough King that's coming. Now behold  
The yellow Sunflower doff its ample green,  
And wrap itself in dark and spotted brown.  
How hath it, like glad Hope, pushed out its leaves  
To conquer sustenance from roving airs,  
And turned toward the Sun its golden face,  
So broad and round and full of confidence !  
Now turns its disc embrowned to sharp black cones,  
Full of refreshing oil, the songster's joy.  
But see the Corn, like Faith, that upward springs,  
Communing with the heavens, and holding out  
Its many taper fingers to the breeze !  
Alas ! bereaved of its unripened ears,  
The children it so tenderly had wrapped  
In silk of its own weaving, and encased  
In coats and cloaks against the storm and drought,—  
Bereaved in the very gushing of its sweet !  
Yet tho' its leaves hang drooping by its side,  
Its stem, unshortened, swells with sugar still.

And now, so like Economy, the Bean,  
Turns to the best account its many friends,  
On which it leans, now the potato tops,  
And then the lofty pole, the corn's smooth cane,  
The sunflower's trunk, the rough tomato's stem ;  
It taxes all in turn for its support.  
Thus patronized, it hangs its light legumes,  
Swollen and sweet, beneath its string of hearts,  
Secure from fiercer noonday—not from touch  
Of hunger, when he seeks his prey at eve.  
And last, not least, the Grape, with banners wide,  
Carrying its rich clusters up supports  
Borrowed from templed woods, toward the Sun,  
Emblem of Christian Union, now has paid  
Its tribute of rich fruit, and casts its leaves  
Into the heaving bosom of the Wind ;  
Its juices taking in for winter's rest ;  
As great minds looking inward gain new strength.

Now doth the Autumn settle up accounts  
With Spring and Summer for the growing world,  
And give the year its stores to feed its own.  
Are there not times when Nations fall their leaves,  
Settling accounts with Present and with Past ?  
And hath not Christianity her times  
Of falling leaves and ripening fruits, and fears  
Of a cold winter for the souls of men ?

1863.

—o—

## STARLIGHT.

Now's the convention  
Of all the great lights ;  
And open to all who  
Love to see the great sights.

## THE POTATO.

Where did I come from ? The lofty piled plain,  
Where the overhead sun pours his red hot in vain,  
Where the tropic's slow Winter lingers all through the year ;  
'Twas there did my sweetness and strength first appear.

With my long tangled arms in my mother Earth's breast,  
I drew out the milk, and I grew without rest ;  
Till the hungry to feed, I came out of my bed,  
And my fame o'er deep vales and wide valleys was spread.

I sought the Green Island, and soon became there,  
Right arm to the strong and sweet rose to the fair,  
Until the destroyer in shape of the rot,  
Bro't ruin to harvest-field, famine to cot.

In the great commonwealth I've the firmest of friends,  
Who work by wise means for the noblest of ends ;  
Every foe to the rights of the poor to dethrone,  
And assure to the meek, honest toiler his own.

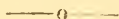
And as I grow rooted all over the Earth,  
My descendants in armies will honor their birth ;  
And kind souls like Dorcas, and strong men like Cato,  
The world's need invite to the feast of potato.

## REFRESHMENT.

My old friend, Rest, come round once more,  
And lay thy pillow 'neath my brain ;  
And draw Hope's blanket round my breast,  
That I may dream of Heaven again.

Oh give me back my infant joys,  
Serve up the sweet repasts of youth,  
And hold the rope, and let me down  
Once more into the wells of Truth.

1872.



## LAND AND OCEAN.

Altho' the land appears at rest,  
And ocean's oft a fury,  
Whether the land has more repose,  
Might come before a jury.

For land must run the gauntlet of  
Both heat and cold's wide range,  
While ocean turns him in his bed,  
And hardly feels the change.

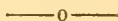
The land is torn by torrents too ;  
Laid waste by lava waves,  
And storms betimes, that make its plains  
And vales a world of graves.

Yet tho' the rills and rivers act  
As agents for the sea ;  
They're also piling up the banks  
About the roots of tree.

The coral's a land agent that,  
Each now and then, the seas  
Is serving with a notice to  
Vacate the premises.

The real difference seems to be,  
Between these parties massive,  
That ocean's in the active voice,  
And land is in the passive.

The Land is moved, and Ocean moves ;  
When Ocean's tired of revel,  
He leaves the Land alone to rest,  
And dozing, finds his level.



'Tis fortunate the Earth's a sphere,  
And Nature, as we're whirled  
Around, has given us so many  
Centres of the world.

If there were but one, every soul  
Might be for running there ;  
But now we've only to reflect  
That the centre's where we are.

## THE CANAL BOAT.

Two sedentary workers, domiciled  
In separate niches in high walls, that had  
No streetward view, to eke out weary eve,  
Did simultaneously attempt a rhyme,  
Describing each his outlook. One ran thus :

“ A pile of boards ; a pile of boards !  
“ Pray tell, is that your theme ?  
“ If that’s the case, ’tis very plain,  
“ You’ve dreamed a lumbering dream.”

“ That is my theme. From morn till night,  
“ Below ten yards of sky,  
“ That is the unvaried scene these panes  
“ Yield to my painless eye.”

“ Unvaried—oh how beautiful ! ”  
“ Unvaried, did I say ?  
“ No ; where but yesterday were oak,  
“ Are poplar boards to-day.”

“ You think it interesting, then ? ”  
“ Why, yes, its interest  
“ To its proprietor, no doubt,  
“ Is ten per cent at least.”

“ That’s making use of figures, true,  
“ But is it picturesque ? ”  
“ Well, it may yet supply a frame  
“ For the portrait o’er your desk.”

“Æsthetic?” “Yes, when taking shape

“As dinner tables placed

“Beneath Thanksgiving turkeys, ’twill

“Most surely please the taste.”

“But not pathetic?” “Yes, who knows;

“The architect who rears

“The pit and boxes for the show,

“May work it into tiers.”

“Light literature it can not be.”

“Why not, when tools kept bright

“Make of it sash and window frames,

“It surely will be light.”

“But still it wants repose.” “It won’t,

“If its products e’er you mark,

“As benches holding patiently

“The weary at the park.”

“And eloquent?” “If at the base

“Of Town Hall, trodden o’er,

“It echoes the bright member’s words

“Who now has got the floor.”

“You’ll make it patriotic, then?”

“If it suggest a plank

“In freedom’s platform, to sustain

“The weight of freedom’s bank.”

The scribbler thus far ventured with his rhymes,  
When ’neath a gentle tap th’ old fashioned door  
Did tremble lightly. To the words “Walk in,”



Incoming feet made music. 'Twas his friend,  
 The occupant of an upper niche. "Excuse  
 " My interruption of your pen. I, too,  
 " Have just been scribbling. What's the better news?"  
 " I'm going to try the rage of the canal  
 " To-morrow morning, early. Just a ride  
 " For rest's sake and sight-seeing. Would you go?"  
 " Go? yes, of course, 'twill be a novel ride."  
 " All right, I'll wait your hour." "Say eight o'clock.  
 " But I disturb your writing." "Oh no, no;  
 "'Tis only pastime; were you fond of puns,  
 " I'd ask your criticism on these lines."  
 " Well, I'm no judge." "You would have been ere this,  
 " Had you but studied law." "Mr. Punster, I  
 " Will hear with pleasure, if in turn you can  
 " Endure my sober-sided scraps." "Endure!  
 "'Twill cheer me up to hear a sober thing,  
 " If written with a pen your hand has plied?"  
 And so the sketch above,—'tis not our part  
 To qualify it with such adjectives  
 As rough or racy, fine or flimsy; ours  
 Is just to tell the story. The above  
 Was read and then discussed. Adjournment next  
 Was made to upper room, fifth story high.  
 The stout, plump hand that turned the rightful key  
 To narrower quarters than the ones just left,  
 And much less gay, now opens to and seats  
 Thin Wornel, as he calls him, and draws out  
 From antique table drawer the following:

These chimney tops shut out the sky,  
 I can not see my favorite stars;  
 From all the jewelled walk my eye  
 Is closed by smoke's slow, shifting bars.

I used to gaze, the year's first month,  
At those three stars that measure all  
The golden columns that support  
The glory of Orion's wall.

What see I now? My spirit sees,  
In spite of mist, Faith's steady blaze;  
And now my whole soul rises while  
I fix upon its truth my gaze.

And farther on, a twinkling star,  
More brilliant, but less steady, burns;  
It draws me up, it leads me on;  
'Tis Hope that thrills and calms by turns.

But nearer, farther, all around,  
Come rays from the great star of Love;  
The central star that holds them both,  
'Tis now below them, now above.

These three stars measure all the sky  
Those mists leave spirit eyes to see;  
Worth all the stars in all the worlds;  
Their names—Faith, Hope and Charity.

“ I see, says Wornel, why you chose this theme,  
“ You're just one story higher up than I,  
“ And can not study the rich landscape seen  
“ So clearly from my window; so you take  
“ Most naturally to what's left, the stars,  
“ Which here require more faith than eyes to see

Wornel was going on to criticize,  
When suddenly another tap was heard  
Of one who called on business ; business which  
Was Wilner's only, and so Wornel left.

If there's one kind of motion nearest rest,  
'Tis when the easy going team that tread  
On ample, firm and unobstructed path,  
The gay canal boat pull so jauntily.  
You've heard the story of a passenger  
That would be, who the chief of such a craft  
Begged for a berth to work his passage, and  
Was set to lead the horses, but preferred  
To walk upon his own hook. Had he tried  
The situation, doubtless he had found  
Its duties not so very onerous,  
While taking lessons in a thrifty art,  
The art of leading. Better lesson still  
He learned in quitting, lesson in the art  
Of independence.

Both the friends aboard,  
And loading all complete, the impatient team  
Are tightening the long traces at the word  
Of brisk, bold captain, and the carrier moves.  
The long broad banks are heavy with the heaps  
Of sand and stone and wood and lumber due  
To this untrumpeted true worker's toils.  
For getting thro' the busy world unseen,  
How fair the chances now ! The roars and screams  
And rattlings stay behind to advertise  
The smokes and tracks and wheels. Pork-houses broad  
In breast and low in crown, chair factories

Of stout proportions every way, ice stores  
And tanneries and granaries, good bye !  
Good morning, bridge ; we bow to your stern will,  
As did not the straight forward Irishman,  
Who when the cry came suddenly, " look out,"  
Tho' safely entrenched below, did look out, sure,  
And got a broken head.

The suburbs now  
Are thinning out the houses that stand firm  
On thickest shoe soles, wood and brick and stone.  
How peaceful they ! so nestled 'mid the vines,  
Flowers, shady walks, and rosy fruited trees,  
And wrapped around with porches where slight forms,  
Grey heads and curly heads are some times seen,  
And thro' which gently come piano thrums,  
All seeming so like rest. So Wilner says.  
" Not so," says Wornel, " yonder vale that sweeps  
" So wide toward the hills, has too much dust,  
" Clouding the long lines of brick, and groups  
" Of naked tenements, and scattered villas here  
" And there, and lofty piles upon the heights ;  
" 'Tis more like movement ; and the villages  
" That widen on our view, and coming lines  
" Of steam cloud soon will make it more so." " Nay,"  
Said Wilner, " turn your eyes the other way ;  
" Look up these hills, all bosomed o'er with grass,  
" Relieved by clumps of trees occasional,  
" And sprinkled on the slopes with cows that lounge,  
" Or bite the choicest stems ; and higher up  
" The blue clad quarriers mine the limestone gray.  
" From this the eye drops down to suburb homes  
" We now are passing. ' This is like repose."

- “ All true,” said Wornel, “ different points of view  
“ Possess your eyes and mine. Suppose we swap.”  
“ What ? Eyes ? Whenever we swap minds we may.”

As now they gaze from gently arching deck,  
They both agree 'tis movement, as the vale  
Sweeps around into a thriving town beneath  
The splendid villas ; but not far beyond  
Where e'en the railroad takes a reverent tone,  
In passing the fair city of the dead,  
Whose shining marbles lift so high the forms  
That sculpture makes so sacred to the past,  
Or rather to the future,—there is rest.  
But they pass on—no splendid wake they leave  
Behind them, such as steam is father of,  
When plowing the great rivers or the lakes,  
Or ocean ; but a gentle glimmer bright,  
A kindly smile the waters give the keel,  
That draws so lightly on them. In full chord  
With this they hear the dipping of the rope  
That binds them to the muscles on the path,  
As now and then it slackens ; most of all  
When meeting and so passing kindred barks.  
Still in their onward progress, to the slope  
Of hill that towers high over them they cling ;  
Yet slowly gains upon their height, the vale  
Beneath them. How it teems with green ! Not wild  
With weeds and shrubs unsightly, as when left  
The pasture for the ruminants to clean ;  
Nor homely as a forest all untrimmed,  
But here in rows that geometrical  
Tie up the barnyard to the streams, are plants  
Of ample leaf, or generous vine or stem  
That send their representatives to stalls  
In market, thence to city tables flush

With comforts for the hungry. Orchards, too,  
Hem in the lovely homes with porches girt,  
While castellated mansions here and there  
Hang on the hillsides. Further on with roofs  
Of verdure o'er the creek stood sycamores  
Most musical with birdlings, but their names  
Were not upon our voyager's tongues. Near by  
There was a little garden, where a youth  
Was levying contributions from the vines ;  
The grape, the bean, and the tomato gave ;  
How bounteously it could not well be seen.  
He sang a song meanwhile ; two stanzas reached  
The passing ears, and they were such as these :

Beautiful tree,  
I look on thee,  
As on the home of a spirit fair ;  
Whose bosom heaves,  
Stirring the leaves,  
Perfuming with heavenly breath the air.

Thou'rt a happy home,  
When the tempests come,  
Where the robin may fold her wings to rest ;  
In her leaf thatched bower,  
She will while the hour,  
And her little ones find a warmer nest.

The first part of another stanza heard  
Just put the simple question,

“ And dost thou hear  
“ A voice trilling near ? ”—

But the rest,  
As the boat glided briskly past the spot,  
Was quite inaudible. A slight affair ;  
But then it showed that cheer in earnest toil,  
Which wipes out half the primal curse. As yet  
The captain had been steeped in his routine.  
Now Wornel had the most of that long arm  
Of lively speech that draws out easily  
The tongues of other men. The occasion came,  
For an inquiry into freights of grain.  
Explicit answers followed, but 'twas said  
That later grains were making other friends ;  
Of these, except the swinish race, the cars  
Were most in favor. What then were the freights  
Most kindly to his trade ? You saw what lined  
The banks at starting point. Some boats in ice  
Dealt largely. Was the competition sharp  
In general freights ? He would'nt say. The chance  
Lay open for it, but what was the chance,  
Or rather general opportunity  
Against experience, skill and capital,  
And that which oft is their result, good will ?  
This is the firm that works at ease ; whose work  
Is play, and so is overpowering.  
So cheapness is the child of argus eyed  
And wise Economy ; not penny wise  
Alone, but pound wise, too.

Then Wilner asked,  
“ If business of all kinds so runs in ruts,  
“ What is the advantage of canal boat o'er  
“ The car in making freights secure the health  
“ Of a great country's business.” “ Clearly this,”

“ The captain answered. “ The canal is not  
“ In its own nature a monopoly ;  
“ The railroad is ; by legal statute first ;  
“ By its requirement of great capital ;  
“ By the necessity for the road itself,  
“ Whether in hands of builders or lessees,  
“ Running its own cars. The canal boat pays  
“ The toll, and only gains the use ; its next  
“ Of neighbors does the same.”

No more was asked,  
And the two edified voyagers now were left  
Alone to their reflections. “ If all true,”  
Said Wornel, “ nothing new.” “ But none the worse,”  
Said Wilner, “ for all that. In hearing old  
“ We often gather new things. Here’s the lock.”  
“ We’re served as children here, locked up a bit,  
“ By way of discipline, until the mind,  
“ Or rather soul, can reach a higher plane.”  
“ But locking up is not enough. Somewhat  
“ Of higher plane, to meet us, must come down  
“ Before we rise.” “ Yes, yes, and higher planes  
“ Are coming down, it is the nature of them.”  
Filled to new level now, the chamber waits  
The opening of massive doors, which power,  
In league with time, makes easy ; just the law  
By which the heavy weights of life are moved ;  
Only it needs the adaptation fit,  
Already for th’ occasion ; which, in short,  
Is the machinery or system.

Now

The artificial cascade safely climbed,  
Before the keel a satin ribbon bright

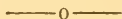


Long distance has unrolled. The travelers sit  
For some time silent, conning o'er at ease  
The problems of the world's wide varied life,  
Suggested here. The business that in time  
Compels success, is underlaid by toil  
Continued long, and system firmly wrought  
Out of the experiences of every day,  
Or else is wisely built on truths which are  
The capital of ages. Well prepared,  
Well trained, the workman works well at his ease ;  
And so the heads of work's battalions, once  
Established well and safely, often take  
Their ease, some times too soon, not seldom, too,  
Securely, if their ease mean not neglect.

But now a farm revealed its history  
In broken fences and o'erpowering weeds ;  
And yet we spare its tale unto our souls,  
Where better histories lie so near beyond.  
The grateful wood approaches, where the wealth  
Of soul is often gathered, and vast crowds  
Betimes may list to burning words ; and here,  
Thro' long departed years, have come and gone,  
The seekers for excitements, that draw out  
The worn life from routine ; they bathed their eyes  
In lights of great occasions, borrowing cheer  
To aid return to duty.

Wornel gazed,  
And said, " A dose of memory's soda here  
" Beneath the patient tree-tops I would take,  
" But then good company has a paramount claim."

And Wilner answered, "I, too, need a cup  
" Of past enjoyment's clear, cold water, kept  
" In the deep wells now opening." So they give  
Man's artificial river their adieus,  
And lose themselves awhile in quiet groves.



### AFTER A RAIN.

Look down, the scene is clothed in green,  
Look up, the zenith lowers ;  
Along the vale the harvest pale  
Bends down beneath the showers.

Around, around, o'er all the ground  
The glittering rain drops lie  
As if there fell on hill and dell  
The brightness of the sky.

Long, long the cloud has like a shroud  
Enwrapt the face of heaven,  
As if the blue to wash anew ;  
And now away 'tis driven.

The verdant world has wide unfurled  
The banners of its youth ;  
And Nature's face assumes the grace  
And healthfulness of truth.

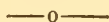
## THE WINDOW SHADE.

Oh thou black apple, shaking 'gainst the panes,  
The network of thy twigs so softly there,  
But late reviving from the stupor sad,  
The death of all the leaves had brought thee in,  
Is this thy holiday, or winter's sleep?  
Thou hast been climbing skyward forty years,  
And earthward thy first branches long have fallen.  
Let me look through thee now, and strive to reach  
That mingling of the Past and Future's thought  
Which fills the soul with Peace. Did not long past  
Of life and past of death together meet  
To bring thee into being? Yet thou art  
One of creation's humbler ones, thy fruit  
Feeding the senses only, tho' the soul  
Can feed on sense so nourished, and the facts  
Of thy continued life are food for thoughts  
That nurse kind sympathies. Thou'rt silent now;  
Thou that so lately as the latest Spring  
Wast vocal with sweet praise, for all God's gifts.  
How white thou wast with blossoms, late in May!  
How did thy luscious balls the August cheer!  
Did not October lend to thee her coat  
Of many colors? Happy family,  
Those leaves of thine, as 'mid the noonday fires,  
They massed together into grateful shade,  
So living, yet so fixed; so green and gay;  
Smiling as Nature smiled; so full of tears  
When the sky wept; so loud and laughing, when  
The high winds filled them with their gladdest news;  
And in the evening's sheen so full of play!  
Those leaves were healing to the weary eyes.

November laid his cold hand on the ties  
Which bound them for the long month unto thee,  
And plucked them for the hungry blast. Weep thou,  
This dank December morn, bereaved one, weep  
Over thy dead, as all of us must weep,  
Sooner or later, o'er our buried hopes.

But spite of this thy sorrow, thy good works  
Are unabated, thou that giv'st thy roof  
Of branches and thy progeny of leaves  
A shelter for the weather-beaten earth.  
And thy more perfect gifts of round, red pulp,  
Waiting to cheer the circle round the fires  
Which January's coal shall make so bright,  
Are they not stored below, where frost no key  
Holds to force entrance? Memory's greenhouse, too,  
Is full of bright boquets, thy early gifts,  
And of rich music written on the heart,  
The season gave thee when the mocking bird,  
In budding time, made thee an opera house.  
Later the Sun comes now and sooner goes,  
But all thy cheery shade, so kindly given,  
When Toil made way for books and kindly words,  
Lives in our buoyant spirits still afloat.  
And so my window blinds, all summer long,  
Thou wert, and still art, oh thou darkened tree.  
But thro' thee can be seen the kindly morn;  
And thro' thee can be seen the tremulous stars,  
Whose thoughts that glimmer thro' the immense, come  
down,  
Too big for words. Oh live but leafless tree,  
That hast put on the colors of the night;  
Let me look thro' thee as a telescope,

However darkly, toward the tree of Life.  
Thou'rt weary with the labors of the year,  
And hast a holiday ; renew thy strength ;  
Let me join with thee in the silent praise ;  
Let me learn from thee patient faith and hope ;  
And render, like thee, gentle charities.



## SATURDAY NIGHT.

Another week has swept away ;  
Its plodding cares and visions gay,  
Go with it, too—why should they stay ?  
And whither have they gone ?  
Unto the burial-place of Time ;  
I hear their funeral march and chime,  
But hark ! the burial's done.

O would the hours come back again,  
I would not live them o'er again,  
But from their shine and from their rain  
My heart should gather bloom ;  
Each moment should a feather lend,  
To braid the wing on which I tend  
Upward beyond the tomb.

## RAMBLES IN QUIET FIELDS.

Now that the rill has done the rain's command,  
And borne the surplus waters to the creek,  
As well as earth and sand and tangled drifts,  
Of branches, leaves and flowers—the taxes due,  
Levied by Time's assessors—there is left  
The little, laughing, tattling, tiny stream.  
It ties the little lakelets all together,  
Where frisk about or gently glide, the fins,  
Not born for labor's fury. Little boys,  
With little hooks tied fast to little rods,  
Stand there, like little statues, patiently  
Waiting to take the little finnies in.  
The little tufts of grass—that bend around  
The little reservoirs, to quench the thirst  
They borrow from the Sun, who takes his ease  
Upon the landing of his staircase. there—  
Called Noon—like clever little grasslets grow,  
Without the farmer's asking, leisurely.  
Near by the little lambs trim off the nap  
Of Nature's carpet, woven since the storm ;  
Their softly bleating mothers not far off,  
Watching their early lessons in the art  
Of making useful occupants of the vale.  
And o'er these little ones bend solemn rocks  
Pale with old mosses rare, and plump old oaks,  
With wrinkled faces fatherly, and clouds  
That seem more fit for ornament than use.  
The marble blue above is gently trod  
By these gay wanderers, in slippers soft.  
The round horned ruminants also pave the shade,  
With outspread flattened shoulders, their long breaths

Sounding to regular beats the lowest bass.  
And over all these rests a quiet haze,  
Delicious to the spirit worn with care.

We climb the rocky paths of this same rill,  
And reach the heights where towering forests show  
Their colors varying o'er the rough barked trunks.  
A congregation this of young and old,  
For centuries in this homestead, taking root,  
With Silence for the ruler. Now and then  
The gentle breezes come as visitors ;  
And now and then the song of bird ; and once  
In a long season comes the thunder, too,  
To wake the sleeping echoes ; and there comes,  
Twice in a year, the woodman, striking notes  
Out of the heartstrings of the fallen limbs.  
But else the law of silence is obeyed  
Most reverently. So here the artist flower  
Can keep its quiet school, and fill the air  
With the sweet whisperings of Truth and Peace.

And now let fancy build a bridge across  
The wooded hills and vales, until we come  
To the grand prairie's landscape. There we have  
A sky by a meridian cleft in two,  
Half blue, half cloud, with a horizon grown  
To vastness. Underneath 'tis paved with flowers  
That take their hues from Sol's prismatic beams.  
A sort of Independent Tartary  
These plains have been, and o'er them all unfenced  
The cattle long have ranged ; their owners' mark  
Upon their shoulders. Houses far between,  
Their walls and roofs of smooth, split shingles, riven

Out of the ample trunks that lined the streams,  
Shone goldenly in the distance.—Let us take  
The train far West in time thro' wondrous wastes,  
With bright oases here and there ; and then  
The coach, and then the quiet steed, until  
A family of giants meet our gaze.  
What a grand sleep was theirs—the mighty trees,  
That hang so near Yosemite's bright veil !  
What records they have kept of ages past—  
If one could only read them.

Farther north  
Is seated high a rugged mountain top  
That grows no green itself, and yet the Sun  
May lend it almost all its hues in turn.  
But far in the distance a prevailing white  
It holds up for its banner, not white flag  
Of fear, unless it were of judgment sent,  
Or to be sent by heaven on guilty earth.  
It hath a deep charm in its fixedness.  
With that fixed look Sorata might look down  
On Titicaca's Lake. But who can guess  
What changes those great painters, fast Sunrise  
And pensive Sunset make in that pale face !  
And some times our Great Lakes have that soft haze,  
Born of eternal Stillness, it might seem,  
That robs sight seers of all petty thoughts.  
And Ocean, too, who in his varying moods  
And changing features seems to wear in turn  
All shades of feeling, from the stolid dull  
To fury wrought out from infernal rage,  
Hath scenes and times of exquisite repose.  
E'en the swift Sun himself, that with the moon



In concert, piles the tides, and hath at home  
Such terrible domestic broils, if they speak true  
Who watch his changing face most narrowly ;—  
E'en he at noon descried thro' willowy shades,  
Seems resting like his protege, the Earth.  
So the sweet silver Queen, who rules o'er night,  
Is charm in its completeness ; gliding up  
Her roadway, the sleep-walker of the sky.  
But truer the repose of that great host,  
'That, diamonded, throng the night's blue halls :  
'Tis untold Distance wears serenest calm.

Long centuries of experiment have shown  
What ought to be in human government ;  
And thus like a great oak has grown up Law,  
Its roots so deeply sunk in human mind.  
Old age, long usage, and established name,  
Still prop it with their sanctions ; heavy arms  
And armorers still wait on its defense ;  
Its offices still shoot up vines that link  
Its branches to a thousand orders strong  
In patronage and numbers ; Taxes far  
Reach out their tendrils grasping million hands ;  
And ballot-boxes give the millions room  
T'assert their quiet manhood. Dange'r hangs  
Round all this, 'till repose in theory  
Becomes repose in fact, and all agree  
To work and wait for common good.

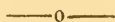
And what  
Is Science but the vigilant, quiet soul  
That puts all things in place, and saves from waste  
A world of energies ?  
We need not speak

Of Gospel with its golden rule applied ;  
 The common measure between man and man ;  
 Its Author reconciling man to God,  
 And saying to life's storm waves, " Peace, be still."

The individual man must work and play,  
 And wait till knowledge first, and wisdom last  
 Perfect that intricate machine of soul  
 We call the character,—the habits fixed  
 In channels smooth, that work out Virtue's calm.

Only the Mightiest knows how well, the right  
 Eternity works out of transient wrong ;  
 Or how or when He gives the finishing touch  
 To His creations. We can only say,  
 Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right ?

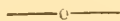
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## OUR GOD

Oh Infinite source of light, so far beyond  
 All our conceivings, both of sense and sight,  
 And yet that light so near that to conceive,  
 Soul needs but ope its eye, our kindling hopes,  
 Our wishes, struggling into earnest prayer,  
 And breaking hold on earth, would rise to Thee.  
 We gaze upon the sky, all worlds in one,  
 The sun and moon and stars which thou hast made,  
 And feel that He who made them must be One.  
 Those faint epistles from our brethren sent,  
 Far in the infinite, the twinkling hosts,  
 That tell of gatherings round the golden fires,

But tell no names, yet say that Thou art One.  
And when the microscope unveils a world  
In every leaf that breathes for yonder tree ;  
Creatures within creatures nested, till the end  
Of least seems far off as the mightiest ;  
Grandeur itself is lost in infinite,  
Leaving us the bare truth that Thou art,  
And as Thou art, art One. So bind Thy law  
About our souls, so write it in our thoughts,  
So shape us that we may be one in Thee.  
Thus as we search the universe of mind,  
Pacing the past, the present, and to come,  
And see one code of laws o'erruling all,  
We'll bow in speechless praise to find Thee One.



## SETTING SUN.

Oh setting sun, I have been patient waiting  
All the slow moving hours of July day ;  
For something of thy tropical heats abating,  
That I might read thee with my eyes of clay.

Thou art too fiery for reading, when thou ridest  
Over the mountains of thy daily road ;  
'Tis when behind the tents of Eve thou hidest,  
We know what golden floods the day o'erflowed.

I've often thought of thee, oh Sun, as dying,  
When I have seen thee fall on yonder hill ;  
But thou did'st only droop thy wings, when flying  
Where other eyes can reach thy harvests still.

No ; if thou showest us with what calm beauty  
The soul, when ripe for other worlds, to this  
Can bid farewell ; thou knowest thine own duty,  
To light new risen fields for earthly bliss.

If it were also thus with those who leave us  
Below to wrap their clay with tearful art ;  
If it were their's to come back and receive us  
With greetings that o'erwhelm in joy the heart ;

If the next morn or new year after winging  
Their farewell flight, they came to assume again  
Their clay one moment glorified, while singing  
The wonders of their ride over heavenly plain ;

How rapturous ! could ears but hear the story ;  
But say, would their white robes endure our dust ?  
Ere our astonished eyes could bear the glory,  
Up and away to their new home they must.

Far better hath our Sire for us provided ;  
Since they in Christ, who win the diadem,  
Have their new homes from earth so well divided,  
Their dear ones seek out the bright path to them.













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